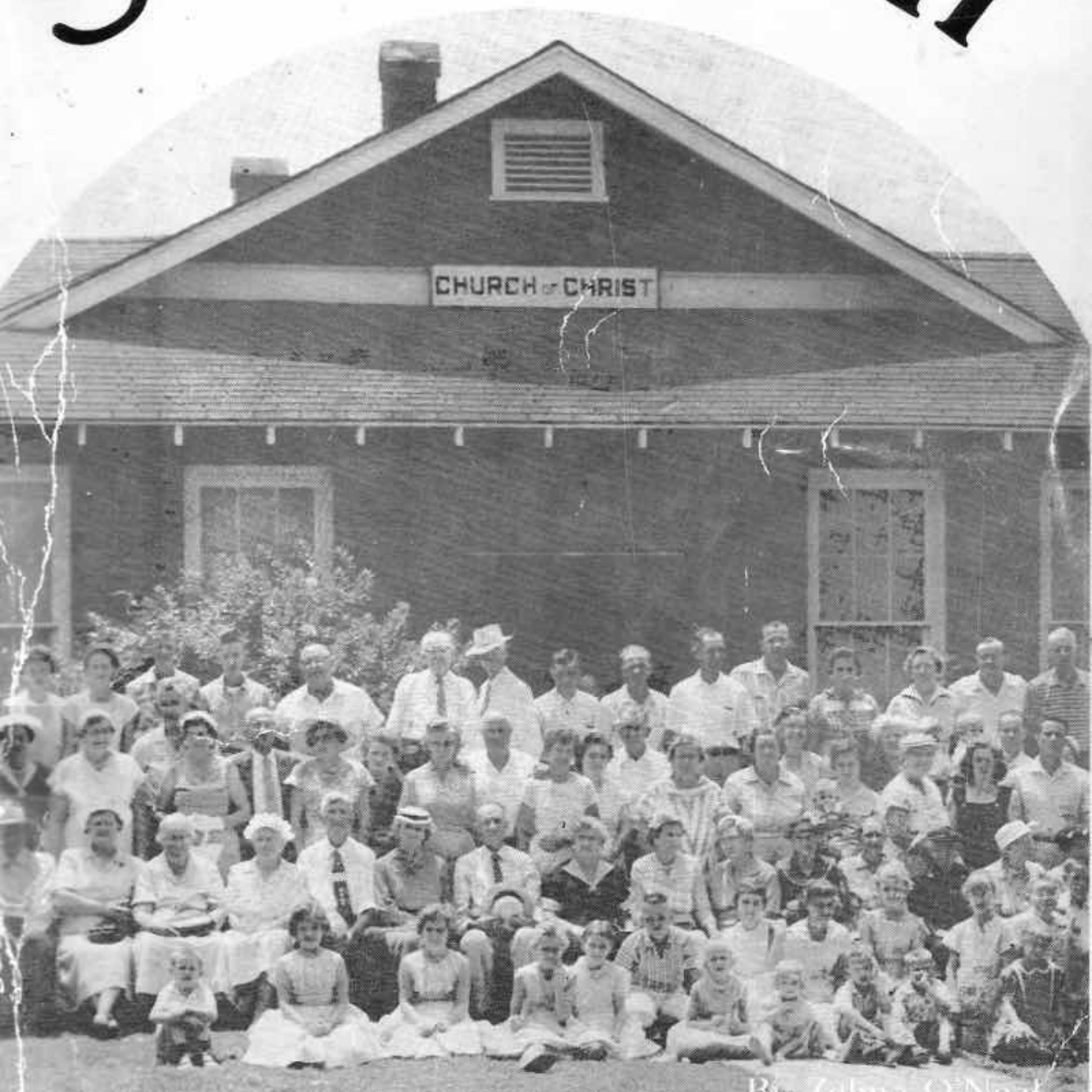
Memoirs
from

Scotts Hill



By Zelma O'Neal

INTRODUCTION

The first half of stories came about as a result of my pursuit of an elusive Irish ancestor, Issac Dennison O'Neal, who was found a stow-away on a ship. All branches of the family tree agree on this but there is confusion as to whether he was seven years old at that time or worked seven years to pay his passage over. Again, all agree his service on the ship ended at age 21. All this brings on a review of the Impressment of seamen by the British which would have been about this time, and research on terms of Indenture by which many paid their way over, and even a check on the deserters and prisoners from the British ships after Jackson's victory at New Orleans. The indenture sounds more likely but no actual proof.

To help support his wife and three children (found in the 1830 census of District 2, Hardin County) Den transported produce by rafting it down the river to New Orleans and other cities. Again, all family historians agree the story that from one trip down the river, he never returned. It was probably in the early 1840's and Hardin County Courthouse records show the "orphan Mary O'Neal" at about the right time to have been his oldest daughter. But again, no concrete evidence of it.

It has been hard to pass up any history even remotely connected with Scotts Hill area. In Anson County, N.C. I visited Miss Viola Kiker who had found the church records of Benjaman Clenney and donated them to Duke University at Chapel Hill. On a trip to New York while my husband was stationed in Philadelphia, I found the History of General Grant in a second hand book store that had fist hand knowledge of Shiloh. At the Archives in Washington, D.C. the librarian seemed to have no trouble at all in coming up with Aaron Melvin Clenney's Mexican War Record.

In the Library of Congress I read in one of the first editions of the History of McNairy County. While there I glanced over at a rather impressive volume labeled "Dunn and Bradstreet". Thumbing through it I was surprised to find Scotts Hill but not surprising was the information that Dr. R.L. Wylie had the highest credit rating. In Charlotte, N.C. the nicest librarians I've ever met found a family history of a brother of Daniel Winchester that verified he was last heard of in Bedford County, Tennessee. They also wanted me to meet a descendant who told me the family "lost track of Daniel" after he left Bedford County.

The Library at Wadesboro in Anson County, N.C. was a sort of disappointment as far as genealogical material was concerned but more than made up for it on oral history and phoning others who might give me information. Their library was new and they were very proud of it because it had been built by donations of the local people only. A plaque on the outside had the donors listed and there was more of the surname "Horn" than that of any other. I couldn't help but recall that when the Mr. Horn of Texas made his contribution to the Henderson County Library in Lexington, Tennessee much nearer my home.

This is only the beginning of all the libraries I have been to, and I am extremely grateful for their help. Until I enrolled at Union University, in my earliest and nearest library was the home of my grandparents, Tom and Viola O'Neal. At one time I counted thirteen or more weekly and daily newspapers and magazines, plus a number of books. It is doubtful if a book salesman ever called at their home without a sale. Later, for Center, our country school, the patrons managed to buy a bookcase of the classics, Grimms Fairy Tales, Alice in Wonderland, etc. were my favorites. I am forever indebted to my grandparents as well as my mother's brothers, Perry, Dan and Robert Dudley Murphy who thought I ought to get an education and teach because they did.

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1800-1809

Families Of Three Forefathers Who Served In The Revolution

Mr. Ricket's Return

About Buffaloes And Indians

Three Stories Of The Little Lost Girl

Jemina Boone And Betsy Callaway Henderson

Kennedys, Hart, And Daniel Boone

Our New Hero, Stephen Decatur

Impressment Of Seamen. (Was O'Neal One?)

O'Neal The Stowaway And Others

The Blank Wall And "Bar Sinister"

Benjaman's Church Records

Families Of The Three Forefathers Who Served In The Revolutionary War.

DANIEL WINCHESTER. Res. Mecklinburg County, N.C. age, over 45. Wife, (Rosanna Ashley) age between 26 and 45. Children: two sons under 10, one son between 10 and 16, two daughters under 10, and one between 10 and 16.

JOURDAN WOODWARD. Res. Wake County, N.C. (but would soon move to Anson County) age over 45. Wife, age between 26 and 45 (name believed to have been Eadie Jones) Children: one son under 10, one between 10 and 16, four daughters under 10, and one between 10 and 16.

DANIEL MURPHY Sr. Res. Anson County, N.C. age over 45. Wife, age over 45 (name unknown). Children: son one between 16 and 26, daughters one between 10 and 16, and one between 16 and 26.

The Son Of Daniel Sr. And Other Relatives Of Daniel Winchester.

DANIEL MURPHY Jr. Res. Anson County, N.C. age between 26 and 45. Wife, (Martha Kissah Tye) age between 26 and 45. Children: son, under 10, two daughters age between 10 and 16.

BARTHOLOMEN MURPHY who seems to have been with Daniel Murphy, Sr. throughout the war is still in Anson County. Dauglas Winchester likely the brother, Douglas, with whom Daniel Winchester stayed when home on leave, is listed in Cabarrus County. Thomas Winchester believed the brother of Daniel whose descendent wrote the family history now found in the library of Charlotte, N.C. This book furnished valuable proof of some dates used in the book of "Four Forefathers".

Mr. Rickett's Return

"We children used to like to have Mrs. Ricketts come and stay all night with us," said Uncle Walton. "After supper she would take her seat over in the corner, light up her pipe and tell us children stories. She was very intelligent too. I don't imagine she had a lot of education. A lot of people didn't have back in them days but she lacked a whole lot being a fool and was an awful good story teller. All of us children could listen without even breathing hardly until late bed time."

Here's a story she told:

While Tennessee was still inhabitated by Indians they would take raids over the mountains into North Carolina. On one of these raids they captured Mr. Ricketts. On the way back he watched and watched for a chance to escape but there always seemed to be one Indian or another watching him.
They finally reached home, the place they were camping in a bend in the Tennessee River (across from the town of Clifton, today). They guarded him closely but perhaps not too close now since there was miles and miles of wilderness between him and his home. Perhaps they became a little friendlier with him at any rate, let him help around the camp.
One day they had the wild animal hides (said to have been buffalo hides), scattered out to dry in the sun. They would leave them out each day this way in the sun but on this particular day with them all scattered out, one of those unexpected storms came

that you sometimes have on the river. The Indians idling about the camp had not noticed it until it was upon them. There was a mad scramble to get the hides in. Mr. Ricketts scrambled about as madly as any of them. They would gather an armful of hides and take them back to the tent and so would he, just back and forth. He waited for that particular moment when they all startback for more hides about the same time. When it came, he started the other way for the river. He reached it and plunged in. As he glanced back he saw them all after him and before he got across he could see all the dogs in the river after him. He finally reached the other side but knew his chances of ever reaching civilization were poor.

In his pocket he found a rawhide string. With this each night he tied himself to the limbs of a tree on which he had placed some boughs and had made a sort of bed. Early each morning he would begin his days journey while the sun was in the East and he could tell the course he was going. For eight days he had no food except what berries he could find at that time of year.

Finally he found an old dead opossum. Weak and exhausted as he was there was nothing he could do but try to prepare it to eat. He had learned to make fire, by rubbing the dry sticks together, from the Indians. He went to all this trouble to build the fire and carefully cut off the hind leg of the "possum" and laid it on the fire. In a few minutes the smell of it cooking suddenly aroused his hunger and he grabbed it off the fire without waiting for it to finish cooking and ate it. He carefully dressed the remainder of it and carried it with him, and in time finally reached his home in North Carolina.

He later moved to Tennessee when it was bought from the Indians and opened up for settlement. He went and found the bend in the river from which he had such a miraculious escape and made his home not many miles from there. The bend was Carrolsville on Tennessee River, near Clifton in Wayne County.

The generation that passed on these stories has itself passed on, making it almost impossible to weave even approximate dates into the fabric of this tale. If the Indian raid was before 1796, wasn't Middle Tennessee also called North Carolina, or was it a "territory"? If so, their raid and capture of Mr. Ricketts could have occured in their old hunting grounds. Mr. Rickett's " eight days without much food . . . and finally reaching his home in North Carolina" leaves one wondering if his home might not have been in Middle Tennessee. He might have reached home in eight days but in no way could he have made it over the mountains into North Carolina in that time. However, walking wasn't unheard of. Later on Mark Mooney and his son Abe would make the trip when an estate was settled.

About Buffaloes And Indians

Records claim that the buffalo was fairly plentiful up to 1800 in West Tennessee. They helped keep the grasslands open with their grazing. Wallowing in the mud year after year made deep pits along their migration trail, one of which is today visable near the Nathan Bedford Park in Benton County. So much is written of events or places of national importance, it seems refreshing to point out a few places that has been or could be seen, by people locally. It also gives one some idea of the difficulties and hardships our ancestors would be faced with after leaving North Carolina later on. These wallowing pits were also used by the Indians to trap the buffaloes. They would cover them over with cane or brush then drive the excited herd into it where they were slaughtered. One thing our earliest settlers (around Scotts Hill and Cedar Grove) would not have was buffalo meat.

records state a complete disappearance of the buffalo by 1801. This date should have been easily remembered by Benjaman Clenney, the son-in-law of Jourdan as it was the date of his first purchase of land in Anson County. It would probably have meant very little to him unless someone could have told him that someday six of his eight children would some day hunt smaller game in this land of the buffalo and Indians.

But for now the Chickasaws were holding on to their territory in West Tennessee although many schemes were tried to get them out. A trading house was established at Chickasaw Bluffs that became Memphis in 1802 that was to be used in one suggested plan. Even our very popular president Jefferson suggested that they run the Indians in debt by selling them goods to the extent that they would have to cede their land to get out of debt. Apparently it didn't work but this easy credit may have been a factor in making Memphis what it is today.

While the Chickasaws were holding on to their territory the three forefathers seem to have preferred their homes in North Carolinas to formidable mountains and unbroken wilderness of West Tennessee. One privilege the Indians did grant was to open up the Natchez Trace through their country. However it was not the first. Since 1787 the trace called "Glover's Trace" had been in use. It ran from Nashville through Humphreys County turning South and passing through Henderson and McNairy Counties. No doubt some of our "long hunters" used this route in their expeditions into the wilderness after game. Our Natchez Trace of today bears little resemblence to the nearly impassable clearing through the robber-infested wilderness of the early days. But the name lives on.

Three Stories Of The Little Lost Girl

Another story which was told me by my grandmother as happening to a little girl in North Carolina. She and her sisters and brothers went into the woods late one evening to gather dry kindling wood for the morning. She being the baby, couldn't keep up with them. She rambled around someway and got lost. Then she was so "turned around" and scared that she kept going in the wrong direction and night was coming fast. Finally night over took her. She wandered near the home of a family but even than the nearest one was far away.

In the meantime some time during the night this man was awakened by a dream of a little girl crying out near his hog pen. He turned over and went back to sleep but dreamed it again. This time he awoke his wife but she laughed at him for being worried over just a dream. He went back to sleep and dreamed the same dream for the third time. This time he didn't wake his wife but took a light and went to see for himself. There he found the child clinging to the fence rails and crying. He carried her to the house where she spent the night. The next morning he took her on his horse to her parents who were searching frantically for her.

Many years after hearing this story from my Grandmother Syntia Viola Clenney O'Neal, an Austin descendant, our Country had fought and won in the First World War, somehow survived a depression in the thirties, and was now engaged in a second World War.

My brother, Truax, had grown up and married Miriam Loura Duck, daughter of Miriam Rebecca Austin and Elbert Duck. Truax was in the army and Loura living with her parents. I was home on a visit from Washington, D.C. The phones were out half

the time and I had sold my car before taking the job with the government. Mother and I decided to walk across the field and see if Loura had heard recently from Truax. She had and he was still stationed at Biloxi, Miss. so our conversation to my great delight, drifted around to stories by Loura's mother of old times. Her talk was most informative and interesting. She told of many buried at the Granny Austin Graveyard that I didn't know about and heard for the first time. These included the burial of Mr. Stinson the stranger. But the surprise story was the one of the Little Lost Girl in almost identical words of my Grandmother.

This second telling somehow reminded me of the old saying "surprises that come in threes". So I guess I started listining and looking for a third. A few years afterward I found it in print. It was a book review, setting in New England. The only variation was that they described the man who found the little girl as "an old bean pole of a man." It could easily have happened. It was certainly told by both these Austin descendants as the truth. But did it happen in New England and travel by "word of mouth" to North Carolina and into West Tennessee?

Jemina Boone And Betsy Callaway Henderson

This story really belongs at the beginning of the Revolutionary War or grouped with tales my grandmother told, but since we are on the subject of Daniel Boone and the Hendersons here is surely not an unsuitable place.

One summer day in 1776 Jemina Boone and Betsy Calloway and Betty's sister were out in a canoe on the Kentucky River. They were captured by five Indians. They tried to beat off the Indians with the canoe paddles while they screamed for help. But no one heard them. As the Indians marched them away captives, they dropped broken twigs or torn bits of their petticoats or dresses to mark the direction in which they were carried.

Boone and party of men including young Samuel Henderson went after them. They searched for two days and nights but did not overtake the Indians until they had gone about forty miles from Boonesboro. Here they rescued the girls very much frightened but unharmed. If my grandmother told this following part, I don't recall it but usually a bit of romance was woven into all her tales and it is likely that she did but I can't recall it. This is the "happy ending". Three weeks later Squire Boone united in marriage Betsy Calloway and Samuel Henderson , one of the rescue party. This was the first wedding taking place on Kentucky soil. (Hist. KY -27).

Kennedys, Harts, And Daniel Boone

After the Wilderness Road was opened up, the early "Long Hungers" had a choice of reaching Western Kentucky across it by the road or by flatboats down the Ohio River. Among the earliest names are Harts and Kennedys. It would take extensive research but proof might be found that the Harts and Kennedys of Henderson and Decatur Counties are of the same line. There is a story or legend handed down that the earliest Kennedys, Robert, Hugh, and possibly an Isaac Kennedy arrived in a flatboat and had possibly settled for awhile in Middle Tennessee (possibly near the Kentucky border?) before coming to Henderson County.

Our New Hero

During the first five years of this century we were engaged in a war with Tripoli. Their

Barbary Pirates were seizing our trading vessels, imprisoning the crews, and even selling some into slavery.

It might seem strange that such a faraway place could be associated in any way with West Tennessee but America was growing. It may have been that we were needing new heroes as well as an opportunity to show our strength. A daring young officer in our navy furnished both. One audicious act of this man was using one of their ships we had captured to slip into their harbor and destroy one they had captured of ours. This and other courageous acts such as the rescue of sixty men from a sinking French ship made him a very popular hero so much so, that one day Decatur County would be named in his honor. His full name and title, Commodore Stephen Decatur, American Naval Commander.

Impressment of Seamen

It was also in this decade that England's Impressment of seamen increased during the life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. They boarded ships to draft by force able-bodied men to serve in the Royal Navy. This might explain Isaac Dennison (Dave) O'Neal's story except that he didn't have to be forced aboard a ship. He was already there. Three different branches of his descendents tell almost identical stories. Below is one of them:

Alfred O'Neal's story (a grandson of Isaac living at Spring, Texas), told in October 1931. "My grandfather, Isaac O'Neal, ran away from home at the age of seven. He was found a stow-a-way on a ship. When discovered he was allowed to stay on the ship and work until he was twenty-one. He came to America."

O'Neal The Stow A Way And Others

This Johnny-come-lately has remained a mystery. At least three, my grandfather, William Thomas O'Neal, his brother, Alfred O'Neal of Spring, Texas and a descendent of Jim Frank O'Neal, have all stuck to the same tale that Isaac Dennison O'Neal was a stow-a-way on a ship at the age of seven, which I thought was next to impossible. In research you grasp at straws like a dying man and often come up with some amazing facts-on others, of course. Here is what I found:

Captain William Bligh (of Mutiny on the Bounty), joined the Navy at the incredible age of seven, as servant on a British ship. His father planned this so that he could fulfill the time required for a lieutenancy and gain command of his own ship at an early age.

Farragut of the War of 1812 went to sea at the age of ten. Richard King, of the famous King Ranch in Texas was a stow-a-way at the age of eleven.

As early as 1619 probably much earlier kidnappers would transport homeless children to colonies to serve indentures. John Paul Jones at the age of twelve having served two years already on colliers carrying coal from one place to another, signed an indenture for seven years with a merchant engaged in American trade. In this he promised to (not go to taverns or alehouses) while the Merchant agreed to teach him trade and seamanship and furnish food and clothing.

One book which may be fiction, tells of two new England boys being impressed into the British Navy. One was fifteen years old. Still another also fiction, tells of another twelve year old run-a-way signing a document indenturing himself to the captain of a ship for seven years in return for passage. He was informed they would be calling at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, and then on to the Colonies. Their destination seems to have

been Pennsylvania but went ashore in Charleston.

Although no O'Neals are found among the early settlers here, including a colony from Barbadoes, but a few Woodwards are mentioned and an Austin who was said to have come from Barbadoes. No attempt has been made to connect them in with the web of family history since the Woodwards came from Virginia to North Carolina. But the earliest Austin in N.C. remains "shrouded in mystery".

The Blank Wall Or Bar Sinister

Should you run into skeleton of an illegitimate ancestor, don't put him back in the closet or sweep the bones under the rug. Should you decide to follow that line on back it might be your most interesting. Should you have or want a coat-of-arms painted for that line a black stripe is painted across the shield called "bar sinister" just as you find on the armorial bearings of Elizabeth, Queen of England in the sixteenth century. She couldn't help it that the Catholic Church did not recognize the marriage of her parents, King Henry and Anne Bolyn. England prospered under her rule. No record has yet been found of the parents of Benjaman Clenney. But if Benjaman Clenney were he wouldn't have been the only illegitimate child to become a devout Christian and church worker. (His records as laymen or local preacher in the Rocky River Circuit of the Methodist Church are now filed at Duke University in Chapel Hill, North Carolina) Many have become great leaders in both church and government. The future Queen of England has four illegitimate ancestors, three of whom are of royal blood. So when you find yours, as most people will, take heart, carry on. You might even follow your line and eventually qualify for membership in the "Society of Royal Bastards".

Benjaman And The Rocky River Circuit

He was listed among those present as a local preacher. Herman F. p.92a Clenney on a visit there got photo copies of the yellowed pages that recorded business conducted at those quarterly meetings. So, instead of confining it to the part (played) by Benjaman alone it might give clues to others who are interested in Anson County research to include as many names as possible. To begin with, it seems evident that our names of local churches must have been selected by homesick Anson Countians who came over and here are a few of the duplicates found in both counties: Bethel, Campgrounds, Concord, Ebenezer, James Beavers, New Hope, Preslars, Stony Hill, Threadgills, Tuckers, Union, and Zion in Anson County matching those in Decatur County and Henderson County are also found but because of limited space only the most familar ones will be included, at this meeting it was Charles Fisher, Martin D? Crawford and John Graham. p.92a

It is a pity that those documents of over a hundred and sixty years ago could not have been preserved before the wear and tear of time partly obliterated the account of the meetings and names of persons involved. At this meeting the license of Benjaman Clenney was renewed and at the recommendation of Bro. John Graham someone was approved as an exhorter. The recommendation of Bro. Tom (and surely it was Shaw) brought forward concerning his not being as was supposed, reconciled to the ordiance of infant baptism until he may be questioned on the subject. Also the cause of Bro. Thomas Shaw brought . . . to restore him to office again but was. . .

We find Thomas Shaw listed as L. E. and two familar Henderson County names in attendance were Richard Allen and Daniel Story, and in 1807 a George Allen also a Thomas Shaw listed again as L.E. even back then. However, the trouble of Thomas Shaw seemed to have started in August of 1808 quarterly meeting at Zion when some

case between him and James Pickett be referred to a committee of five members to be chosen by Henry Ledbetter to settle, and their judgement to the final. Here is their report: "This may certify that we, the committee chosen by Henry Ledbetter, agreeable to the order of the Quarterly Conference to settle a dispute between James Pickett and Thomas Shaw have set and both parties being heard and the matter examined, we trust impartialy, we find that James Pickett is injured and say that Thomas Shaw shall pay to him the sum of thirty dollars."
A Thomas Allen is one of the signers and Arthur Morris of Norris.

Reference Sheet-1809

The most familar Henderson County names at this meeting were William Threadgill and Richard Jones. The brother was Thomas Wesley Shaw case continues: Should he practice his giftof preaching and the Conference resolved that he Brother Shaw should acknowledge himself wrong in several cases, where the question of slavery raises its ugly head one being that of entering into the trade of slavery of a letter to the Conference? of a letter to the sheriff of Anson County and that he was sorry that he had grieved his brethern and his God in so doing. Brother Shaw was called in and the above was proposed and the Conference deemed his confirmation not sufficient. Therefore he is to remain only (something) of the Methodist Society. Then at the fourth Quarterly Meeting Bro. Shaw seems to have acknowledged he was wrong in entering into the slave trade and from p.96 the partly obliterated lines on the page it seems that he and brother Pickett "smoked the pipe of peace". As a result Bro. Shaw is at liberty to preach the gospel of our Lord but not at liberty to baptise nor marry until further liberty give same? Quarterly Conference.

1809

Benjaman attended the third Quarterly meeting in September of 1809. (p.93) In April of the past year James Kelly Jones had recommended, approved and licensed to preach, and at this conference in September a new name was added Frances Clark.

1809

On September 23rd and 24th another quarterly meeting was held at what appears to be Cruel's Meeting House. Here on this faded record the name of Benjaman Clenney L.P. has been left untouched by the erosin of time and other familiar Henderson County names like William Threadgill, Daniel Story, and Richard Jones are clearly spelled out. (decipherable)

Familar Names In Quarterly Conference

Allen, Benny
Allen, Borebly
Allen, George
Allen, Issac
Allen, Thomas
Allen, Richard
Browne, Archibaled
Clark, Frances
Crawford, Martin
Fisher, Charles
Graham, John
Hatcher, William
Jackson, Jonathon
Jackson, Samuel
Jones, Richard
Kelley
Ledbetter, Henry
Lockhart, Berryman
Parker, Nicholas
Preslars
Pickett, James
Pickett, S.T.
Rogers, Benjaman
Shaw, Thomas (1812) p.97
Story, Daniel
Smith, George
Threadgill, George
Threadgill, Howell
Threadgill, John
Threadgill, William
Tucker, George
White, Zacheriah

Uncle Sam and Aunt "Sis" (Matilda O'Neal) Winchester with her mother, Nancy Austin O'Neal. Nancy's grandfather, Thomas Hart, passed down many hair-raising stories of narrow escapes on his long and dangerous hunting trips in this unsettled wilderness.

Left: Mrs. Faye Kennedy Swift, descendent of Daniel & Leah O'Neal Winchester.

Center: Mr. Otha Henning of Sikeston, Missouri also a descendent of the two.

Right: Mr. Barney Swift, husband of Faye and descendent of Jourdan Woodward, a Revolutionary War Veteran.

Mr. Billie Stevens, retired teacher and former Superintendant of schools, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Swift a retired business couple. Mrs. Nellie Tuten, retired teacher, four of the many workers in Senator John Wilder's campaign for re-election in 1980.

1810-1819

1810-Location Of The Three Forefathers

1810-Future Henderson County Settlers
An Earlier Thomas Hart

1811-Reelfoot Lake

1812-Death On Twelve Mile Creek

1812-Neighbors On Twelve Mile Creek

1812-Impressment Of Seamen & Benjaman Clenney

1814-Was Our Ancestor "Impressed" Into The British Navy And Prisoner Of Andy?

1814-The Juba Dance

1815-Good News In Anson County

1816-Year Of No Summer

1817-Andy And The Bell Witch

1819-This-N-That Of This Decade

Location Of The Three Forefathers Little Changed In 1810

DANIEL WINCHESTER still in Mecklinburg County, N.C.

JOURDAN WOODWARD moved to Anson County. The date he purchased land was 1802. Apparently his daughter, Synthia, had already married *Benjaman Clenney who had bought land also in Anson County a year earlier, 1801.

DANIEL MURPHY, Sr. still in Anson County, N.C.

DANIEL MURPHY,Jr. living also in Anson County.

*Evidently, Benjaman and Synthia were still living in the home of her parents.

THE ABOVE IS FROM THE INDEX TO THE CENSUS. ONLY THE HEADS OF FAMILIES ARE GIVEN.

Future Henderson Countians

ANSON COUNTY, N.C.

AUSTIN-Richard, the only Austin by the name of Richard found in the entire state. Others who may have come with him or his son, Charles, around 1825 were James, John, and John, Jr., and a Jacob Austin who stayed in N.C. His name on a deed as joint owner of land that was known as the Gold Mine Tract and may have furnished ore for the Charlotte Mint. (hac-166). Perhaps that explains why he never had the urge to come to Scotts Hill with the other Austins.

DUCK-John, is the only head of a family by that name in Anson County.

JONES-John, and John Jr., are the only John Jones found in Anson County although over fifty by the name (John) are scattered over the state.

HART-The only Hart found in Anson County is a Moses Hart. The only Thomas Hart found in the entire state is in Orange County. No evidence exists that our Thomas Hart came from Anson County. He could have come from Orange County and been related to this family, if only distantly, (see "Thomas Hart Tales").

JACKSON-Jesse, Isaac, John and Stephen are found in Anson County. A Joel Jackson is found in Edgecombe County, possible relative as an "own" cousin of Elizabeth Jackson Morgan was named that.

PRESSLAR-There are eight by that spelling in Anson County. Stephen, Elias, and Sathial(?) did not arrive in Henderson County until the 1850's. Around 1810 some of these many have been and likely were, of the family of Hosea born 1814 in Anson County.

O'NEAL-Benjaman, Kindred, and William possibly related by marriage to some of the Clenneys since one had land adjoining Benjaman. They or their descendents apparently migrated to Georgia and later had to return to Anson County in connection with a land deal, according to records.

MURPHY-Daniel Sr., and Daniel Jr., are the only Daniel Murphys found in this county. Two other Murphys are Isaac and Rachel.

WOODWARD-Jourdan, is the only one found in Anson County this date. There are many others scattered over the state who are members of his family and will

eventually migrate to West Tennessee and on Westward from here.

ROWAN COUNTY

SCOTT-The one and only Micajah Scott found in the entire state is in this county. There is a John Scott also in Rowan County. He is likely a relative as the number on the census record is 261 while Micajah is 284. John has definately been a family name in that line.

LINCOLN COUNTY

MOONEY-George (Mauney) and Christian Mooney are the ancestors of the Mooneys who settled around Cedar Grove and Sardis. It has been verified by deeds, wills, and other documents obtained by Mr. Fredrick W. Mooney of Amarillo, Texas, a great-grand-son of Mr. Abe Mooney and Betty O'Neal Mooney.

MECKLINBURG COUNTY

WINCHESTER-Daniel, the only Winchester by that name, is found still in Mecklinburg County. He and Rosanna Ashley Winchester may have lived across the border in South Carolina for awhile. If true that Rosanna is the grand-daughter of John Ashley, research by Ashley descendents have found that after the estate of John Ashley was settled all his children except John Jr. moved into South Carolina many years ago.

STOKES COUNTY

ASHLEYS-John might be the one left in this state after the settlement of John Ashley's property, in 1759. A John Ashley had been among the very first to buy land in Anson County when it was first opened up. Some of his descendents today live in Mississippi. John and John Jr. are the only John Ashleys found in the state.

An Earlier Thomas Hart

In spite of the many similarties in the Thomas Harts, he cannot be claimed for an ancestor. However, since there is a possibility however remote, that they might be distantly related here is a good place for a brief sketch of him and his interest in lands of the "Western Waters" over the mountains. This Thomas Hart and Nathanial were associates of Judge Richard Henderson in land deal with the Indians before the Revolutionary War. One history mentions two brothers accompanied Nathanial into the wilderness of Kentucky and Tennessee. This vast tract of land included nearly two thirds of Western Kentucky and what later was called "Middle Tennessee". So it is not surprising that in the early 1800's a Henry Hart (descendent of the Harts who were associates of Judge Henderson) is found living in Summer County. (In Filson's History of Daniel Boone published in 1784, he gratefully acknowledges the assistance given by a William Kennedy.)-(hk-56)

(bwt) Major Richard Henderson, a younger brother of Judge Henderson who accompanied Daniel Boone into Kentucky, 1775 did come to West Tennessee. To Obion River and would live in Carroll Co. until his death 1830. However, our new county formed in 1822, was not named for either of them. It was called Henderson to honor Col. James Henderson.

History of Tennessee tells that before Col. Richard Henderson bought this land called Transylvania he employed Daniel Boone and several other hunters to go out and examine the land for him and they left Wake Coutny (adj. Orange) in N.C. spring

of 1769. (History of KY-the party mentioned here consisted of about forty men from VA and N.C. they were called "The Long Hunters" (p.13 & 14).

History of TN 31-parites of hunters came into the new regions and lived very much as the Indians did, roaming about and hunting for a year or more before returning home. Land companies employed these as guides for their surveying parties laying out land for settlement or for sale to speculators.

While no documentary evidence has yet been found that Thomas Hart did come from North Carolina,(Orange, Wake or Anson County). In years ahead he would have a grand-daughter who would marry William Leander O'Neal, grandson of Daniel Winchester one of the "Three Forefathers" and she, Nancy Austin O'Neal would be also a grand-daughter of Richard (Dicky) Austin, both of North Carolina.

Reelfoot Lake

The Earthquake

The first steamboat on the Mississippi under Nicholas Roosevelt, was enroute to New Orleans when this catastrophe took place. Some people in a boat on the river when the earthquake began were awakened by a terribl noise about ten o'clock. The men were in terror. The river was agitated as if by a storm and he could hear the crash of falling trees and screaming of wild fowls. In that area, banks seemed to fall into the river causing a swell that sank boats. It seems that the boat being moored to a sloping bank was all that saved it as other canoes drifted empty down the river. They had been overwhelmed and all on board drowned.

There were shocks at intervals all during the night. Whole islands disappeared. People on New Madrid begged and prayed to be taken aboard the first steamboat but without avail. When daylight came they moored to another bank with a gentle slope but experienced two severe shocks before finishing breakfast and a third as they were preparing to reenter the boat. The shore lines were crumbling and trees falling into the river. One of the men barely escaped being thrown into the river as the sand started giving away under his feet. Parts of the town cementery simply dropped into the river.

The quake caused ground to rise and fall similar to waves in the ocean. Geologists call these (dunes) that were caused by slides and fissures and some are to be seen today. It was said to have been felt as far north as Canada, east to Washington, D.C., south to New Orleans, and west to Arizona. Of course it was felt in Henderson County, but being inhabited by Indians no record was left.

The steamboat (New Orleans) put out from shore they considered too dangerous only to meet a terrifying billow of earth rising up across the river. It sent a tidal wave of water rushing toward then almost cap sizing their boat. This was when the lake of Reelfoot was formed. It was said the Mississippi River flowed backwards for three hours filling the lake.

Death On Twelve Mile Creek

The parents of Andrew Jackson settled near the headwaters of Twelve Mile Creek on land that was poor, thin, and filled with scrubby-looking timber. New settlers appeared, new land was cleared, and new cabins built and shortly a new courthouse was built for Mecklinburg County on land given by Henry Eustace McCulloh, Polk

and others. The Jackson family attended church services at the Waxhaw Church where William Richardson, a graduate of the University of Glasgow was the preacher. It was also where Mrs. Jackson's relatives worshiped, which made it more enjoyable. Then too, she became friends with the wife of the pastor who was another new comer to the area. He had married the vivacious Nancy Craighead, daughter of the celebrated Reverand Alexander Craighead. On week days Andrew Sr. had continued clearig new ground for spring planting and to have fire wood for the cold winter days. Andrew over exerted himself one day in February, probably in expectation of a snow, and took to bed in great pain. While a heavy snowfall began in the Waxhaws the life of Andrew Jackson ended.

Naturally, Mrs. Jackson wanted the body carried to the Waxhaw Church for burial in the cemetery.

The story in this book is varified by another sworn statement written by a descendent of Douglas Winchester which states it briefly. "It is said after the death of Andrew Jackson, Senior, that his corpse was put on a sled and drawn through the snow by horse to Old Waxhaw Presbyterian Church for burial. The corpse fell off the sled while going up a steep hill and was not missed until they had gone some distance."

Another author, gives a more colorful account, it may also be a more accurate one. He cites one instance where a will was left providing for rye whiskey to fortify the spirits of those attending the wake of the deceased, and seems to think this might have accounted for loss of the body Mr. Findley recalled what a hard time they had getting the horsedrawn sled over the broken ice of the creeks and added "they had liquor along".

Neighbors On Twelve Mile Creek

Excerps from a Winchester History

This from a Winchester family record, states, "I think someone of every family should trace their family records back as far as possible to see from what country they came".

In spite of the early familiarity and associations with the Jacksons and their home place, no attempt has been made to establish any connection with the other Winchesters who were also associated with Andrew Jackson and very closely, too. Jackson made the final disposition of the tract of land which would one day become Memphis to Col. James Winchester, one of his partners in 1818. One record claims that a John Winchester, an ancestor of Douglas (and of Daniel, of course) came from Kent England to Massachusetts. Daniel's war record tells they were born in Virginia. The Gen. James Winchester branch is said to have come from Maryland. One might have to go back to England to establish the relationship for there is very little doubt but that they all came from there.

Monroe, N.C. September 6, 1858

I, Thomas Winchester Sr. of Twelve Mile Creek, N.C. near Pleasant Grove Camp Ground age eighty four years do hereby certify that I came to Twelve Mile Creek when I was eighteen years of age with my father Wm. Winchester Sr. That my father rented land from one Joseph McCommon for the first year and died. That I and my mother rented the same place for two or three years afterwards, that the place was said to have been owned by Andrew Jackson, Sr. the father of Andrew Jr. afterwards General and President of U.S.

That it had been owned by Sampson Grey and afterwards was bought by Joseph McCommon and that afterwards Joseph McCommon lived on the place and that John Laney next bought and lived on the same place until his death and that his widow Martha Laney now lives on the same place on Twelve Mile Creek, N.C. where it was said the father of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States Lived at the time of his death. Mrs. Laney is about seventy five years old.

I have heard old Charley Findley speak at different times and say that Andrew Jackson Sr. the father of General Andrew Jackson lived and died on that place and was buried at Old Waxhaw Church, S.C. and that being very poor and that after his death his widow Mrs. Jackson went back to Waxhaw to live and that Andrew Jackson, Jr. afterwards President was born in Waxhaw N.C. and he spoke of knowing General Jackson well and of having seen him often and boasted of his being born in North Carolina. Chs. Findley lived and died in the neighborhood where old Andrew Jackson died. Mr. Charles Findley was a very old man when he died and he was a man of considerale intelligence.

Having heard other old persons speak of old Andrew Jackson having lived on Twelve Mile Creek, N.C. at above specified place and they were men who knew Andrew Jackson among them was old John Howie who lived within one and a half miles of the place Alex Grey who lived within two miles, John McCorkle who lived within a half a mile all of them were acquainted with old Andrew Jackson, the father of the President of the United States.

I have lived within one and a half miles of the same place for the last sixty three years. I have heard many others speak of the birth of Andrew Jackson and of his father residence on Twelve Mile, Creek North Carolina in accordance with the above which has greatly escaped my memory. All of which is certified to be corret.

Teste: George A. Winchester Thomas Winchester

Impressment Of Seamen Benjaman Clenney In Anson County

1812

While the misery and suffering caused by the British during the Revolutionary War still lingered in the memory of these North Carolineans, England began stopping our ships and taking men into their navy claiming, "Once an Englishman, always an Englishman". This and other things led to the War of 1812 which was declared in June of that year. Since these frontiersmen were not in the shipping business it probably seemed too far away to be concerned over. Besides their fellow countryman, Andrew Jackson, who had obtained his North Carolina license to practice law at the Wadesboro Courthouse, seemed capable of handling the job. Benjaman attended another Quarterly Meeting in July as Local Preacher and Jonathan Jackson was Presiding Elder. Thomas Shaw is present as a licensed exhorter and out of the rather large gathering two other Scotts Hill names appear, Benjaman Rogers and Zaca White.

While the War may have had little impact on the family, except that the son of William Clenney did serve in it, but what was probably to have the greatest affect on the life of his family was the birth of a son, Parley W., on October 17, 1812.

In this same month at the Fourth Quarterly Conference three more familiar Henderson County surnames were added to our list. They were that of George Smith, George Allen, and Samuel Jackson. Of course, Benjaman's absence was understandable as the meeting was also on October 17th.

On January the 4th of this year the State of North Caroliana "gave and granted" to Benjaman Clenney a tract of 130 acres for the sum of fifty shillings for every hundred acres paid into our treasury. It joined his own land beginning at Wright O'Neal's corner stake (by a pine) and four other times pines are used in describing the land line. No wonder stories of the pine covered forests lingered so long in the memory of his children.

Prisoners: Could Isaac Dennison O'Neal Have Been One At The Victory Of New Orleans

Could Isaac Dennison O'Neal have been an "impressed seaman" in the British Navy around the age of fourteen and served seven years and one of the deserters when he was twenty-one. Jackson learned from deserters the British were preparing another attack. A graphic description was, . . . then all the guns opened. The British battries concealed from us by the fog replied, directiong their fire by the sound of our guns . . . their flashes lighting up the fog into all the hues of the rainbow. The wounded Packingham's last order was for the reserves to be thrown in but it was thought best to withdraw. This scene described by Jackson must have been an impressive one: "I never had so grand and awful an idea of the resurrection as when I saw more than five hundred Britains emerging from the heaps of their head comrades, all over the plain rising up and coming forward as prisoners."

It is interesting to let your imagination play around with the idea that "Dune" O'Neal might have been one of these. Or he might have been one of the sixty-four of Keane's men taken by the Americans. On the other hand he might have been one of the eighty badly wounded that the British surgeion ask Jackson to care for . . So the question remains unanswered and probably will forever, whether or not Isaac Dennison O'Neal was one of the above mentioned prisoners or did he "jump ship" some dark night and hide in the Louisanna marshes until he made his way to Hardin County where he married Leah Winchester, the daughter of Daniel and Rosanna Ashley Winchester?

The Juba Dance

To paraphrase a famious radio commentator, will you now allow me a personal story?

Occasionally I run across some word in reading history that requires quite an effort on my part to place, and occasionally other countries have contributed some word or phrase used around here. A good example of this came up when I was doing a term paper on the life of Andrew Jackson at Union University in Jackson, Tennessee. The story went , that after the Battle of New Orleans his Tennessee Riflemen were rounding up some of the West Indian Negroes who had fought for the British and were still scattered out in the swamps. After three terrible days of fighting our soldiers were dirty, unshaven, ragged, and in addition to this, their faces were powder-burned almost black. The West Indian Negroes rejoiced at being taken captive by what they believed to be members of their own race. The story said they discovered their mistake however, when Jackson's men made them "dance juba" in mud a foot deep.

That word "dance juba" had a familiar ring somehow and my mind completely left the

term paper in my efforts to place it. It was most annoying but bit by bit the vague memories it had awakened and began to take shape and form. It was connected with an incident in my childhood concerning my grandfather Murphy, a Civil War veteran. Little by little, I also recalled it concerned very much my sister, Alma, and her dancing when she was a baby.

It was done on the porch of my grandfather's house. He used to like to sit here laugh, joke, and entertain his friends and let his grandchildren entertain him. The porch was a new addition to the house and the unseasoned planks had been left to season awhile before nailing. The ends overlapped on down the entire length of the "piazza" and even walking made quite a noise on these loose planks. I'm willing to take my share of the blame but I still don't believe it was I who gave Alma the brilliant idea that it would be a good place to dance.

Regardless of who started it, I don't believe anyone enjoyed it more than my grandfather. I was very positive even at that early age, my grandmother didn't. Some times she would come to the door to see what the noise was about when Grandpa would began to pat his hands to keep time and my sister would began to "cut the pigeon wing". Her dance was a wierd combination of the modern Rumba, the Samba, with a dash of the jitterbug thrown in for good measure. How she accomplished all this when she could scarcely walk is nothing short of remarkable, but she did. At least, she did to the immense satisfaction and entertainment of my grandfather.

He would laugh hertily at her performances and usually reward her with candy, gum or money. After while, acting as a sort of press agent or business manager, I managed to get my share of the candy and gum. No amount of wrangling however, could persuade her to part with any of the money which I felt was due me in arranging this Terpsichorean exhibition. After awhile also, grandfather began calling this, what I'm sure was a most fitting name, "the Juba dance."

Within a week after I had "solved the mystery" of Juba dance and finished my term paper we had a noted pianist in chapel one morning. He announced that he was going to play a new composition. In his introductory remarks he said it was named for a dance brough to the South from Africa by the slaves. As you may have guessed it was called "The Juba Dance."

Good News In Anson County

1815

This was the year that twins were born to Benjaman and Synthia. They were named Benjaman and Joseph. The tax list of that year showed him to be the owner of 500 acres of land in Anson Coutny. The news of Gen. Jackson's victory at New Orleans must have gladdened the hearts of these Anson County older people in whose memory the brutality of the British during the Revolution was still fresh. What no one knew at that time, however, was that the cannon balls shot against the British were made from iron in Dickson County. Nor did they know this was a Tennessee County through which many of their descendents would pass later into West Tennessee, including even the twins.

The Year Of No Summer

1816

Another story handed down and later verified by the United States Weather Bureau

was "The year without Summer." Evidentally, we were having a late Spring when I was a child and people complaining that they couldn't get crops planted when Grandma O'Neal remarked that it might be like the year of 1816 when the old people told that Summer just never came that year. With a child's usual curiousity I ask her how people kept from starving to death. She replied, "Well, game was plentiful and they hunted and fished a lot". The printed facts describe crop killing frosts in the neighboring state of Virginia from June to August and even heavy snows in the Northeastern states.

Being unable to explain that strange year with its miserable weather people probably attributed it to the Workings of the Almighty. It may have added to the religious fervor of many a camp meeting during the revival that swept the frontier during the early 1800's. Many years later scientists "suggested" that the phenomenon was caused largely by dust from a volcano erupting in Indonesia and settling over New England but even they were unable to explain what caused the volcanic explosion in the first place.

Old Andy And The Witch

It is not always possible to place ghost stories in chronological order but this one surely couldn't fit into any other decade because of the connection with Andy Jackson. My interest started by hearing it told by my great grandmother, the daughter of Jeremiah and Matilda Hart Austin. She was born around 1828 and it must have been nearly eighty years later that she told the story. I still recall the part where the family would hear sounds "like rats gnawing and like chains being dragged across the floor". I believe she said "upstairs" however, there was much much more to it.

It started around 1817 when strange animals would appear and soon knock on walls and doors would be heard as strange lights here and there. For a while the family kept it a secret but finally the noises changed into words. Unable to keep it a secret, friends learned and stared coming to spend a day or night and often chunks of wood and rocks would fall mysteriously in their pathway. Somehow this apparition assumed or was given, the name, Kate and she began to "take her spite out" on Mr. John Bell and a boy, the daughter, Betsy had planned to marry, by the name of Gardner.

It was said that many people from all parts of the country came to try to explain this. Famous scientists even came from some countries of Europe bur none could offer a satisfactory explanation. Finally they invited the hero of the Battle of New Orleans, Andy Jackson. He was one of these down to earth people who tolerated no nonsence. By now Mr. Bell had with true southern hospitality, furnished bed and board for so many the cupboard was about bare so Andrew Jackson and his entourage brought provisions for a week. But within a short distance of the home the wheels stuck. After many efforts to get the team going that invisable presence spoke, "You may go now, General" it said and he did. In fact they spent a sleepless night but when morning came he returned to Nashville declaring he would rather face the British than "that torment called the Bell Witch". However, that was no proof that Andy feared this disembodied spirit he apparently enjoyed fighting the British. Besides old Kate didn't command him to polish her boots and strike him on the head with a sword for refusing as the officer did.

Poor Jack Bell was finally tormented to death toward the end of this decade. The Gardner boy finally settled in West Tennessee his place becoming known as Gardner's Station. The Bell family finally left Robertson County for Mississippi.

Over a hundred years passed and I, a great granddaughter of Nancy O'Neal who first

told the story to me, hadn't forgotten it. While in College at Nashville there was a lot of publicity over the Governor's talk of paroling a prisoner who was working on some written material, a book or an opera on the Bell Witch. One day at the cafeteria a lady who sat by me seemed unusually interested in the subject. I wondered why at first but learned she was not only from Mississippi but a descendent of the same family of Bells. There is no doubt many of the Gardners I've known in Madison County tie in with the Gardner Station family-at least on had admitted they do. There is no doubt also but that stories of this unusual occurance was brought into this area by the early settlers especially ones from Middle Tennessee around Nashville. For some unexplainable reason there seems to have been more "ghost stories" centering around Doe Creek area than any other.

This-N-That Of This Decade

1804-Around this time Daniel Winchester and the youngest of his family left Mecklinburg County, N.C. Hosea Preslar born in Anson County.

1805-Col. Joseph Hardin came from Roane County Tennessee with a surveyer and chain-carriers. He had surveyed two thousand acres of land on the east side of Tennessee River south of Cerro Gordo at first called White's Landing. He cut his name on a birch tree and returned to Roane County.

1815-Today in Natchez Trace Park stands the oldest pecan tree in the United States. Tradition says a returning soldier from the Battle of New Orleans gave a Sukey Morris the pecan tree in the United States. Tradition says a returning soldier from the Battle of New Orleans gave a Sukey Morris the pecan which was planted.

1816-The Winchester Family history describes the "year of no Mummer".

1818-Tennessee was opened up for settlement and the first ferry to cross the river was located here at a little settlement called Carrolsville. It was a few miles north of Savannah.

1818-Also this year a man was born in Orange County, N.C. who would play a prominent part in affairs of this area. He was Romuluous Saunders Swift.

1819-The last recorded attendence of Benjaman Clenney at the Quarterly Conference of the Rocky River Circuit. The presiding elder appears to have been Daniel Asbury.

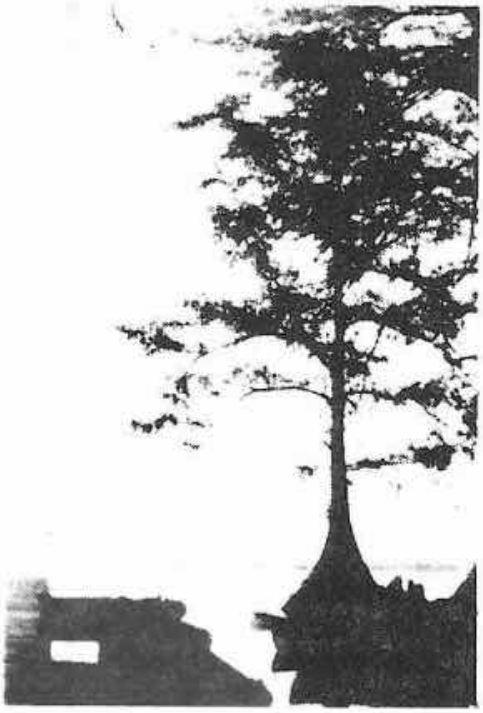
1819-By this time the restless Daniel Winchester had reached Maury County.

JOHN TYE MURPHY

The grandson of Daniel Murphy Sr. the Revolutionary War Veteran in Anson County, N.C. and his family: From Left - Daniel Lafayette, Robert Dudley, John Tye, Mary Ann Jones Murphy, and John Harvey "Ink" Murphy. Back Row (left) - Perry Houston Murphy, Charlie Franklin, Lucinda, (Mrs. Henry A. Austin), and Sarah (Mrs. Lantie L. O'Neal).

ZELMA O'NEAL AT THE HERMITAGE

Sorry there is no better picture available of this beautiful and interesting home of Andy Jackson.



REEL FOOT LAKE

REELFOOT LAKE

Peaceful scenes like these makes it hard to imagine it being created by an earthquake that caused shocks to be felt over more than half the United States.

1820-1829

1820-Census Jourdan Woodward, Daniel Murphy In Anson County

1820-Winchester In Maury County

The Five Years Of Synthia Woodward Clenney

The Benjaman Clenney Family Chart

1825-First Families To Arrive
Robert Kennedy Helps Cut Clifton Road

1825-Cedar Grove Settlers
The Pet Colt Of Granny Austin

1825-The Purdy Road And White's Landing (Dist-2)

1826-These Old "Sayings"

1828-Jasper Turner's Will

1829-This-N-That Of This Decade

The Benjaman Clenney Family Chart

Anson, Coutny, N.C.

Clenney, Benjaman (I), b. Wake Co., N.C.?, b. 1775? or before (1820 census shows over 45)-Married-Synthia Woodward, b. Wake Co., d. Anson Co., April 1825 (when Alva Hark, baby, was about 2 weeks old) Daughter of Jourdan Woodward and g. d. of Christopher W. -Children- Lemay Murphy, b. before 1820?, (name Lamey found in deeds at Wadesboro Courthouse).

Matilda, b. 1812? (1850 census gives 1810?) -Married-(after 1838?) Griffin Hastie, b. 1810?

Parley W., b. Oct. 17, 1812, b. Anson County, N.C., d. Oct. 5, 1835 in S.C., Never married became a Methodist Circuit Rider. Died at Camp Meeting in South Carolina.

Benjaman, b. 1815, d.?, Never married.

Joseph L., b. 1815, d. Texas -Married- (before 1838), Margaret McPherson, b. 1822 in N.C., d. (?), Ann L., b. 1820 in Anson Co. -Married- 1939?to Wright Scott, Aaron (Abram?) Melvin, b. Nov. 5, 1823 Anson Co., N.C., d. May 19, 1898 in New Mexico, -Married- Antonia Torrez Gonzalis, b. New Mexico, d. Mar. 1, 1914. Ann L., b. 1820 in Anson Co. also married Andrew J. Caudle, Joseph L., (one of twins) was born in Anson Co. N.C., d. May 1883.

Alvie Hark, b. April 3, 1825, d. Dec. 5, 1915, at Scotts Hill. bu. Bethel Cemetery, -Married- Feb. 1, 1844, Susannah Austin, b. May 5, 1828, d. May 24, 1881 (bu. Bethel), 2nd Marriage to Minerva Gathing, b. 1854, d. 1920 at Scotts Hill, TN, bu. Bethel Cemetery.

The 1820 census shows four white males "under 10" and Benjaman, Joseph, and Parley would be three of them. This is the only proof we have at present, we have that Murphy was born before 1820. It is only oral proof that Matilda was born in 1812 but she could have been born at the first of the year but not likely.

Winchester In Maury County

Daniel Winchester over 45, Wife over 45, 2 sons over 16, 2 sons between 10 and 16, 1 son under 10, 1 daughter (between 16 and 26), 1 daughter (between 10 and 16), 1 daughter under 10.

Jourdan Woodward, Anson County, N.C.

Daniel Murphy, Sr., Anson County, N.C.

Daniel H. Jr., Anson County, N.C.

Others

Jonathan Clenney age between 26 and 45, White County, TN.

Douglas Winchester age between 26 and 45, Hardin County, TN.

Thomas Winchester age between 26 and 45, Hardin County, TN.

Joseph Winchester age between 26 and 45, Maury Coutny, TN.

In Anson County, North Carolina the following Austins are found: Berry, Jacob, John, Jonathan, Bryan, and Richard.

The census taker of 1820 caught Daniel Winchester in Maury County, Tennessee

Daniel and his brother, Douglas had both been born in Virginia but moved to Mecklinburk County, North Carolina in their youth. Daniel was in the battle of Stono Ferry where Hugh Jackson, the brother of Andrew, gave his life. Many years later Thomas Winchester, a son of Douglas would give sworn testimony that would be used in the famous book, "Life of Andrew Jackson" by James Parton.

In this family history by Thomas he describes the hardships of their early lives in North Carolina and that his parents, Douglas, and Rose Matthews Winchester rented the farm on which Andrew Jackson's father died. However, Thomas finally became the wealthiest taxpayer in Union County, formed from Mecklinburg.

Meanwhile he states that Daniel and Rose Winchester left for East Tennessee around 1815 (A descendent I talked to in Charlotte said she thought it was probably in 1814) leaving two sons, Billy D. and Joe in North Carolina. My informant said they lost touch with Daniel after Bedford County, Tennessee was reached. Rose Ashley Winchester's record states that they first spent a year in Blount County and then moved on to Bedford. After many stopovers for a year or so, Daniel had reached Hardin County in 1828.

Somehow along the way somewhere their daughter, Leah, Layer, or Lary, had met and married Isaac Dennison O'Neal.

1820

One can only surmise why Benjaman sold part of his land which seems to have been on Morris, or Maness, Branch the latter part of this year. He may have been forced to on account of the crop failure because of that curious weather in 1816 or it may have been the problem of fieldhelp. Many landowners depended on their sons as well as slaves, to help clear the land and till the soil of their extensive age since it would eventually belong to the children. Matilda was now old enough to be of great help to her mother, Synthia, but the three boys were yet quite small. Then again, the expected baby born this year turned out to be another girl, whom they anmed Ann L., and this meant more help in the house instead of the field. Also, one of the twins, Benjaman Jr., could not be counted on for heavy work as he was afflicted with epiletic seizures. The buyer, Joseph Knox, may have offered him a good price and he decided to sell and buy two slaves which he is shown to be the owner of in the census of 1820. Whatever the reason for selling one can rest assured it was not a sudden, unplanned, impulsive, move.

1822

Perhaps after all, he only sold it in order to purchase another tract on his beloved Lane's Creek for that is exactly what he did on the 8th day of January this year. In fact, this hundred acres was "situated on both sides" of Lane's Creek. However, the most interesting part in the deed is the familiar names of the parties involved. It was sold by William Hatcher and his wife, Charity Hatcher, Kindred O'Neal and William O'Neal of North Carolina and Wright O'Neal of Georgia, heirs of Charity O'Neal, dec'd. It had been granted in 1799 to Roland Williams by "his execelly" Benjaman Williams Esq. It was witnessed Bryan A. Austin and Albert Jonathan Duck W. Dismukes was the name of the county court clerk.

1823

Parley W. was now old enough to be of help in planting and working (and L. Murphy was surely older than he) and gathering crops when future help arrived on November 5th. It was in the form of a new baby boy born to Synthia and Benjaman who they

named Aaron Melvin. In later years many important documents had him listed as Avery Melvin and even Abram Melvin leaving one to wonder if he could have been named Abraham Melvin Clenney for the Abraham Clenney in Sussex County, Delaware in 1676 who just might possibly have been a remote ancestor.

In the spring when the eight children of Benjaman Sr. and Synthia was born the future looked extremely bright. He envisioned this as yet another son who would someday live on a part of the surrounding property and be a comfort to his parents in their old age. Benjaman was now on this way to becoming a prosperous and extensive landowner having added to his original purchase until his holdings had increased to around seven hundred acres. The health of the family was good except one of the twins, Benjaman Jr., who was subject to epileptic seizures but they had long since learned how to cope with this and he was no burden. Most important of all they were being brought up as Christians. Benjaman's attendence of the many conferences of the Rocky River Circuit and labor as a Local Preacher had set a good example.

Early this April morning the new baby, Alvin Hark, who was about two weeks old, began crying. His mother did not answer. As the crying kept on with no response, Benjaman Sr. started to wake her and found she was dead. This tragedy which struck so unexpectedly was a hard blow to all his long cherished hopes and dreams. "They didn't even know she was ailing" as the story is handed down "for she had never complained".

Synthia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jourdan Woodward, took the little grandchild to raise. Since other stories handed down seem to concern Hark's brothers and sisters with more mention of the Woodwards than of Benjaman, the father, it is quite possible that he did not live long following this crusing blow. There is no record of his attending any Quarterly Conferences after this and no deeds found of any land transactions following her death. In fact, the researcher did not even find his name in the 1830 census leaving him to conclude that Benjaman's death occured not a great while after Synthia's.

Research is continued on the children. On L. Murphy Clenney it is almost non-existent. Parley W. became a "Circuit-Rider" and died while holding a revival in S.C. Matilda married in Anson Co. Avery Melvin fought in the War with Mexico and afterwards lived in Lincoln County, New Mexico when Pat Garrett killed Billy the Kid, Ann, Joseph, Benjaman Jr. came to Tennessee and the youngest, Alvie Hark. He is the great grandfather of Hermon F. Clenney, Zelma O'Neal, and the great great great grandfather of Miss Karen Short.

First Families

The earliest settlers in this immediate area were Charles Austin and family, Micajah Scott, Jonathan Duck, William Holmes, and families. Other early ones who may also have come with this group or soon afterwards were John and Beda Presley Jones. The Medlins probably Joel, and perhaps the Robert Kennedy family.

Very little oral history is available concerning their hardships in crossing the mountains. It is believed and told by descendents, that they came by Sparta, Tennessee, in what is now White County and maybe rested a few days with some people from Anson County already settled there. Among the Sparta settlers 182[illegible] were Clenneys, and a John Austin possibly brother to Richard. Some descendents

have heard vague rumors that Richard "Dicky" the father of Charles Austin, came either with the first settlers or soon after wards. A Dicky Austin is found in the 1830 Census of Henderson County. It is believed they crossed the Tennessee River at Carolsville (Clifton today) or Reynoldsburg. At Carolsville they had a ferry since 1818.

Another bit of history contributed by descendents of Robert Kennedy seems to indicate he must have been among the first settlers is that he helped clear the first road leading from Clifton (Carrolsville then) to Scotts Hill probably the one leading on to Purdy, an other settlement that would grow into a thriving center of trade later. Many of the earliest settlers built homes along this old Purdy Road that crossed the Point Pleasant Road just North of the Liberty settlement.

Cedar Grove Settlers

This daughter of Thomas Hart was born in North Carolina and the family came to Tennessee when she was a child. Among the provisions brought by this family for a permanent settlement were steers, a wagon, and horses. They crossed the Tennessee River by ferry at Clifton. She was terrified at having to cross the river she was allowed to hold on to some part of the ferry all the way across the river and firmly believed that only this prevented it from sinking.

It is said by one writer that in wilderness travel one of the most annoying of petty troubles is the straying of horses. They must eat and must be turned loose to feed on the natural pasturage. Until their hunger is appeased they will graze close by the camp but after awhile they will begin to wander off in search of choice bits. The Hart family turned their stock loose to graze after they had crossed the river. They also wished to eat their own "dinner" and rest awhile from their long journey. Their stock also wandered off in the woods and when time came to go they could not be found. The older members of the group had to go round them up which took a long time. However, any petty annoyances experianced because of this was more than offset by the surprise and delight of the little Hart girl over the new baby colt that followed the mare back to camp. They let her "claim" it for her pet long as it lived.

After their rest they continued their journey until they reached a place west of Cedar Grove and near Sardia which was later on known as the Andy Austin place.

The Purdy Road

Shady Grove Church was built in 1824 and the town of Purdy formed in 1825. While this has no direct bearing on our story, it does seem to account for early settlements along a possible wilderness road leading from the ferry crossing at Clifton to Purdy the county seat of this new county on land donated by John Yount. The road, or one of the roads, surely was east-west road the signs of which may be seen today. it crossed the Liberty Road on the north side and ran through the Presley Community on west of Saltillo to Purdy. History tells a stage road from Nashville to Boliver ran through Purdy. Could this have been it?

Another crossing was at White's Landing. Mr. White operated a ferry and charged twenty five cents to take a man and horse across. It was said the first goods sold in West Tennessee were shoes to Indians at a store here. The name of this crossing was later changed to Cerro Gordo. It was an ideal place for flatboats headed for New Orleans to tie up overnight, an old map gives this location to have been in District No. 1 and that is where Daniel Winchester as well as his son-in-law, Den O'Neal were found by the next census taker. Any business dealings the elusive O'Neal had here must have been transacted orally because no written record has been found of his buying or selling produce.

These Old "Sayings"

These Old Expressions Had Their Meaning, Most Were Brought By Our Ancestors From Europe—By Zelma O'Neal

Perhaps you have heard the old expression, "He fethered into them" used by some older person. Did it ever occur to you that he very likely had ancetors living in England when William the Conquorer landed in 1066? Most of these old expressions used right here around Scotts Hill date back to that time. Language used in England before this time is called Anglo-Saxon or Old English and is derived from the German immigrants who had already settled there. This term dates back to when fighting and hunting was done by bow and arrow and means an arrow that hits so hard it is drove up to the feather at the other end. So when the Normans landed in 1066 the Anglo-Saxons "feathered into them" but their own king was wounded by an arrow and after his death England was conquored.

The invasion brought the addition of Norman French language but our grammer of today is of Anglo-Saxon origin. Most of the so called "dialect" of the people who settled around Scotts Hill was good English then and on during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in the 16th Century. If you have ever been slightly embarrassed by some older relative saying, "He sot in that chair," remember that it really was past tense in Old English or Angol-Saxon and pronounced "sat" such words as "ax" for ask and "hit" for it are also good old Angol-Saxon words. Long ago I heard the word "misling" used to describe weather but decided later I had misunderstood the word "misting." Not long ago I ran across the information that "misling" was an Elizabethian term meaning foggy or misty weather. The fact we sound the "r" in our words around here is probably due to our Scotch-Irish ancestors who did not get over until the eighteenth century. At any rate, if your grandparents used such words as "afore" for before, "afread" for afraid, and "peart" for feeling well, just be thankful that you did not get your naturaliztion paper yesterday.

Of comparatively recent origin are other phrases we have acquired since Scotts Hill was settled. One started about the same time settlers were coming here. They were also going on to states farther west. There was so much speculation out there, land would change hands several times at good profit before anyone ever settled on it permanently. It was because of this that the expression, "doing a land office business" originated.

Civil War-1860's

Other words and phrases can be traced to the Civil War. A "chebang" was a crude shelter constructed by placing apole across two forked sticks and placing pieces of oil cloth or blankets on it for a shelter. Referring to the whole shebang" was evidentally ment much as the boys in the last war meant by describing a group of people, a place of business, etc. as "that outfit". Old people used to compare a large group of people to "Coxys Army." There really was such a person. It seems that he lead an army of Civil War veterans into Washington much as the Bonus marchers after the first World War. There also was an old song about "Joe Bowes." A history of General Grant says he did have a member of his staff by that name who was with him at the battle of Shiloh and Corinth. There is some similiarity but not enough to say which originated first. The songs makes some reference to what was evidentally the discovery of gold in California and that would have been before the Civil War.

Jasper Turner's Will

In the name of God, Amen. I, Jasper Turner, of the County of Anson and State of

North Caroline, being in sound mind andmemory, do make this to be my last will and testament. In the first place I want all my just debts paid and those due me collected.

First, I give and bequeath unto my wife, Lucy Turner, my plantation and tract of land whereon I now live containing three hundred and sixteen acres more or less. Also, I give and bequeath unto my wife Lucy a Negro man by the name of Love her lifetime and then to my three daughters, to Wit, Delly, Elizabeth and Polly Turner. Also I want at the death of my wife Lucy Turner the said tract of land that I have willed to her to be equally divided among all my Legatees. Also I give to my wife all my stock of every description but if she and the family think proper to sell part of them they can do so. Also my wagon and cart and plantation tools to my said wife Lucy. Also I wish at her death I want some of my neighbors to value these things last named and make a division of them among my children without a sale. But if the said Lucy Turner marries I want for her to have an equal part with my children and no more. Now this stock that I have mentioned about to be sold the money arising from that sale I want it to be put to the use of educating my son Martin Turner but if there should be more money from this sale of stock than is necessary divided among the rest of my children.

Also I give and bequeath unto my son Green Turner a certain tract of land adjoining Jephthah Woodward and William Hatcher containing 200 acres more or less. In the next place I give unto my son Ausburn Turner a certain tract of land that I purchased of John & Mathew adjoining Frederick Staton and John Allen containing 250 acres more or less lying on the waters of Cribb's Creek. Also I give unto my son Martin Turner a certain parcel or tract of land lying on the waters of Arnett's Branch One T. containing 199 acres. Also another tract of land bought of Joseph Medley goes by the name of the Harrison place containing 100 acres more or less. Also a small entry that I have made adjoining John Allen, Frederick Staton and myself which I wish to be saved with money out of my Estate and for the land to belong to my son Martin containing 8 acres.

As for my household and kitchen furniture I want for it to stay as it is but if one or more of the family wishes or needs part of the furniture for the family to give off what they think is their equal part.

And I hereby make George Turner and Ausburn Turner to my Executors to this my last will and testament June 13, 1828.

Signed in the presence of R. N. Allen, Wm. Brantly

Jasper(His Mark) Turner

Anson April 1828

Then this will was exhibited in open court and duly proven by R. N. Allen and Wm. Brantly and ordered to be recorded.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the last will and testament of Jasper Turner. Deed as is now remaining of Record in my office May 16, 1853. Norfleet D. Boggan CMC Norfleet D. Boggan CMC

This-N-That Of The 1820's

1821-Henderson County was formed.

1822-A son was born in North Carolina to Caudle. He was named Andrew Jackson.

1823-A son was born to Benjaman and SynthiaWoodward Clenney and named Aaron (or Avery) Melvin.

1824-It must have been around this time that Den O'Neal and Leah Winchester married but in Wayne or Perry County?

1825-The last son was born to Benjaman and Synthia. Synthia died two weeks later.

1828-Will of Jasper Turner of Anson County, N.C.

1828-Daniel Winchester finally reached Hardin County.

1829-Back in (Union County?) Mecklinburg County in N.C. the first meeting was held at Pleasant Grove to decide whether or not to build the campground that today is designated as a Historical Site. One of the first trustees was Thomas Winchester. Many Winchesters have served since then as superintendents of Sunday School, teachers and as trustees.

1829-Abraham Mooney or "Mauney" was born in Lincoln County, N.C.

1820-1829
Notes And Comments

CHARLES AUSTIN

One of the early settlers from Anson County, N.C. was married to Phoeba Ellen Woodward. He was a surveyor and large land owner. After his wife's death in 1854 sometime before 1870 he married Beatrice (Beda) Preslar Jones, whose husband, John Jones had also passed away. Family history has it that he told her how lonely he was and how much he needed a house-keeper and she replied, "Well, I'm lonely too, so why don't we get married?"

It had been almost forgotten by the families since there were no descendants, not surprising, since the census shows his age at 76 and hers at 75.

Monument to Charles and Phoebie Ellen Woodward Austin in the "Granny Austin Graveyard" named for his wife.

Mrs. Lurena Elizabeth (Rena Woodward Turner, wife o Martin W. Turner and grand mother of Gordon H. Turne author of book, "The History o Scotts Hill". (Martin Turner i named in the will of Jaspe Turner in 1828).

Wyley Scott, son of Micager Scott, after whom Scotts Hill was named. He is an ancestor of Carl Scott who married Alma O'Neal, February 6, 1928 in St. Louis, Missouri. Their sons are: Thomas Lee, born October 20, 1930 and William Joe, born October 20, 1932.

1830-1839

Census-1830

The Spelling Of D-A-N-E O'Neal

Orphans Of Morgan And Elizabeth Austin

Prayer In The Mississippi Bottoms

The Old Sulphur Well

Hark's Childhood In Anson County

The Circuit Rider

Letter To A Murphy Descendent

The Western Fever

The Trek To "Western Waters"

Stop Over (At Sparta?)

Our Old "Boo Ey" Knife

The Disappearance Of Dane O'Neal

The Census Of 1830

Thomas Hart age over 50, f. Wife age over 50, Children: 1 male between 10 and 15, 1 male between 15 and 20.

Jermiah Austin age between 30 and 40, f. Wife Matilda Hart? age between 20 and 30, Children: 2 females under 5.

Dane (Isaac Dennison) O'Neal 20 and 30, f. Wife Leah Winchester between 15 and 20, Children: 1 male (William Leander) under 5, 1 female (Millie Kennedy?) under 5, (See "The Mystery of Mary O'Neal), 1 f. age between 5 and 10 (b. 1824?).

Other ancestors and relatives of the writer were Daniel Winchester in Hardin County (father of Leah Winchester O'Neal), and in Henderson County, were Charles and Phoebie Woodward Austin, John and Beadie Preslar Jones, and a Richard Austin who was once believed to have been the Richard (or Dicky) Austin, father of Charles, Morgan, and Jeremiah Austin but according to the 1830 census, he was between 40 and 50 years of age. Legend has it that their father did come but returned to North Carolina. This Richard seems to have disappeared in later census records.

The Spelling Of D-A-N-E O'Neal

Very little written history has been found concerning the Isaac Dennison O'Neal who was living in Hardin County near Saltillo in the 1830 census record. Apparently they had never shed their "raine in Spaine" accent from the English as described in the book, Pygmalion" and the play, "My Fair Lady" from which it was made. Evidentally, the census-taker took their names at face value and spelled the name of his wife "Leah" the same as it was pronounced, "Layer" and his name Den was spelled "Daine". Then to make bad matters worse, the census taker made the last letter of his name a capital "E" and the printed census copied from the micro-film shows it to be "Dan'l". It was enough to try the patience of a saint. But reference to the original film showed another "Daniel" few names further up on the page that was not abbreviated. The next census, 1840, showed Den, Dane, or Isaac Dennison's widow and children at the same place and the two older children with the same birthdates but no further record now of the other female born before 1830. Nor has any further record of "Daine" O'Neal been found.

Orphans Of Morgan And Elizabeth Austin

After the death of Elizabeth Austin in 1821 (Most all dates are taken from this book by Gordon H. Turner) the children, Susanna age 4 Lucindia age 3 and Jesse Morgan age one, were taken by relatives to raise.

Susanne's new home was that of their uncle's Sq. Charles Austin, her sister was in the home of another Austin.

Years later Susanne's daughter, Viola Clenney O'Neal, told that the two sisters were a long way apart and didn't get to see each other very often. The best remembered trip was one made on Sunday or perhaps having spent the night before, but on this particular Sunday one son of her "guardians" with a name like "Giles" or Julius Austin found that the water bucket was low in water and ordered Lucinda to go to the spring and bring a bucket of fresh water. Lucinda was an obediant girl but slower about complying than he liked. He grabbed the dipper from the bucket and hit her over the head with it. Viola said it was not a very enjoyable trip as Lucinda cried about all the rest of the time that Susanne stayed.

Their father having died in 1835 left them more or less at the mercy of the people in whose homes they were staying. There was no Child Welfare Service to check on orphans back then. Many fared rather poorly. It is not known if it was before Morgan's second marriage that the children went to live with their uncle but he did marry a Polly Latter after Elizabeth's death.

Around that time militia musterings were quite popular with the "men folks". Not only were there fist fights but duels with knives, pistols, and rifles. It does not mention Bowie knives in this account but they must have been quite popular around that time. It was a big day in a village and women were said to sell cookies and refreshments during the day. Morgan's second wife did not like for him to be away to attend one which was probably the attitude of most wives as in so many instances they would wind up a bloody fued over the least argument.

Prayer In The Mississippi Bottoms

On one hunting trip from North Carolina Thomas Hart and son, Heth, left with two dogs and gun and had almost reached the home of their relatives but decided to make camp that night and continue their journey later. The spot was a few miles east of the present town of Scotts Hill. Here Thomas built a camp fire beneath a big tree. After awhile he began noticing twigs and bits of bark falling down on him. He glanced up and saw a big panther crouching on the limb right above him. He grabbed his gun and killed it. It fell out of the tree and landed down on the ground at the very spot where he had been preparing his bed.

Fragments of other stories, vague and indistinct, have drifted down for generations. These are extremely interesting. They would be even more so if the dates were known or enough details to tie in with events recorded in our history books. How "Uncle" Allen Hart and his father managed to escape when captured by the Indians on one of their hunting trips west of the Mississippi River would make a good story. Another story concerns the place selected by his father to be buried. At his death it was found to be solid rock. It took three days to dig the grave, and there was a snow on the ground. The exact date of his death is not even known but it must have been following the year of 1833. For in that year at least, they left a story concerning an event which is recorded in history, (and today a moss covered sandstone rock marks the grave in a grove of trees.)

Uncle Allen and his father were on one of their hunting trips in the Mississippi valley when the phenomena known as the "falling of the stars" took place. According to an eyewitness account found in a book, this was first seen early in the morning about 4:30. The clear sky was lit up with long continued flashes of streaming fire. By 5 a.m. it had increased until fire appeared to rain down, resembling a shower of small balls of white flame. "Some were more or less brilliant, all fading out until their places were more than filled by other meteors of heightened splendor". This impressive scene continued until the light of the sun caused it to disappear. Uncle Allen often said they, as probably did people in other places who saw it, believed it to be the end of the world. And he told of how his father, on bended knees, prayed as he had never been known to pray before. Cold facts would be of minor importance here, for how could words alone describe the feelings of these two men as they witnessed the grandeur of that fiery scene alone in the wilderness and away from family and loved ones. However, the date of this event in the dim and distant past does give us a clue but many of the stories evidently happened at an earlier date. The "falling of the stars" is recorded by history as having occured on November 13, 1833.

The Old Sulphur Well

By Zelma O'Neal: Saltillo, TN--Beside a gravel road that runs through a field near Saltillo stands an old scarred and battered concrete curb that covers one of the largest sulphur fountains in Hardin County. It reminds us that this was once the scene of feverish activity in man's attempt to master raw nature as he moved westward.

The site takes on a bleak and barren aspect and its history, combined with childhood memories and half forgotten stories, provides a strange fascination.

Very little written history of this place is available and one has to decide for himself the authenticity of the many stories. Some say the well was 800 feet deep and history bears this out. Others tell of gold watches being dropped into it never to be recovered.

Still others have the mistaken idea that it was bored during the Civil War when salt was so scarce that people had to dig up the ground around their smoke houses where salt from the meat they had cured could be found.

Even today some will tell you they were intending to bore until they reached salt water if they had to go all the way through the earth and strike the ocean on the other side.

Although it is true that the well was dug in search of salt, it was done many years before the Civil War.

Even before settlers came to Hardin County, explorers may have found this "deer lick" where salt was so near the surface of the earth that animals traveled great distances to reach it. No doubt the early settlers, when they came, used salt from this place as did the settlers who moved westward from the coast in the northern part of America.

Sometime before 1835 Kanawha Salt Company of West Virginia examined this "deer lick" about a mile southwest of Saltillo and came to the conclusion that this surface salt came from a large underground deposit of salt which had been left in a depression of the ocean bottom as it receded from this Hardin County area millions of years ago. They believed that by boring down this deposit could be found.

The West Virginia salt wells were bored or driven by dericks to a great depth and then pumps forced water down into the salt bed and dissolved the salt which was then pumped back out to the surface.

This same method used in Pennsylvania salt mines later gave Mr. Drake the idea for the first successful oil well in America. So, we imagine this was the method used by Mr. Windsor, whom the Kanawha Salt Company hired to drive the well at Saltillo in 1835.

It was said that the company hired him with the understanding that he dig until he found salt or salt water, so sure were they of these great underground deposits. He was to get a salary of $50 a month.

It was also in the contract that he keep at work until he struck salt even if it took his lifetime. He actually did work the remainder of his lifetime, for two short years later he died.

He had kept this part of his contract but even though he had reached a depth of 800 feet, he never found salt. Instead, a steady flow of sulphur water was the result. The well was abandoned after his death.

It is a wonder that the discovery of sulphur water wasn't considered more important than it apparently was at that time. It has been used since ancient times for medicine.

The Indians had placed great value on its health giving properties and Cortez's soldiers had used it to manufacture gun powder.

Most likely the reason was that the crude methods of mining it at that time made it unprofitable. Then came the Civil War and caused mining to almost come to a standstill.

It was not until the early years of the 20th Century that the method of melting or dissolving sulphur and bringing it to the surface made the large deposits, found in other parts of the country, worthwhile.

Hark's Childhood In Anson County

Hark's Fish Hook Story

It is said that people tend to treat children as they themselves, were treated as a child. This being true if Hark's brothers ever treated him with anything but kindness there was no evidence of it in his personality. This fish story was not to moralize but Hark may have pointed out the lesson it taught his older brothers when his older children were impatient with their younger brothers. He was such a kind-hearted and patient person himself that he tried to instill his quality in his own children.

Lane's Creek was a great place for fishing after crops were "laid by" in the summer and even though their many acres included land on both sides of the creek manufactured necessities like fishhooks were not plentiful. The older brothers may have had friends visiting that day they decided to go fishing but whatever the reason they barely found enough hooks for themselves and certainly didn't want little Hark along to have to look after, anyway. Before they could slip off from him, Hark caught on to their plans and after much piteous pleading was allowed to tag along. After they gave in to this demand he put in another plea to fish but there were no more hooks. Finally, with Scotch-Irish ingenuity so typical of our ancestors they solved that problem. They hurridly found a brass pin and bent it in the shape of a hook, tied it to a string, and finally got started.

When they reached the creek they quickly cut a cane and tied the string to one end, placed the other end in Harks hand, got him seated on the bank of the creek, and rushed off to find a more promising fishing hole for themselves. The older ones began to round up the weary fishermen and compare catches as they trudged wearily back to the small fishing hole where they had left their little brother to play. Most of them were tired and disgusted with the poor luck they had. They sighted him sitting on the bank where they had left him and a closer view showed that he was continuously pulling out one fish right after another as fast as he could get them off the hook. He explained that he had long ago used up the bait they left but had decided to keep on throwing in the bare hook and just play at fishing. But he was at loss to explain how he was blessed with such good luck as the fish just kept right on biting. Many "theories" were offered by the brothers and the folks at home for his catch was far greater than that of any of the others. Some thought it might have been that he happened to strike a "school" of fish, another thought maybe they were so hungry they would bite at anything, but Hark thought it must have been that bright shiney, brass pin they had given him for a plaything, so attracted the fish that they could not resist it.

Another thing to look forward to after crops were "laid by" was the time of camp meetings and revivals. In July of the summer of 1828 Parley W. who was only sixteen was converted and joined the Methodist Church. It is not known where he received his education but as one historian tells us, the Scotch-Irish believed it a sin not to learn to read in order to be able to read your Bible. Parley was a great lover of books and widely read for people of that period. If the researcher is correct in thinking Benjaman

Sr. died before 1830 it is quite possible that his death occured around near this time. This would, of course, have had a profound effect upon young Parley but his father's dedication to church work alone would have set an example he might have wished to follow.

Just having to cope with his brothers alone, since he was too young to compete with them must have encouraged Hark to develop strength and self reliance as he grew up. Also he may have been forced to assume more responsibility because of a shortage of help in those days. Benjaman Jr. may not have been allowed to do heavy work or make trips alone because of his epiletic seizures and the slaves were probably sold as there was no one to take the responsibility of overseeing them. Also beginning the first of the year in 1832 Brother Parley was admitted upon trial as a traveling preacher by the South Carolina Conference in Darlington. At the young age of twenty this must have been the fulfillment of a long cherished dream to become what was then called a "circuit rider". So, many tasks were thrust upon young Hark which he seemed willing to accept.

One responsibility which Hark seemed especially happy to be entrusted with was taking a "turn of corn" to Kiker's Mill about ten miles away. The entire operation often consisted of having to go out into the field if corn had not yet been gathered, and pulling the ears off the stalks. Then the ears were shucked, the rotten grains picked off, the corn shelled, and poured into a sack. The sack of corn would be thrown across the back of a horse which the rider would mount and head for the mill.

When Hark reached Kiker's Mill after his ten mile ride all alone he had to await his turn which sometimes took hours. Here he must have heard talk of the thousands leaving North Carolina for this rich West Tennessee land and the glowing reports that came back from those who had gone on during the mid-twenties. Many of those waiting for their corn to be ground into meal would have been neighbors of families like the Austins, Jones, Ducks, Scotts, and Holmes who had settled at a hill that was called Scotts Hill because of Micajah Scott's store he had opened up there.

Then there were others who liked to relate stories of the raids and counter raids of the Tories and Whigs during the Revolutionary War in Anson County. Some could trace the beginning of the trouble that started in Anson county and spread to Orange and grew eventually into the War for Independence. Anson had some good leaders, too. One was Col. Thomas Wade after whom Wadesboro was named and another was the brave and adventurous Paddy Boggan under whom many Anson Countians fought in the Militia. Paddy's brother had descendents who were among the early settlers of this area around Scotts Hill down near the river.

Another of Hark's early recollections seem to have been playing outside with the other children in the early spring evenings. As twilight approached they probably chased fireflies as children have done throughout the centuries, and after darkness followed the dusk of the evening he said, they continued their games by the light of pine knot flares. This was also a suitable time for ghost stories and tales of hair-raising adventures. This must have been a time of great happiness for the little fellow and made a lasting impression as he referred to it many times in his later years.

Since physical prowess and bravery were two qualities much admired and defiately needed, by the youth of that time they were acquired early. One amusing story Hark told was of his own lack of courage in his younger days. The Jourdan Woodwards had a smoke house in which meat was kept in the winter after being cured by smoke from hickory wood but during the summer acted more as a repository for unwanted household articles such as extra quilts or feather beds. This building was usually situated in the corner of the back yard convenient to the kitchen. Whether on a dare

or the family had visitors spending the night is not known but a "made down" bed or "pallet" was prepared for Hark to spend the night in the smokehouse. It was a hot, humid, summer night and Hark was sleeping in his shirt only. He would probably have preferred to sleep out under the stars had there been any, or under the light of the moon which only occasionally shone as the threatening clouds parted.

Hark was not resting well in his strange sleeping quarters as ghost stories he had heard drifted through his mind and added to his apprehension. Upon hearing some unfamiliar noise he stepped to the door just as the half obscured moon revealed a ghost-like apparition a short distance away about "as tall as a man with his head cut off". This was no time to investigate. He made a mad dash for the house with "shirt tail a-standing straight out" as he described it later.

The Circuit Rider

Descriptions of Parley W. Clenney seem to imply that he was kind-hearted, of refined tastes, and records certainly bear out the fact that he was fond of books. He must have made a very impressive figure as he rode his white horse to his appointments in the Orangeburg, Barnwell, Greenville, and Lancaster circuit of S.C. "All of which he filled much to the satisfaction of our people generally" his record informs us. The record of his church work would hardly be complete without occasional interpolation of family stories concerning the romance in his life, and one is that he met a beautiful girl and fell in love with her. We don't know if it was a South Carolina girl but it must have been around this time as he was not yet much past twenty. If so, it is likely that she was the daughter of one of the better known residents of this area who felt honored to have the preacher for dinner in their home and spend the afternoon visiting until evening services. It is also more than likely that she was younger than he was and at the romantically inclined age to be enamoured of this "Prince Charming" on his white horse, at any rate they became engaged. When Synthia Viola Clenney O'Neal related this story over a hundred years later, she could not recall many other details of the story. She could only recall hearing a story of the engagement and the unhappy ending. The girl died just before the wedding date.

The story of Parley W. Clenney during this period is one where the printed record and family history complement each other and leave little to the imagination. According to the Methodist Church records he was a man of deep and solid piety although his talents appeared small in the beginning but greatly improved heart and soul into his service after her death to assuage his grief leaving the only time for reflection and sadness to be the solitary traveling on his white horse. The results of his efforts must have been apparent in his work in the Lancaster Circuit, his latest appointment, as beginning the year of 1835 he was given the Santee Circuit.

Back to his printed record again where it tells us he labored with his usual zeal and fidelity during the later winter and early spring months. After a long time the healing qualities of work seem to have alleviated his sorrow to the extent that he became engaged once more, according to family history. We don't know if he met and fell in love with a young lady in his new circuit or if his engagement was to someone he had left behind in the Lancaster region, but it seems that he was not destined for happiness in this life. Before this marriage could take place, according to stories handed down by both, Synthia Viola Clenney O'Neal and her brother James Melvin Clenney, "He died while preaching down in South Carolina on the Pee Dee River".

Throughout the Spring and summer months he had continued his work successfully and was looking forward to a camp meeting to be held at Rembert's camp ground in October, when he was attacked with a fever. It seems that he was determined to be there. Here the printed record describes it in more eloquent detail: "With some

difficulty, however, he reached the camp meeting. Here his fever rose to such a height that no human means could effect his recovery. His friends thought it best to let him know that in their judgement, he could live but a few hours longer. Upon receiving this intelligence was silent a short time, but upon his being ask if he was afraid to die, he said, No! if his work was done, he would rather die than live. Upon his being ask what word should be sent to his relations, he said, "Charge them to meet me in Heaven". Being farther ask what he would wish to be said to the Annual Conference, he expressed a hope to meet them all in Heaven. He afterwards manifested the most perfect resignation to the Divine Will, and amid the shouts of praise that arose from the various parts of the encampment, his happy spirit took its flight from the Church militant below to the Church triumphant above, on the evening of October 5, 1835."

A Letter To A Murphy Descendent

Daniel H. Murphy Jr. came to Tennessee from Anson County, N.C. in the year 1837. Names of some places near their home were Wadesboro, Lanes Creek, Charaw Kiker's Mill and other places near the border of S.C. (Incidently, this is from the same area that Andrew Jackson's Parents came to from Carickfergus Scotland.)

Other proof besides being told personally by all the Murphy family that they came about this date, is that the census record shows that all the children of Daniel Murphy were born in North Carolina except the youngest, John Tye. He was born 1838 after they arrived in what was then Henderson County.

Another thing told was that in coming over the mountain part of the group had to walk by the wagons or ox-carts and hold them to keep them from toppling over the edge of the roads and on down the mountainside.

Settlers had already come to Scotts Hill some 10 to 12 years earlier. There were Austins (other ancestors of today's Murphys) Holmes, Ducks, and Scotts (from which Scott's Hill got it's name). Whether Daniel Murphy bought a large tract of land from some of these settlers is not known at present but his home was on a grant for his Revolutionary War Service. The original land grant is probably in Tennessee State Archives but the courthouse records of Decatur County burned many years ago in 1869. Anyway, he seemed to have around a hundred acres or so for nearly everyone of his children when they married and two of the old log houses were still standing where they lived for many years. I own one of the farms and my brother and I own another. Two houses burned down several years ago one being the Allen Murphy place and the John Murphy place is in the hands of a very distant relative although I had the chance of buying it at one time and have regretted many times since, that I did not.

It is hard to explain why there has been so little information pased on down about Daniel Murphy Jr. It may have been that John Murphy being the youngest, and my mother the youngest of John's children placed too great a distance between her and her grandfather for her to remember many stories of their past. I do believe I have been told that he taught school. Back then; you certainly didn't have to have a college degree but he must have been above average in intelligence.

Also he must have had a poor sense of humor for a Murphy. Even distant relative of one of his sons Hamp who went to Texas had to tell me a lot of practical jokes Uncle Hamp liked to play on people. Usually, when you mention the name Murphy around older people here it will remind them of some joke or funny remark made by some Murphy who didn't fool much with second-hand jokes. They liked to be original.

However, no such reports ever became a part of our local history concerning great-grandfather Daniel.

Daniel's wife was named Martha Kissah Tye. The Kissah I'm sure of because I've heard my mother comment on the unusual name it was. That name doesn't sound like a person who would stand for much foolishness, so maybe that is another reason none of the jokes of Daniel Murphy were handed down for future generations.

To my knowledge, there are no relatives around here by the name of Tye or Tyer and I know very little about them. It seems that I've heard she had a sister named Polly who came over from N.C. with them and one of my uncles told me that there were some of her very distant relatives living around Corinth, Mississippi. (Recently learned a sister named Cynthia married a Hemby)

I have been told by this uncle that Daniel Murphy and Kissah burried in the Bethel Cemetery and he showed me where-just back of the grave of John Tye and Mary Ann. I feel pretty sure this is right. I wish I knew where Daniel Sr. is buried and it may also be there, for there are only plain rocks to mark some of the graves but it is in the family row with others of their children.

Cousin, Buck Murphy, had a family graveyard near his home and at one time it was well kept up and a great many others were buried there. Daniel Sr. might have been buried in this one. I have often wondered. There is also a Murphy Creek named after Buck Murphy as well as the Buck Murphy Cemetery. None of his descendants live here now but I recently made the acquaintence of some of them who are also working on this.
Names and approximate birthday of Daniel's children and family are these:

Murphy Daniel b. Jan. 23, 1763 in N.C., d. Ca. 1844 in Tennessee. Wife unknown, died in N.C.?-Son-Daniel H., b. 1796? in Anson County, N.C., d. before 1860, Bu. Bethel Cem., Married-Martha Kissah Tye, b. 1796 in Anson County N.C.?, d. before 1870, Bu. Bethel Cem., Children: Louise, b. 1825, d. 1896, bu. Bethel Cem., Married Caudle, b. in N.C.—Nancy, b. 1825 in N.C., d. Hardin County, Married Alexander (Alec) Sloan, b. Hardin Co.?, d. Hardin County, Tenn.—Allen T. (Allen T), b. ca. 1828 in N.C., d. in Kentucky (moved to Ky. 1860's), Married Sarah Jane Fore, b. 1828, d. in Kentucky—Lucinda (Aunt Luce), b. 1831 in N.C., d. 19? in Tenn-bu. Bethel Cem., Married Caudle, b. in N.C.—Mary H., b. 1831? in N.C., d. at Scotts Hill-bu. Bethel Cemetery, Married Pleasant Woodward Austin M.D., b. Scotts Hill, d. Scotts Hill-bu. Bethel Cem.—Sarah Ann, b. 1832 in N.C., d. 1901 Scotts Hill-bu. Bethel Cem. Married William S. Duck, Jp, b. 1828, d. 1906 at Scotts Hill-bu. Bethel Cemetery.—Hampton, b. 1835 in N.C., d. in Texas (to Texas in 1878), Married mary Ann Clenney, b. in N.C.?, d.?—John Tye, b. 1838 in Tennessee, d. 1918-bu. Bethel Cem., Married Mary Ann Jones, b. 1842, d. 1921-bu. Bethel Cem.

The Western Fever

After Parley's Death

TORIES—shopkeepers and still "felt above" farmers & "common folks" in addition to the fact time had not yet erased the bitterness between British sympathizers and Loyalists.

Strange no personal recollections of stories of Jackson's having obtained his license to practice law from the Wadesboro Courthouse of a school he taught for one year in. It must have been that his horse-racing and cock-fighting was more to the liking of frontier people than N.C. It may have been discussed in the early spring evenings when the weather first became enough to sit out on the front porch in the exhiliration of the crisp night air. Perhaps one of those memorable evenings when the children continued their playing by pine torch lights that the older ones made their decision to plant and gather one more crop. So many thousands had already poured over the

mountains into West Tennessee during the thirties that North Carolina newspapers were complaining that they were losing all their best citizens. The panic during Van Buren's term as President was no doubt, beginning to be felt now and helped them to decide to leave for Henderson County in the fall. It was probably well thought out and efficiently planned even to the smallest detail. Anyone who knows the traits and characteristics of the Clenneys, or has a drop of Clenney blood in their veins, wont have to be told that it was no impulsive, spur-of-themoment, decision.

They listened attentively to stories of travelers especially in small groups, being attacked by robbers. The bushy undergrowth of the summer months providing a good cover for them to disappear into after the robbery. This was another argument in favor of leaving in the winter months when the trees were bare. Glowing reports of the good, pure, clear, water of Henderson County was an inducement to many. They dreaded the malarial infested lands farther in the "lower counties" where settlers had to drink the "black dirt" water. They wouldn't have to worry about arrangements to stay with so many relatives and friends already there. Charles Austin a surveyer already there was married to Phoebie Ellen Woodward and he was accused half jokingly, of owning most of the county and they would have the worst part of the winter behind and ready to start a crop when they arrived.

Some of the practical plans for the journey included trying to figure out camp sites ahead as they had been told that travelers could hardly make over twenty miles a day unless on a stretch of good roads like the Buncombe Turnpike which had been organized in 1826. Many others besides the McPhersons and Johnsons were included in outlining plans for the journey. Many were the reasons for leaving Anson County in addition to hoping to better themselves in Henderson County. One which must have had a great deal of influence on those proud and adventurous Scotch-Irish was never mentioned by any of the Clenney descendents. It has been written that many of the trades people and merchants or their children in some parts of North Carolina were yet rather cool and aloof toward those who had fought in the Revolution. With presidents like Jefferson and Jackson sponsoring the cause of small farmers and frontier people it is natural that they despised this socalled, "class distinction" toward those who had undergone such hardships to win independence. Since this attitude was far less noticeable in the Piedmont than "down East" on the coast, they may have figured that the difficult journey to even farther west into Tennessee would leave it completely behind.

Finally the plans were agreed on to leave on Christmas Day of 1837. On the first of this month Ann L. finally sold a part of her land to a Mr. Beechum. At that time the nearest bank was in Cheraw and at one time there had been a plank road running all the way from a Mill on Rocky River to Cheraw it is not known whether Ann left her money in that bank or risk bringing it to Scotts Hill.

As for Joseph, he was bringing a part of his wealth in the form of a hatters trade. If he was apprenticed to some businessman to learn a trade, as orphans usually were back then, we don't know but the trade of hatter must have been a very profitable one, as out of fifteen tradesmen is Salisbury before the Revolution three were hatters. Jackson, the chief settlement in West Tennessee, in 1834, had among its skilled craftsmen a shoemaker, wagonmaker, saddler, and a hatter. So, regardless of how he learned it, he has gone down in oral and written history as a "hatter by trade".

Already brother Joseph had married a beautiful Scotch girl named Margaret McPherson. Her mother was a native of North Carolina but her father had been born in Scotland. He was quite willing to move on West as he felt no worthwile ties of kinship to bind him to North Carolina. His two other daughters, "Chris" and Catherine McPherson were also quite eager to go. Chris was likeable but very small

or short, rather, and dumpy. After their sister's marriage this was likely the uppermost thoughts in Catherine's mind but it was said that someone ask Chris why she didn't marry. Her reply was, "Well, the husbands I would have I can't get and the ones I could get, the devil, himself, wouldn't have."

In the early fall when frost brought the first touch of color to the leaves there came, as always, that sad, lonesome, longing to leave. Even with the feverish haste to gather crops as soon as possible there was always time for daydreaming of what happiness the new land would bring, and an unexplainable yearning to find out. Day dreams of adventure and romance may have superceded the practical side for the younger ones. For Ann L. it must surely have been that she would perhaps meet her future husband as she was at the marriageable age of eighteen. The tragic ending of Brother Parley's two love affairs in no way diminished the certainty that hers would have a happy ending. Brother Benjaman's love for books may have made his dream a more practical one. He had read so much he could discuss a wide variety of subjects with the best informed people. Perhaps even then his plan was to sell books in that new country as Brother Parley had done to supplement his meager income as a circuit rider. To Avery Melvin and Alvie Hark, just crossing the dangerous mountains was enough. Here, the scream of a panther in the dark, silent, forest or an attack by a pack of savage and hungry wolves might give them a chance to shoot one. They might even get to see a few Indians in Tennessee although, this was the year most of them were finally being removed to Indian Territory. The day dreams of the unhappy Matilda did not include leaving this Piedmont country, but as the days grew shorter she continued to help the others plan for the journey with a heavy heart.

Trek To The Western Waters

A writer has said that one reason the West was filled with the strong and brave is that the weaklings and faint-hearted never left home to begin with. Malinda certainly had strength of character at least, and kind hearted would be a better description for her than faint-hearted. It was breaking her heart to turn down the pleading of these young ones to whom she had been so nearly a mother so she felt it her duty to go. It was by no means an easy decision to make and her heart was filled with misgivings.

As Christmas day of the year 1837 dawned it was snowing. They had to leave early, planning to travel forty miles the first day before making camp. As the wagon wheels crunched along at times almost soundlessly, in the soft falling snow and the hasty, last minute preparations for their journey over, Malinda began to regret her decision. Her heart was filled with longing for the home she was leaving in the Piedmont where long leaf pine trees filled the air with their incense and for her sweetheart from the formidable mountains would soon separate forever. Now with a heavy heart she realized her choice was of never seeing her sweethart again or of never seeing her brothers and sister again. Family history does not disclose at what point she made her final decisive step to turn back. It may have been before they even made camp that snowy night.

She began begging the fourteen year old Hark, whom she still regarded as a baby, to turn back with her. His stubborn refusal may have made her realize that this youngest member was no longer an infant but perfectly capable of looking out for himself. Thus she may have felt, with mingled feelings of relief and regret, that she was not so necessary to their well-being that she could not return to her sweetheart and have a life of her own, as they were doing. She conferred with other members of the family and no one had the heart to force Hark to return with her, so the responsibility was thrust upon A. Melvin to accompany them back to Anson County. They may even have planned then how A. Melvin could later join one of the almost continuous groups

of settlers coming to West Tennessee now. After all, he had now nearly reached the ripe old age of sixteen.

The first night they made camp forty miles from Wadesboro according to stories handed down which seems a fairly good record but the exhiliration of this cold winter air may have been less tiring to the teams. Here with other members of the wagon train they discussed and exchanged stories they had heard of perils and problems confronting travelers crossing the mountains and how all able-bodied men would be needed. Some had heard the story of how a little baby had drowned because the wagon slipped off a ledge at a narrow pass in the mountains. This made the travelers regard the younger travelers as a liability rather than an asset. However, they were to be mistaken in Hark as they would find out later.

Another campsite well remembered, was on the French Broad River. Hark said they crossed it and the beautiful scenery must have left a never-to-be-forgotten picture in his memory. The camp site was said to have been an ideal location with a spring of clear running water near by for drinking.

As they neared Ashville entering more mountainous country the trail grew more and more rugged. The glamour and novelty of the trip was beginning to wear off for some members of the expedition by the time the slowly moving wagon trains had reached a campsite for the night. The leaders were congratulating themselves on having done "tolerably well" for the day's journey as they surveyed the surrounding area. But their joy was shortlived when someone suddenly discovered that he could look back down the trail which they just came and see the campsite where they had spent the night before.

One advantage of traveling in this winter weather was that game killed along the way would keep in this freezing weather and thus avoid the necessity of hunting every day as the travelers had to in the summer season. The Scotch, ever known for their frugility had an added reason for conserving their ammunition and saving what money they had brought to buy land. They had made inquiries before leaving North Carolina concerning the price of land and now they learned that at Nashville land had soared to the un-heard-of price of 25¢ an acre. But only 1 1/2 ¢ in Georgia. This being the case, these economy-minded Scotch-Irish emmigrants allowed only the better marksmen to hunt. Alvie Hark took considerable pride in the fact that he qualified as one of this elite group who could cut down on the cost of ammunition and save money for land.

He was sent out early one morning after having been given a squirrel rifle and exactly six shells with which to bring back "a mess" of squirrels. At first they thought this might perhaps be expecting too much from the youth but they had often heard the chatter of a tree full of squirrels and felt that they would at least get fair returns on their investment. Imagine their astonishment when he walked in from the snow covered slopes bringing seven squirrels in return for the six shells they had risk him with.

This story verifying his marksmanship has been handed down to posterity and retold many times but so far, there is no record of this feat being surpassed by any of his descendents.

**(The Malinda is a ficticious name but the story is true. It was written believing she was Harks oldest sister but later finding she may have been married before this changed the name but it surely was a relative.)

History tells us that the Buncombe Turnpike, was considered one of the best passes in the mountains and on this turnpike from Ashville, "Which presented the astonishing phenomenon of water heated by nature". If events of their journey could only be recorded in chronological sequence, so their route could be traced we would know, for sure if the "Hot Springs" at which they camped. They had plodded their way

over the dangerous mountains made even more hazardous this cold winter night by the covering of snow and ice. Hermon F. Clenney who made the same trip nearly a hundred and thirty years later, feels sure this is right. Also he had heard the same story that the entire area was covered by snow and ice except around this spring. They told how the hot water gushing up had it all melted surrounding this hot spring.

The travelers were told that people from all the countryside around brought their hogs there in "hog-killing time" because it was such a convenient place for scalding and cleaning the hogs. They were told many and varied bits of information as they marveled at this unusual occurance, and many comment were made. Probably the one best remembered by the children and grandchildren of these settlers was the remark, "I'll bet Hell's not over ten feet away" Coy Johnson a descendent of the Johnson who was with the group, told this yarn many times in his speeches and even in sermons he preached but to whom the rather dubious honor of making the remark belongs, has never been satisfactorily settled.

There were many campsites yet to be reached before their journey's end. Some would be at such a lonely spot under the winter moon that the only sound to break the stillness would be the howl of a savage and hungry wolf echoing in the nearby mountains or the mournful wail of a panther that would sound more like the cry of a lost child.

Once after a long, wearisome, and tiresome day of travel over this desolate stretch of mountainous country they sighted a building in the distance. As they slowly drew nearer it appeared to be a sort of two story house of the type many settlers preferred. The rough planks placed across the rafters above also served as the floor of the upper-room and make the two rooms without having to rivet boards with a froe and maul, and thus one top served for both rooms. Unusually, the planks laid on the rafters would be of unseasoned lumber and would "season out" later or shrink, and leave rather large cracks between. This could be a home or it might be some sort of trading post but as they finally reached the place they saw it looked far from inviting.

But surely, they reasoned, either a home or post could give them information on the condition of the roads ahead and possibly allow them a place to camp for the night so a few of the braver men cautiously ventured in. Once inside, the appearance of the owners in no manner inspired confidence; in fact, they looked downright suspicious. No questions by the travelers or answers by the proprietor were ever handed down probably for the simple reason there were none to hand down. Sensing this at mosphere of hostility one was trying to think of an opening remark that would in no way offend these questionable characters. Another, who had let his gaze wander around the rough log walls of the room, glanced up just as blood seeped through the cracks between the rough planks of the loft and spattered on the floor beside them.

Their weariness forgotten, they made a mad dash to the saiting wagons outside and lost no time in getting away. Of course, it was the chief topic of conversation when they finally did make camp that night. Several opinions were voiced, one being that the blood could possibly have come from a beef that had been killed and placed on the loft floor after being cut up. Another was that it might have been some wild animal they had killed and meant to skin later. But deep down in the heart of all of them was the fear that it was a human being, knowing lone travelers were put in great peril of being robbed and killed. No one voiced any objection to their having moved on, no matter how exhausted they were.

Traveling had been rough and the rate of speed. Most part of the way the roads had been covered with sleet making even the better ones extremely dangerous. Some roads were so steep on this dangerous mountainside that even using the breaks on all the wheels was not enough. There was a certain pass on this road which they all particularily dreaded and probably the most hazardous one they would encounter on their journey. It

wound around the mountainside bordered on one side by a perpindicular solid rock wall while on the opposite side was a deep drop which meant almost certain death should the wagon slip off the road or anyone on foot make an awkard step.

Hark was always proud of the fact that at his age he had the courage to handle the team and use the breaks all by himself across this dangerous passageway. All the men stayed on the side of the wagon next to the deep drop with their shoulders against the wheels to prevent slipping over the precipipice.

Years later when he had children of his own he may have realized that there was another reason they persuaded him that he was the only one brave enough to drive through this dangerous part of the trail was that they felt this young fellow was safer holding the reins, than at the edge of his cliff where once he slipped over there was no earthly way to stop his fall.

The information concerning the people and place of this last camp is meager but on the other hand, it leaves room for imagination and conjecture which is always dear to the heart of amateur genealogists. The few facts handed down were that it was up around, or the other side of, Nashville and that it was with some people they had known or with whom they were related. These people were so glad to see them and so friendly that it was temptation to accept their invitation and advice and go no farther but settle right there. This is the extent of our knowledge evidence points to the fact that it just might have been the Jonathan Clenney who was living near Sparta as early as 1826. Sparta is on the route most settlers took at that time and "the other side of Nashville" Jonathan was also born in North Carolina around 1774 and could have easily been at Sparta that early. He was likely a son of Samuel Clenney of Orange County. He might have been a brother to Benjaman St. There is no doubt but that they were related. What clinches the argument is that he named his three sons, Samuel, William, and James.

The Stop Over (At Sparta?)

On Nov. 4th there will be an appreciation day luncheon at the school cafeteria honoring one of our leading citizens, Mr. Coy C. Johnson, to whom honor is long overdue.

Since his services as a minister and speaker both oral and more accurately written, will be available elsewhere this might be an appropiate place to mention his interest in local and personal history. Bits and fragments of stories remembered from his personal talks and conversation over the years will have to be told briefly.

Two of his early ancestors, a Johnson and an Eason, were born in the same house in Anson County, N.C. It is from these two who came to Tennessee that Mr. Johnson is descended and from whom stories of their trek over the mountains has been passed on down.

The exact date is not known of the Easons journey across the mountains but the Johnsons were part of a group that included the McPhersons, Clenneys, and said to be the Littles and possibly McBrides who settled at Sardis, TN. Other sources tell that they left Anson County of Christmas day of 1837 "and it was snowing". This is around the time that the United States Army forcibly ejected the remainder of the Cherokee Indians from Tennessee over the "Trail of Tears". There was said to have been much snow and sleet that winter in the mountains.

One of the places the North Carolineans must have camped after crossing the mountains was in White County as other descendents have heard that the trail came near Sparta. It also must have been here that "Mr. Coy" has heard of, that some people already located there from N.C. begged them to stay and not go on to West Tennessee. Mr. Coy used to say in his talks, that once he was thankful his forefathers had sense

enough to come on to Scotts Hill. However, after visiting his son in Nashville and seeing good farming land in Middle Tennessee. He admitted that they might not have used the good judgement in leaving it that he had thought.

Our Old "Boo-Ey" Knife

Had anyone ask either Alma or me to spell Bowie Knife that is how we would have spelled it because we never saw that name in print. However we heard enough about it to know it was a formadible weapon. It seems that our father always experimenting with making something had fashioned a crude blade out of a short piece of some scrap iron, always scattered about his blacksmith shop. This crude piece of flat iron had been shaped into an outrageous caricature of a butcher knife with even a crude wooden strip bolted on either side of one end of the blade. We invariable lost good tools we were forever "borrowing" and never returning, so he sort of bestowed this on the family for general use. Or perhaps in retalitation for needed tools in the shop never found in place, if at all. It was also one implement we couldn't break. We christened it "The old Booey Knife". Our old Booey Knife was ideal for anything from digging potatoes in the garden or playing in the dirt, and it was especially good for digging the graves for little dead chickens numerous in the spring about the time hollyhocks bloomed. Even to day I can recall one chicken burial at Grandma O'Neal's.

It seems that Alma and I had our cousin, Guy Thomas with us day (grandma was one of the best baby-sitters that ever lived). That day we had an unusually elaborate funeral service. There was singing preaching and our mourning was far above the usual uproar-so much so that Grandma finally came outside to see if someone was hurt. I remember we used hollyhocks for decorating the graves.

The old Bowie Knife seemed to bear a charmed life. We could never lose it without finding it again. Nor could we have given it away or thrown it away and no one would steal it, it was so ugly. Recently I ran across the remains of that monstrosity with the crude wooden handle hanging by one bolt and wondering if I had stumbled upon a genuine antique, I check on the Jim Bowie story. And the real Jim Bowie came forward, the Bowie family was from Louisanna and Jim Bowie made money in rather shady land deals there and in Arkansas. It was said that he made even shadier deals in slaves in a sort of partnership with the pirate Jean LaFitte. He had many enemies. As he was convelescing from a wound received by an enemy in a fight on a sandbar near Natchez. He carved a model of wood for a knife that would kill enemies, cut a path through canebreaks, and skin a dress killed animals. When he recovered, he carried this model to a blacksmith, named James Black in Arkansas and left it with him.

He came back for his knife and found Black had made a smiliar one except it was razor sharp and had a keener tip. It was fourteen inches in length and had a five inch handle. Black offered Bowie his choice. When Bowie started to test the edge with his thumb Black took it from him, flicked it with his finger, threw it across the road, and told Bowie if it wasn't still "twanging" it was no good.

It was, when Bosie picked it up still "belling" so he chose it.

The invention brought money and fame; money to Black and Fame to Bowie. After Bowie reportedly killed three would be assassins, orders began to pour in for this knife. Five dollars was the minimum price. After it became so popular in the south with Senators and other politicians as well as land owners, Black got as much as fifty dollars for a silver or gold-plated knife. The Governor of Mississippi in the mid-1830's always went armed with a Bowie Knife as well as a pistol.

The Bowie Knife had brought fame to Bowie-probably what he wished for more than

riches as he was already wealthy by land and slave trading. Black kept the twelve proceses used in making the sword a secret until his death and Bowie used his for the last time at the Almo. Any genuine Bowie Knives found today are likely to be either in museums or a treasured heirloom of descendents of some southern politician, far cry from using it to dig Irish potatoes in the garden or burying little dead chickens.

The Disappearance Of Dane O'Neal"

Dane made a trip on a raft down the river to New Orleans and never returned. Rafting is one of the early modes of transportation which most students of early west Tennessee history are familiar with. There were also flat boats, houseboats, and batteaus of which no picture of Tennessee River back then was complete. Steamboats were not plentiful on the river before the 1830's having just been invented in 1811. Timber was plentiful when Dennis O'Neal came to Hardin County and many found rafting was the most economical way to get timber to the market, where it could be sold for badly needed money. Also it could be done without interfering too much with a crop, as it had to be done in winter or early spring. After crops were harvested in the fall he could start cutting timber for the rafts and leave the logs where it could float out when the spring rains came.

To make the raft, logs of the same length were fastened together. This was accomplished by boring auger holes in long strips of wood and driving handhewn pegs through the auger holes and on into the logs. Sometimes combining as many as 200 logs. On this raft a sort of shanty was constructed eating an sleeping. The cooking problem was solved by making a dirt floor inside to prevent fire from spreading and damaging the logs. Dane may have drowned—Most rafts had to have a crew of at least three. One descendent heard that Dane carried five with him. They were needed to tie up the boat when they stopped at night to sleep. Two men would go ahead in a skiff with a rope that was fastened to the raft and wrap the rope around a tree. Then as the raft drifted on down they would tighten the slack and pull the raft in toward the bank where it would be securely fastened. This was dangerous work and sometimes rival-raftsmen try to race with each other and they collide and scatter logs all over the river.

"Dane may have been killed by Indians"—Said his daughter-in-law, Nancy Austin O'Neal, wife of William Leander. While that is not impossible, he was far more to have been killed for his money and robbed. After reaching their destination and disposing of the logs or other produce brought, they simply sold the lumber too and started back home or sometimes they did on the robber in-fested Natchez Trace. The outlaw Murrell would have been a likely suspect as he had not robbed flatboat crews killing them and burning their boats. He was said to have been the "greatest of all land pirates" on Natchez Trace. But he had been sent to prison about 1834 and Dennis lived after then, there was "none more colorful". Nor does any road have a more blood-curdling history. It led through a vast wilderness where a traveler could go days without seeing a human. Until the steamboat, this was the only route for returning boatmen and raftsmen and almost always they had gold. Other early outlaws were Hare, Mason and Harps but most of them had been caught and hanged by the late 1830's. But others were still there.

But just suppose he did not rush back up the Natchez Trace Road with his hard-earned money. There was Natchez-under-the-hill that left many a flatboatman and raftsman broke, if they were lucky. Many years later a son-in-law of Dane, Wyley Henning, would end up in the river with his money belt missing and all his pockets turned "wrong side outwards". His wife knew to and may have been able to pay for a detective investigating his death and he found that the report did not tell in what place in the river he was found and no doubt there were plenty of merchants as well as gamblers also at New Orleans eager for the money of boatman who brought produce to sell.

It was said that the flatboatmen from the north, Kentucky and Illinois (one being Abraham Lincoln on a flatboat to New Orleans), helped make Natchez such a terror. These flatboatmen wore a flat top hat a wild turkey feather which if red or brownish red declared them "cock-of-the walk".

If two with red feathers met it was something like an irritable force meeting an immoveable object it resulted in blackened eyes and instant bloodshed. Natchez Trace did not have a monoply on robbers and cut-throats nor did the town of Natchez under the hill have a monoply of houses of ill repute but it did have a famous-or infamous-one. She was called Annie Christmas and over six feet tall. This notorious Madame was said to have ruled the roost in that "Robbers Roost" at the landing. Since all steamship passengers had to debark there. It was said that mothers passing through to the fashionable homes at the top of the bluff often they tried to avoid even a glimpse of Annie. (Family history has never passed down any report of Dane's gambling. But if he did and came home by steamboat he could have met-same fate.

Dave may have found a boat going back to the old country and decided o go back to his "Mother Country"—At first the writer hoped to find some proof of this but after learning of conditions around this time an instant death might have been preferrale. After checking on conditions during that period it seems that had the truth been told of the potato famine in the 1840's surely the nations of the world would have united in helping them and did a great deal. The absentee landlords of England had been to blame for contributing to the terrible slaughter of death and famine, and disease. It is said that not less than 300,00 perished.

People began to actually starve. They tried living on fish but they soon became scarce. People were found dead by the families after disease started from the starvation. Wood became too scarce to make coffins. Sometimes the house around a dead family was simply burned with the bodies in it to prevent spread of Cholera or whatever they had in addition to starvation. On the very last a few of the remaining people stripped bark from trees and boiled it as well as boiling grass found around. Many accounts tell of dead bodies found on the roadside too decomposed and vermin-ridden to be identified. Almost entire villages were wiped out. Of course many came to America and Canada until a fourth of the population of Ireland was gone. Had he already been in Ireland this might account for his disappearance and it might have been a slow, painful death and lingering.

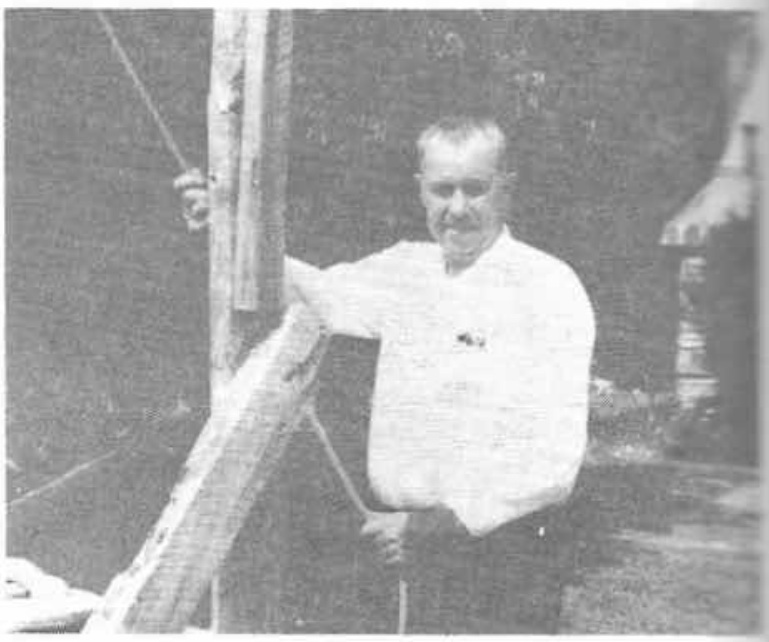
1830-1839
Notes and Comments

Betty O'Neal was born around 1839 and married Abraham Mooney. Abraham's father was a potter from North Carolina who settled nearer the Sardis area where he found clay more suitable for making pottery. Below is some of his decendants from Ms. Margie Dittmar of Amarillo, Texas.

Back Row: Winnie Mehalia Austin, Stella Viola Mooney, as an infant, and Lucy Ada Mooney.

Front Row: Tom Mooney, John Wesley Mooney, Hobert Mooney, Ida Mooney, Elizabeth M. (Betty) O'Neal Mooney, Willie Mooney, Abraham Dennison Mooney, (Den) and Hazel Mooney.

Rev. Hermon F. Clenney, retired, has done and had done extensive research on the Clenney Family. A professional genealogist who did research for him found their records in the Old Swede's Church in Delaware and court records where they bought land. They moved to Orange County, N.C. shortly before the Revolutionary War. Then Hark Clenney with one sister and three brothers (all children of Benjaman Clenney and Synthia Woodward Clenney) came to Tennessee in 1839. Hermon is a great grandchild of Hark (Alva Hark) Clenney.



Two Rebeccas, at the Sulphur Well, Rebecca Elaine O'Neal and Rebecca Ann Head. The concrete curb is today's only visible reminder of the well started in 1835.

1840-1849

"Roll Call" Of 1840

North Carolina American Revolutionary War Veterans

Henderson County, Tennessee American Revolutionary War Veterans

Ann's First Husband

Brother Benjaman The "Book Agent"

Board And The Cannon Ball Bed

Parson Swift Arrives

The Mystery Of Mary O'Neal

Settlement Divided

Map And Events Of The War With Mexico

Melvin And The Mexican War

"Roll Call" Of 1840

Daniel Murphy, the Revolutionary War Veteran is living in the home of his son, Daniel H. and wife martha Kissah Tye Murphy. Their younest son, Johy Tye, would be about three years old.

Leah Winchester O'Neal is shown in the census as "head of household". Her mother, Rosanna Winchester, is still living and so is Matilda Hart Austin whose daughter would later marry into the O'Neal family.

Jourdan Woodward is still living in North Carolina. But his daughter, Phoebie Ellen Woodward, is living in Henderson County, Tennessee. Jourdan's grandson, Alva Hark Clenney, is in the home of Ann Clenney Scott his grandaughter. She is living in the part of Henderson County that would soon become a part of the new county of Decatur.

Revolutionary War Veterans In North Carolina

Mary L. Jackson Cooper, State Regent, N.C. DAR

Gertrude Sloan Hay, State Historian, N.C. DAR

Reference, Ashe's History—page 721-estimate 22,000 different names on the muster rolls of the N.C. troops.

Reference, U.S. War Dept. Report Of Pensioners 1835, copied from this, pages 2 and 60

Names, Rand, & C of Invalid Pensioners Residing in Anson County, N.C.

Jourdan Woodward-Rank DO-Sum Rec'd $60.00-Description of services N.C. Militia
Benjaman Austin-Rank DO-Sum Rec'd $120.00-Description of service N.C. Militia DO.

-1835-

Anson County-Jourdan Woodward-Rank DO-Amt. Rec'd $60.00-Service N.C. Militia-Age 74
Burk County-Benjaman Austin-Rank DO-Amt. Rec'd $120.00-Service DO-Age 74
Davidson County-John Scott-Rank DO-Amt. Rec'd $75.00-Service Militia-Age 79
Iredell County-John Scott-Rank DO-Amt. Rec'd $90.00-Service ?-Age 75
Pitt County-Richard Jourdan-Rank Pri. Inf. & Cal.-Amt. Rec'd $147.00-Service N.C. Continental Line-Age ?
Pitt County-David Kennedy-Rank Pri.-Amt. Rec'd ?-Service DO-Age 77
Richard County-James Hasty Sen-Rank DO-Amt. Rec'd $180.00-Service Va. Malitia-Age 82
Richmond County-Richard Morgan-Rank Drummer?-Amt. Rec'd $264.00-Service Army of Revolution-Age 77
Robeson County-Isaac Kennedy-Rank Pri.-Amt. Rec'd $301.08-Service Army of Revolution (Pension 9-4-08?)-Age?
Sampson County-Charles Jones-Age 75
Sampson County-Edward Jones-Age ?
Sampson County-Thomas Jones-Age 71

Census of Pensioners U.S. 1840 N.C. for Revolutionary or Military Service. Published by Act of Congress.
Woodward, Jourdan age 81 resides with Jourdan Woodward
Caudele, Absolem age 73 resides with Berry Caudle
Ricketts, William 92 resides with William Ricketts
Johnson, William 79 resides with William Johnson
Burke County
Austin, Benjaman 81 resides with Benjaman Austin

From, "A Census of Pensioners for Revolutionary or Military Service" 1840 by Blair and Reeves, Washington, D.C. Nashville Public Library..p. 137, Jordan Woodward-age 81 in 1840, Anson County, N.C.
William Ricketts-age 92, Anson County, N.C.
William Johnson-age 79 Anson County, N.C.

Henderson County (p. 158)
Daniel Murphy age 79 resides with Daniel H. Murphy

Hardin County
Stephen Austin age 82 resides with Saunders Austin

Perry County
Phillip Rushing age 78 resides with Berril Rushing
Bartholomew Murphy 81 resides with Bartholomew Murphy
John Tolly 78 resides with John Tolly
William Higgenbottom 79 resides with William Higgenbottom
James Kelly 81 resides with James Kelly
John Epley (Eply) 78 resides with John Epley
Edward Box 68 resides with Edward Box
William Gibson 92 resides with William Gibson
Richard Rushing 92 resides with Richard Rushing
John Bregins (Brigance?) 67 resides with John Bregins

Ann's First Husband

Ann Clenney must have married Wright Scott shortly after her group arrived in the settlement around Scotts Hill. The 1840 census shows two photo copies of "two males between 15 and 20" which is also verified by Hark Clenney's often told story that he made his first crop with sister Ann. Undoubtfully the other was Aaron Melvin. Most stories of Melvin seem to indicate he had no great love of farming and was of a more restless nature. Later records seem to bear this out also. He may have even at that early age, made trips with drivers who hauled supplies for the store of Micajah Scott, the father of Wright.

Wright Scott was operator of a grist mill and had hands working for him. But one day a terrible thing happened. One of his helpers decided suddenly to quit. It may have been over a dispute but Wright didn't like to pay until payday at the end of the week. An argument followed and the "hired hand hauled off and killed Wright". Who the man was or what happened to him is not known, the story simply ends there except that Wright left land that would be inherited by his daughter, Martha Ann, but it was not sold until many years later.

Ann as well as her husband, was kind and good-hearted to keep the two orphan boys. But it seems that Ann's entire family had always tried to sort of make up to little Hark for never having known a mother's love. Likely, he lived with her until he married and had the "infare" dinner at her house. By then Ann had been married to Andrew J. Caudle for some time.

A descendent of Absalom and Mary Haney Caudle, learned the parents of Andrew J. Caudle, had both died by 1848 and a younger brother, Absalom, moved in with Ann and Andrew after Hark's marriage. There is very little oral history handed down dollowing this. They moved to Obion County and later to Missouri and sort of lost touch with the relatives in this settlement.

Brother Benjaman The "Book Agent"

There is probably less known or fewer stories handed down concerning Benjaman Clenney than of any other (except L. Murphy Clenney). He was born between 1810 and 1820 according to the census record of 1840, taken shortly after they had arrived at Scotts Hill.

During his childhood in North Carolina any strenuous play or work must have been curtailed somewhat for him as he was subject to epileptic seizures. At that time there was very little medication for these attacks. They were unpredictable although one might go a long time without having one.

This no doubt, accounts for his love of reading and it seems reasonable to assume this was probably the reason he never married. This interest in books plus interest in people, especially children, were the chief requisites for a book salesman or "Book Agent" as they were called. In 1840 he was living in the home of his sister, Ann L. Scott, evidentally, after her husband's death.

It seems that Ann married Andrew J. Caudle and had moved to the "lower counties" or Missouri in the 1850's he stayed some with his brother Joseph and evidentally with his brother, Hark, after his marriage to Susanne.

In addition to the Scotch strong attachment for their family, he was no doubt a welcome guest because of his vast storehouse of tales for the children. These must have been especially entertaining on winter nights around the roaring fire with the wind howling mournfully on the outside.

When we children ask Grandmother Viola Clenney O'Neal, his niece, to tell us a story she would oblige just as her Uncle Benjaman did so many years ago. She also told some of the same stories he told to her and her brothers and sisters. One can recall only fragments of the hair-raising stories after these many years. One, "Jack and the Beanstalk," has lived on but there were others about Ann Dolin who "killed your three fair daughters and left your old wife on a-cooking" also "Blue Beard" & 1,001 stories the wife told, her husband. Was it from "Arabian Nights"? (Those stories from Arabian Nights lay dormant in the background of my mind and might never have been recalled had I not been at St. Louis in 1940 for the Mummer's parade which used the story. It was uncanny. I watched the entire parade spellbound then rushed to my room to write my grandmother and ask her if she actually did tell us all those things about Sinbad the Sailor, or was it just a strange dream I had a long time ago?)

Board And The Cannon Ball Bed

It is hard to say exactly what led up to the next recorded date in his story. It is logical to assume that since Ann's new husband farmed he was at home more and Hark may have felt less needed in farming. He may also have felt that he was at last qualified to operate a farm of his own. But none of these had the impact of a beautiful blue-eyed girl with reddish brown hair with whom he fell in love. Even without this coloring an old tin type portrays unusual beauty and her expression of gentle patience seems to bespeak a sorrowful childhood.

The love and pity shown Hark by his older brothers and sisters may have made him more sensitive to the troubles of others. From descriptions handed down by people who remembered her as well as from her portrait it is easy to understand that her looks alone was enough to attract suitors. However, since it is said that pity is akin to love is easy to imagine that their romance was a combination of both. Susannah Austin was also an orphan.

Both her parents, Morgan Austin and Elizabeth Jackson Austin, had died while she was quite young, leaving three small children. A story was told by Viola Clenney O'Neal of the death of her grandfather when I was too young to remember which one but all evidence seems to point to the fact that it was Morgan Austin. The story was that he was just recovering from the measles and able to be up, when he insisted that he was able to work in the garden. Whether the garden really needed hoeing or he needed an excuse to be out in the open was never learned but a shower of rain caught him before he could get back into the house. In those days that was often fatal. One does associate epidemics of measles, gardens, and sudden showers of rain with spring time and that is likely when all this happened. Another remark Viola made was that he didn't live long after that. Records place his death as occuring on August 16, 1835.

The expression is so often used in connection with marriage it seems appropiate enought hat the bed is the only tangable evidence of the story of their wedding left today, except a multidude of descendents. That and a story of their "infare" meal or the first meal prepared in the new home, has been handed down by their daughter, Synthia Viola Clenney O'Neal. She tells that surprisingly, he bought two big fat turkeys for the meal. It would be a safe bet that this man who loved hunting from childhood, would rather have shouldered his gun and gone hunting for them, himself. Sister Ann cooked the turkey for them. It would be a safe bet that it was the last turkey he ever bought and conclusive evidence that he was truly in love with Susanne or he would have done the hunting himself, even on his wedding day.

The bride and groom spent their first night on the four-poster bed called a "cannon ball" bed. It was one brought from North Carolina around 1837. It is believed that Revolutionary War veteran who brought it died around that time as he was living in Henderson County in 1840. It was owned by Daniel Murphy, Sr. and his furniture could have been sold at his death. A large clothing chest has been handed down through the daughter, Lucy, who married the brother of Andrew Caudle. The chest is also in the possession of a descendent, Mrs. Collis Stanfill, while the bed ended up in the hands of the writer. (1976 loaned to Lambuth College for their exhibit in the Log cabin). Every child born to the union of Susanne and Hark also spent their first night in this bed.

Parson Swift Arrives

Dates of the moves of Romulus Sanders Swift are not given in the "Minutes of the Annual Conferences" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South but he may have been here possibly in time to have officiated in the wedding of Hark and Susanne. But no records are available and so it has not been handed down. His records show that he married Sarrah S. Paine in 1838 in Giles County, Tennessee and moved to Dyer County. Then after two years he returned to North Carolina for one year. He then spent two more years back in Giles County and moved to Scotts Hill. Although the exact dates of their moves are not given a fair estimate would be that they reached Henderson County late 1843 or early 1844.

The Mystery Of Mary O'Neal

My Grandmother O'Neal always said that in the "Dane" and "Layer" O'Neal family there were two sons and "at least four daughters." Somehow, I have managed to establish fairly well the birthdates of my Great-Great-Grandfather William Leander O'Neal, his brother, Dennison H. O'Neal and four sisters, Millie, Melinda, Elizabeth "Betty" and Narcissa "Nerk" but the 1830 census shows two daughters and son.

The son was William Leander, one of the daughters was Aunt Millie (Kennedy) but the other has remained a puzzle to this day. No family stories have ever mentioned that oldest daughter so it seemed reasonable to assume that she probably died before maturity or before the 1840 census which shows the husband missing and the children.

But hope springs eternal in the human heart, they say. So, one day when Mrs. Blanche Tuten was looking over some courthouse records at the Hardin County courthouse with me she found a Mary O'Neal listed. She gave me the ledger and I began looking up references. Here is what I found then a few more added later:

Record Book 1840-1850

1840—Ordered by the court that an orphan girl by the name of Mary O'Neal who now resides at the house of Richard Orton (Aston?) be brought by the sheriff of Hardin County to the next term of this court. (p. 18)

1843—September 4th the court ordered William F. Flanton to be appointed guardian of the minor heirs of Lewis Outlaw, deceased. (p. 19)
October ordered by the court that the sheriff of Hardin County bring to the next term of this court an orphan girl by the name of Mary O'Neal and that subpoena accordingly. (p. 22)
October 2nd ordered that William F. Blanton, guardian of minor orphans of Lewis Outlaw, deceased, came to court and tendered his resignation. (p. 23)
November ordered by the court that William L. Blanton take possession and keep an orphan girl by the name of Mary O'Neal and deliver her to Larkin F. Bell till the next term of court. (p. 30)

1843—December ordered by the court that an orphan girl by the name of Mary O'Neal, about sixteen years of age, be bound to Larkin F. Bell till she is eighteen years of age. (p. 38)

1844—February 5th William Blanton appointed guardian of minors of John A. Rice. (p. 41)
April 1, court ordered that Larkin F. Bell be released from further liability on his indenture bond for Mary O'Neal. (p. 65)

Court Settlement Divided

Until now Perry County had extended to within about three miles of the eastern border of Henderson County and the county seat was Perryville on the west side of Tennessee River. It was said that this county seat was quite a busy center of business and political activity. Among the famous visitors were Andrew Jackson, David Crockett, (described as eccentric by some historians) Sam Houston, and James K. Polk, but people in Perry County east of the River complained of having to cross over especially in the winter's icy weather for court and the transction of the other business.

A board of commissioners including John C. Yarbrough, William J. Menzies, John S. Walker, Samuel Brasher, and David S. Funderburg decided to take the land of Perry County west of the river, combine it with a three mile strip from Henderson County, and form a new county. They agreed to name the new county after Commodore Stephen Decatur U.S.N. who had now been dead for some twenty-five years.

Decatur had met his death in a tragic manner. He made some remarks about a Commodore Barron who had been deprived of his command of the Chesapeake bay in 1812 and the commodore considered them insulting. Decatur refused to retract them but did all else in his poser to restore friendship. Finally, Commodore Barron

challenged him to a duel. They met in March of 1820 near Washington, D.C. When the word "fire" was given Decatur shot him in the hip meaning only to wound him. Barron fired to kill. Commodore Decatur was carried home seriously wounded and died that night.

Map And Events In The War

1846

May—President Polk asks Congress to declare war.
May25th Avery (Abram?) Melvin enlists with the Louisanna volunteers, in Co. F 4th Inf.
May—Gen Taylor pushed Mexicans back across the Rio Grande. Melvin "was in this service . . . from north of the Rio Grande to Saltillo" Taylor occupies Matamoris and in September captures Monterrey. Melvin also mentions Matamoros, Lonita, and Buena Vista.

1847

March—Gen. Scott makes America's first amphibious landing at Vera Cruz and by May had occupied Pueblo.
September—The city of Mexico fell and the "Halls of Montezuma". Melvin states "I was in the service during the whole war; at Mexico City and at the ending at Vera Cruz then spent a year in Yucatan before returning to North Carolina.

Melvin And The Mexican War

While Alvin Hark Clenney made his first crop with sister Ann, it seems that Aaron Melvin did his first hauling with her husband. Wright Scott must have made many trips to New Orleans carrying products to sell and bring back necessary supplies to stock the store of his father, Micajah Scott. Some descendents thought the trip Melvin made during this month of May was made with Wright Scott but he had been dead for some time now. However, the person doing the hauling now likely was glad to have Melvin with him on the long trip.

Aaron Melvin may have known we were already in war with Mexico before he left home or he may have responded to a call for volunteers, at some rally where they had music, speeches, and a parade of those already enlisted. This may have been an impulsive thing-unlike most Clenneys-or he may have had it in mind before he left Scotts Hill. We'll never know now but he became a volunteer in F. Company of Capt. John Rhoads Smith in the regiment commanded by Sidney Davis, and he was in the infantry. Although he never seemed to take the pride in shooting that brother Hark did, he may have expected to show off his marksmanship. After all, he was a Clenney. This was on the 25th of May 1846.

Already Gen. Zachary Taylor was stationed on the Rio Grande having crossed the strip claimed by Mexico and he had taken Palo Alto on the way. Soon he would cross over into matamoros. Col. Taylor was complaining now of too many men and not enough transportation. It was suggested that he use enlisted men instead of hired civilians. This was in June and it is possible that this was when Melvin was assigned to the quartermaster's department, as it has charge of providing and assigning quarters and of issuing supplies.

It was also this month that volunteers were called for and quotas assigned to each state. All states exceeded their quota but none by the majority that Tennessee did. This won her the title the "Volunteer State".

Whether Melvin was in the infantry the first three months of bringing supplies to Taylor's army we assume he was with Gen. Taylor when he crossed the Rio Grande and took possession of Matamoros. It was in Melvin's record that he was here. Writers tell that American Businessmen of all kinds flock into a town the instanct it is occupied and this one was no exception. One writer commented that "Old Dan Murphy ran a bar and bowling alley here soon after the town was taken."

Avery Melvin's three months having expired he reinlisted in August or September. Sometime during the late summer or early fall, Gen. Taylor (as the Mexicans had left in September since his occupation of Monterrey) started on to take Saltillo. He then learned Santa Anna was coming back north with a force and he turned back to camp in Monterrey. However, in November he did march from there and occupy Saltillo. Melvin mentions both places in his record.

As in other occupied places businessmen miraculously appeared opening shops and Americanizing the town. This time one of the more enterprising brought this recently invented thing for making daguerrotypes. One historian tells that this photographer made what was probably the first picture ever made of American soldiers in wartime, right here at Saltillo.

In December Taylor was to meet American troops at Matamoros but learning Santa Anna was going to attack the weakened force left at Saltillo, he rushed back. With thousands of volunteers pouring in one officer commented that they didn't need more men as much as transportation for pork and beans to feed them and carry baggage

Around the first of January General Scott asked Taylor to abandon Saltillo. Also early this year Taylor defeated Santa Anna's troops at Buena Vista and Santa Anna's army falls back. Actually, he had a plan to send troops against the American supply line to destroy wagons, trains, kill escorts and drivers. It recently had been done by another Mexican officer but it was not one Melvin was with and lucky for him and many other teamsters his plan didn't materialize.

Gen. Winfield Scott had sailed from New Orleans and on the 22nd of March, landed at Vera Cruz, without any opposition from the Mexicans. However, one of those furious storms hit as they were unloading, driving small ships ashore, scattering surf boats and small craft for miles down the beach. The air was filled with sand making it impossible to land draft animals and pack mules so that supplies could be moved from the beach. Terms of the surrender were agreed on in exactly one year from the day Taylor's army had reached the north bank of the Rio Grande across from Matamoros.

Finally the troops got on their way thankful it was a storm that delayed them instead of the Mexican Army. They followed a road that the Spanyards had built and used for three centuries. On the way there was a big hill, Cerro Gordo in Spanish, that was well fortified. But the Americans took it and one future day these veterans returning home on the Tennessee River would link the hill at Hardin's Ferry to the Big Hill in Mexico. Today it bears the name, Cerro Gordo. It would be interesting to know if the nearby town of Saltillo also got its name from returning veterans.

After taking this well fortified town of Cerro Gordo they chased Santa Anna to his mountain home and captured his chest of coins used to pay his toops and marched on to a town called Jalpa. It was soon occupied, Americanized with shipkeepers and a photographer and most likely this time for certain, there was a street dance and celebration.

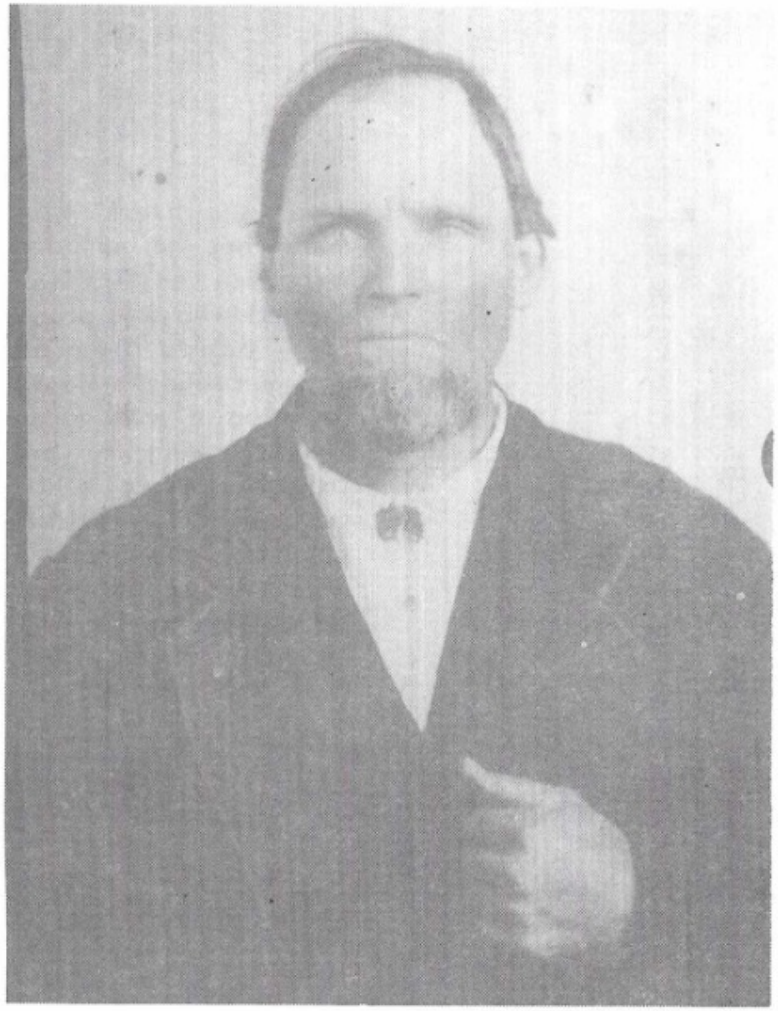
It was a different story at the Puebla another town on the road to Mexico City. Here a new force under Santa Anna had tried to arouse the people against the Americans by indoctrinating them with stories of the brutality and atrocities of the soldiers. When they reached here the crowds gathered to see what they were going to do. Imagine their surprise when our troops simply lay down by their muskets and went to sleep.

This advance to Mexico City was long and bitterly contested one. Troops from Taylor's army at Saltillo was sent and Marines were also included in this expeditionary force. In August the war was revived again then an armstice was agreed on, yet a mob beat up teamsters outside the capital. If Avery was one of these it was never mentioned in his report. The first of September peace was discussed again and Mexico wanted indemnity. At last, on September 14, Santa Anna pulled out leaving the Americans, including Marines, in the "Halls of Montezuma" Melvin states he served until the expiration of the war but the statement that he "spent a year in Yucatan" leaves one puzzled as to when it ended for him.

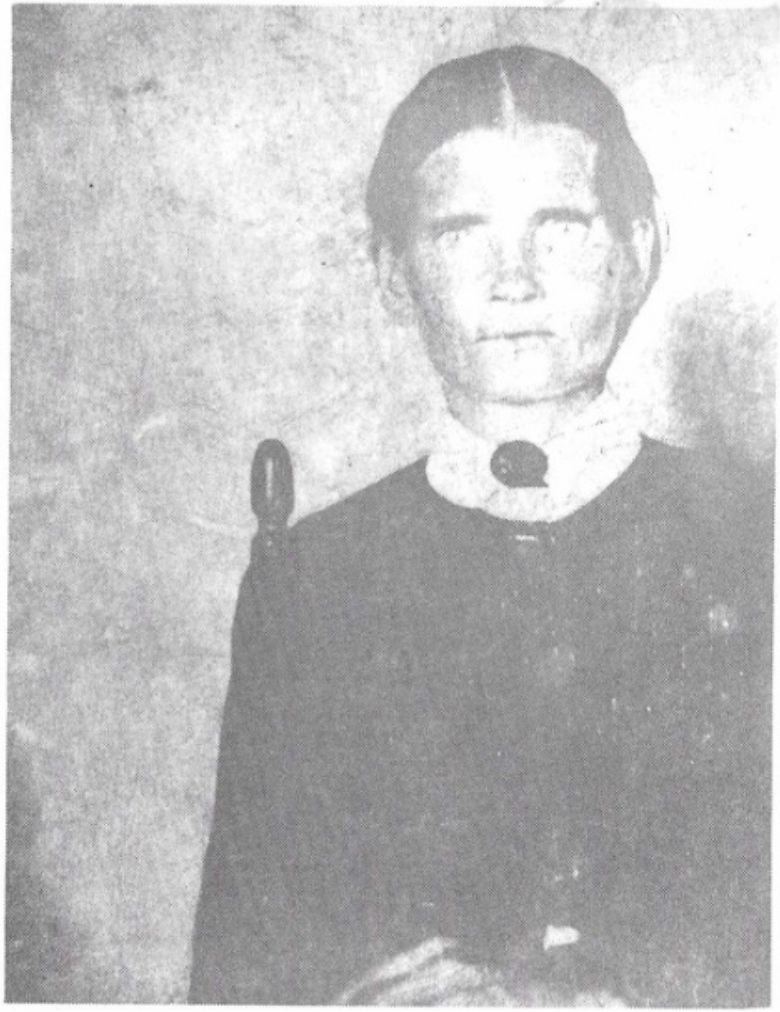
This part of Mexico had tried to rebel in 1846 and from an alliance with Texas but America later on began to regard it a part of Mexico. So, ports in Yucatan were blocaded or under occupation and may have lasted until one year after the war. Avery Melvin states one year after the war with Mexico was spent there and then he "returned to his native land" of Anson County, North Carolina. That would have been near 1850 after which he seems to have disappeared from the pages of family history for the next few years.

1840-1849

Notes And Comments



Alva Hark Clenney married Susanah Austin, February 1, 1844. (From their family bible).



Susanah Austin Clenney

EARLY AREA CLENNEYS (Hark Clenney and Children)

Front, from left: Melvin (married Nancy Jane Perkins); Ben M. (married Lucinda Jones); Alvie Harkins (Hark) Clenney (married Susanah Austin); William Parley (married Sarah Ann Austin); Jess Alexander (married Mary Perkins). Rear, from left: Walton (never married); Sam (married Maude Brown); Viola (Mrs. Tom O'Neal); Robert M. (married Fanny Kennedy); and Joseph "Joe" (married Margaret Eason). Hark Clenney was the father of the others shown.

Two daughters who could not be included were Eliza Ann (Mrs. G.B. Turner) who was promised candy by the straggler solider and sent them on a wild goose chase looking for her father's whiskey in the garden. The other, Lucinda, who married Alford W. Fanning on the "longest day of the year of 1877". License had been bought on June 17th.

1850-Teachers Census

Leah O'Neal's Family And Relatives

Barnum's "Sweet Warbler" & "April Fool"

The 99 Year Leases "Tiltie" Austins's Will

1853-Decatur To Obion County "Caudles"

1854-Mrs. Clark's Story Of The Liberty Church

1855-People On The Move

1855-Letter From Murphy Clenney

1856-Letter From Griffin Hasty

1857-William Thomas O'Neal Born

1858-Random Notes On Lowery Slaves
The Last Of The Lowerys

1859-The Trek To Pike's Peak

1850-Teachers Census

Teachers in Decatur County in 1850:

Brian, Peter age 40, b. Tennessee page 23
Cothan, C.M. age 33, b. Tennessee page 42
Davidson, John B. age 41 b. Tennessee page 79-85
Goodman, Council age 48, b. N.C. page 36
Hicks, C.D. age 27, b. Tennessee page 93
Jones, Elias age 30, b. N.C. page 13
Kerr, Samuel H. age 26, b. Tennessee 43
Lockwood, James W. age 24, b. N.Y. page 102
McGill, Andrew age 30, b. Penn. page 109
McMurry, Thomas age 31, b. Tenn. page 67
Morgan, Edward age 26, b. N.C. page 49
Rushing, G. B. age 23, b. N.C. page 53
Sawing, George W. age 29, b. Mass. page 88
Shelby, W. W. age 21, b. Tenn. page 45
Southerland, Benjaman H. age 31?, b. S.C. page 46
White, Evan age 43, b. N.C. page 115
(Mr. White was boarding with Dr. P. W. and Mary Murphy Austin.)
(The Elias Jones was son of John and Beda Preslar Jones.)

Leah O'Neal's Family And Relatives

From micro-film at State Library at Nashville, Henderson County Dist. 13

A family of Kennedy (spelled "Canida" this time but Kennedy in the next census) by the name of Issac (age 25) had as wife, Millie (age 23) and three children, Louisa, Eliza, and David. Living in the house with them was a Rosey Winchester age 77.

I remembered that Laer Winchester O'Neal daughter, Millie, married Issac Kennedy and knew this must be the family but at first thought this might be her mother but saw the age ruled that out. Then I decided it must be her aunt or grandmother.

In the census of 1850 in Decatur County 10th Dist., this was found: Lear O'Neal born in N.C. age 39.—Children: Dennis age 17 (b. 1833?), Malinda age 15 (b. 1835?), Jane age 13 or 15 (b. 1837?), Elizabeth E. age 10 (b. 1840?), Narcissa age 7 (b. 1843?).

(If Millie was born about 1827, Wm Leander must have been 1829?) The enumerator, or census taker, numbered the families as he visited them . They ran in the following order: (36) Allen T. Murphy (37) Robert and Syntha Kennedy, parents of Shadrack (38) Archibald and Rachel Jones (39)—(40) Thomas I. and Elizabeth Manes (41)—(42) (43)—(44) (45)—(46) (47) Louis Goff (48) Laer O'Neal (49)—(50) (51)—(52) Custis O'Neal (53) Thomas O'Neal and followed by Robert Lowery (age 40) and he was born in Ireland, the slave owner, I suppose.

In the marriage records it is shown that Melinda married Arch Jones in 1883 after her husband Mr. Henning had died and Rachel had died (wife of Arch). The Curtis and Thomas O'Neal must have been of the family that gave the land for the Liberty Church.

The Rosy Winchester was the mother of Laer. She was living with her granddaughter Milly Kennedy. Grandma had told me that great-great-grandfather had 2 boys and at least 4 girls. To count Millie and Wm Leander as the oldest two of the children would

be about right as Millie was already married and Leander must have been before 1850. Near the end of this year, Dec. 29th to be exact, Dennis H. O'Neal and Elizabeth M. Reaves were married in Decatur County by P.W. Austin, J.P. Evidentally, Dennis had reached the age of 18 by now.

The 1880 census of Decatur County 10th district, shows the following: Denis H. O'Neal age 48, (b. 1832?), Elizabeth M. (wife) age 48, (b. 1832?)—Children: Martha age 22, (b. 1858?), Benjaman F. age 20, (b. 1860?), John R, I, or J. age 15, (b. 1865?), Margaret M. age 13, (b. 1867?)

In the 1880 census the place of birth of the parents of the heads of the family are given and Dennis O'Neal's father was born in Ireland, his mother in N.C. and his wives mother in Ohio but her father's birthplace was not known.

This is about all their family except a baby Willie who dies. They are now living in the neighborhood of James W. Mayo, William H. Mayo and Benjaman Mayo. Pinky McClenahan also lived around here.

The marriage records of Decatur County show in 1880 license issued to Benjaman F. O'Neal and Elizabeth Mayo. The ceremony was preformed by J. E. Brasher and Dennis H. O'Neal was bondsman for Benjaman.

(The 1860 census only gives initials of the entire families and is difficult to read with that little given.)

Back to the 1850 records of Baer O'Neal--great-great-grandfather must have already gone on the trip down the river from which he never returned before 1850. Grandma has said he might have been killed by the Indians, drowned, or might have just decided to return to the old country (Ireland).

(Found: 2-13-53) in 1870 census of Henderson County—William O'Neal age 42, (b. 1828?), Nancy age 40, (b. 1830?), Matilda age 20, (b. 1850), James F. age 18, (b. 1852), William T. age 10?or13?. He was born 1857?, Allen age 8, (b. 1862?), Margaret age 7, (b. 1863), Altred age 5, (b. 1863) About right. Their father was in Civil War, Elizabeth age 4, (b. 1866), Mandy age 1, (b. 1869).

This would have made William Leander born about 1828. His oldest child being born when he was 22 would have meant that probably he was married when he was 21. This would have made him away from the family of Laer O'Neal in 1850 as he must have married around 1849.

They were living near Silas Austin and Jepatha Duck when census was taken. This must have been before they went to Obion County where Allen died, Margaret married Bill Malette and Alfred married Tasha Woods.

Barnum's "Sweet Warbler"

For those who complained of their children's "beatleania" of the sixtys might be interested to learn their great-great-grandparents weren't immune to it, either. Over a hundred years ago this took the name of the "Jenny Lind Mania." It was just a case of history repeating itself as far as the public relations job was concerned-probably more remarkable because of lack of facilities back then. But the reaction of the audience was just the same if not more so. Jenny Lind had been enrolled in the Royal Opera School in Stockholm at the age of nine and became a popular singer at seventeen.

After praise by great composers like Chopan, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Schubert, and Berlioz, her fame spread like wildfire throughout Europe. In the spring of 1849 she was planning after an appearance in Berlin and Stockholm, to make her final appearance in an operatic role at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. An American also was touring

Europe with a Charles Stratton, his traveling companion. He was reading and hearing of her triumphs with interest. However, he left for home before she arrived in London. Had he heard her at all it would have made little difference for even his closest friends declared he could not carry a tune. His name was Phineas Taylor Barnham who was no novice himself in the field of public relations.

The traveling companion Charles Stratton, was better known as "Tom Thumb". They were returning to Barnum's museum in New York where he had once staged the first Punch and Judy show to be seen in American. On this tour of Europe, Tom Thumb had been an instant success giving saucy, Charley McCarthy style, answers to the nobility and crowned heads of each country visited. Long ago Barnum had learned to never object to derogatory remarks about himself or his show provided they were loud enough nor to written remarks, if his name were spelled right. Politicins of today could profit well-and likely do-from some of his other methods and maneuverings.

In America some time back, he had acquired a freak horse-wooly hide, no mane, and a hairless tail. He advertised it as having been discovered by Col. John C. Freemont on his expedition to California. He also claimed it could bound twelve or fifteen feet high, easily. Barnum labeled it in his despatches to the newspapers, "Col. Fremont's Nondescript or Wooly Horse."

Barnum either not knowing or not caring, if his hoax be exposed decided to exhibit it in Washington. One can imagine Congressman Thomas Hart Benton must have been deluged with inquiries concerning this abnormal animal since he was the father-in-law of Fremont. He declared flatly Fremont had never even seen the thing, that it was a fraud, and he was going to sue, and he did for his admission fee of twenty-five cents back.

The publicity of Barnum's audicious stunt brought profits for himself and votes, no doubt, for Benton, who was not averse to a little publicity, himself. For surely it would have been the ultimate proof to his constituents back in Missouri that he was not squandering the taxpayer's money. It seems that this might be the only horse deal on record where both parties came out ahead and even the public didn't get cheated. Now the abominable creature drew larger crowds than ever.

After the Tour of Tom Thumb, exhibitions of "Fremond's Freak Horse," and others he felt by 1849 that he was financially able to risk investments on a far greater gamble, like bringing Jenny Lind to America. Even his banker warned the venture would ruin him, but it didn't. At her first Concert in New York, the audience went wild. At Boston the first ticket brought $625. Her concerts in Washington, D.C. leaves one wondering if Congressman Benton sued for the return of his admission this time. If he did. surely he would have been the only listener found on record who did. Evidently President Filmore liked her concerts as he and his family attended them both. Henry Clay called to pay his respects and toasted her with his favorite Kentucky Bourbon.

Her appearances in the Southern Cities were scheduled for the winter month and she was in Charleston, South Carolina for New Year's eve. Even though her Puritanical, strict up bringing made her view the operatic stage with misgivings it seems that wine or dancing was allowable. On her arrival she had wished to toast Barnum in a glass of wine and he informed her he was strictly a teetotaler. Then when she ask him to dance with her at her New Year's party in Charleston, S.C. he informed her he had also never danced in his life either. She insisted so much that he made an effort at which she laughed and said he was the poorest dancer she ever saw.

Surely the people of this area were now enjoying the greatest degree of prosperity since the first group of settlers arrives from Anson County, N.C. Had the entire South

not been rather affluent those enormous prices could not have been charged for the concerts of the "Swedish Nightingale." More evidence that people had money to get spent in that the book "Uncle Tom's Cabin" now being finished by a Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe would have to run the presses day and night to supply the demand. The Compromise of 1850 which Henry Clay had presented concerned few people here. The fact a small part of Texas taken for New Mexico meant very little as few if any, from Scotts Hill had at that time, left for the new state of Texas. The exodus was for the future, and New Mexico would be only a territory for many years yet. Nor did the fugitive slave law matter much. Many in this area owned a few slaves but they were well treated, possible exception of Dr. Lowery, yet no descendent of his slaved today will admit ever hearing of very much cruel punishment by him. Yet there was another, a Richard Buchanan, a fairly large slave owner who would later move to Henderson County, had among his numerous slaves one so trustworthy that he tried to locate in his old days to reward for his loyalty, He was one of many hit by the "Jenny Lind Crush" and could afford the expenses of a trip, very little compared with $575.00 price of admission paid by some. He told, unlike Barnum, he gladly danced with her and many others at one of the balls often given after her concert. In fact he was an excellent dancer in his younder days. He did say however, that the calves of both legs were so sore he could hardly walk for several days afterwards. No one remembers for sure whether it was at Nashville or New Orleans. It was likely New Orleans as it seems that he lived near the river back then and someone seems to remember that he did a lot of shipping-maybe even owned a ship. It was probably rafting thought to have been from Hardin County but might even have been from Mississippi.

Mrs. A. H. Taylor of Lexington related that her Uncle Jess Lancaster was also stricken with the Jenny Lind fever and made a trip, she thinks, to New Orleans. He always claimed that as the greatest thrill of his lifetime hearing her sing on that boat trip.

Yet this same year a Mrs. Gates of Jackson wrote her brother that as he was planning to go to New Orleans he "should have gone while Jenny Lind was there if you have the Lind "mania." A very large company went down from this place, Jackson, to hear her sing and another has gone to St. Louis to meet her there. She must be one of the most gifted and lovely women in the world.

Barnum's "April Fool"

It was said that Barnum never outgrew his adolescent admiration for pranks like "April Fool" tricks and fake telegrams informing people of great inherited wealth or offers of a position from non-existent companies or banks. While he was in Nashville on this particular day these are some of the "April Fools" he pulled on members of his company. To one man he sent a fake telegram from his wife who was pregnant, that he had now become the father of twins. To his manager a Mr. Smith, the telegram informed him that his father's home had burned as well as the rest of the village. To his singers and musicians telegrams were from opera managers offering them fabulous salaries and to his clerical help he sent the offers from banks and companies. No one knew the truth until retracted his telegrams in the morning's newspapers and admitted it was just an April Fool trick.

This leaves a lot of unanswered questions. What about the telegrams? Did all of the recipients keep them as souvenirs and did some of them contain information on a 99 year lease on land in New York? A great many people were included in his entourage and to prevent suspicion, he would have had to send many different promises of future wealth. It was said that many "Victims" had already responded to the teletgrams in good faith before the next day's newspapers told the "sorry truth." Could one of his "victims" have been Richard "Dick" Buchanan? After all, he had to at

least have met Barnum to have been invited to the dance given for Jenny Lind after her concert. It was said these "Buchanan leases" flourished during the 1850's and for ten or more years after.

Even James Buchanan, President from 1857-1861, got interested and involved in the story. He said that if the claims held up "Buchanans would control the money market of the United States." One lawyer from Tullahoma made a trip to New York at his own expense to investigate. He looked at all wills, deeds, leases etc. between 1775 and 1910 and found nothing. (A discrepancy in this somehow.) The article says the Buchanans came over in the "17th Century" and the lawyer failed to search in the 1600's) Lawyers as far away as South Carolina and Ohio have been hired to investigate but most seems to have been centered in Tennessee, and not too far from Nashville. This still points to possible "shennagans" by Barnum on his visit there.

Jenny Lind
More than 30,000 people welcomed Jenny to New york in 1850.
(Courtesy of the New York Historical Society, New York City)

Tom Thumb and Lavina Warren

When General Tom Thumb married Lavinia Warren in 1863, it was a great day for Barnum too. *(The Barnum Museum)*

Phineas Taylor Barnum.
(The Barnum Museum)

Other 99 Year Leases

Other towns in Middle Tennessee besides Tullahoma have been Pulaski and Madison. A lady in Pulaski as late as 1966 was waiting excitedly for the termination of one of these "Buchanan Leases" supposedly drawn up in 1866. Another Tennessee woman read in 1931 the estate of may Buchanan would be settled in the fall. It was said to have been worth around 850 million dollars. She simply wrote President Rosevelt (then still governor of N.Y.) He wrote back that it "Was the biggest hoax ever perpetuated in the state of New York." Then Mrs. Hurt of Madison who had heard the story of the lease since childhood has what she believes, is the bill of sale. She has heard a story that one L. D. Buchanan bought this Long Island land from the person who bought it from the original owner, a Manett.

However, in Nashville in 1956 an 83-year-old man was indicted in Federal Court for using the mails to defraud in a scheme to get money from the Buchanan heirs to assist in the settlement of the estate. At times he even offered to buy out their interest which must have made believers of agreat many. He was convicted but in spite of all this, the dream of a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, dies hard. There are still bits and scraps of memories of childhood stories, old letters, and faded yellowed clippings to keep hope alive. What I have is zerox copy of an old will of my great-great-grandmother, Matilda "Tiltie" Hart Austin's that aroused my interest in the Buchanan story.

"Tiltie" Austin's Will

It is amazing how the older people could eliminate the superfluous letters we use in words today and actually make more sense with the simplier spelling. These excerpts are as written: "Tiltie Austin to my grandchildren: I am this day of 1862 making my will to the Austin 'aires' on 99 acres of land in New York . . . that I 'leced' for 99 years. So this lece will run out in 1944. But it will not run out on my Austin aires any time, if it has been 30 or 40 years, it will never run out '. . . . . ' I am riting this will myself and am 'riting' a contract on the back of this."

"So, I am riting my contract. I want to say if this land has been sold by the 'cort' or anyone else, it is to be returned back to the Austin aires . . . it is my land and no one has any right to take it from them . . . contract is ritten by me and no one 'elce' riten in 1862.

While the words are certainly understandable the meaning is slightly unclear. One must remember 1862 was a year of trouble and turmoil. Fort Donaldson had fallen to the Yankees right at the start, then came Shiloh. Her son, Allen, in the Confederacy also son-in-laws then the Harts sympathized with the North, and another son-in-law would join the North before the end of the year. One daughter of hers, Dorothy Ann, would years later marry a Buchanan but Tiltie was not claiming to be an "aire" of a Buchanan.

Decatur To Obion County "Caudles"

From The Record Of Caudles-By Dr. Moss, Memphis, Tennessee.

"Andrew (Caudle) married Ann Clenney who was a widow of Wright Scott."

"Andrew J. (Jackson?) Caudle was the oldest child. (of Absolem Caudle) He was born in North Carolina in 1822. In 1850 he was living in district 10, Decatur County. His wife's name was Ann and she was two years older than he. Living with them were Martha Caudle (Martha was a Scott instead of a Caudle though she appears in the census as a Caudle) her age was given as 10. Matilda age 2, Martha N. (Nancy?) age 4,

David F. or T. ? age 5?, William H(askin later called "Hank") age 2. In the family, a Absolem W. age 8. In our opinion . . . he is a younger brother of Andrew."

"This is the only information we have on Andrew Caudle. He is not in any subsequent census of Decatur or Obion County. He was in Obion county in 1853 when the children sold inherited land in Decatur County. He then disappears but probably was killed at Shiloh, though we cannot get a record of it. His children were in Dunklin County, Missouri in 1873 when they sold father's farm in Decatur County to their Clenney uncles."

"The oldest daughter of Andrew Caudle (and Ann Clenney) married Rev. Cullen Downing, Baptist preacher. Her name was Matilda J(ane) Caudel. The Baptist Church at Hayward near Portageville, Missouri was built by Rev. Downing."

"One son of Andrew (and Ann Clenney) named William Haskins 'Hank' lived N.E. of Kennett, a few miles. He was married twice and has descendents, some buried in the Methodist church yard which is near his home. Hask was killed by Mule thieves in Texas in 1911. The other children eventually left the country. Do no know where they went."

Notes-added to record later:

"Jesse Taylor lived south of Pottageville, Mo., near Hayward, and was a neighbor of Matilda J(ane Caudle) Downing, Andrew Caudle (and Ann Clenney's) daughter."

"Matilda J(ane) Caudle, the widow of Cullen Downing, lived until about 40 years ago. (around 1925?) For a long time she was the only descendent of Andrew (and Ann Clenney) Caudle left in southeast, Missouri except for some descendents of Hask Caudle (son of Andrew & Ann) near Kennett. Her grandson, Joe Bivens, lives in Marston, Mo."

"One son of Andrew (and Ann Clenney) Caudle was named Absolem. He sold a farm near Campbell, Mo. in 1902."

"A daughter, Mrs. Charles Foster, also appears to have left Dunklin County, Mo. around 1902" (it was Nancy who married a Foster—it must have been the "Martha N" who was age 4 in 1850 census)

Mrs. Clark's Story of the Liberty Church

Oct. 4, 1955

Told by he widow of Tom Clark (Neal and Neut Clark's mother.) Her father was Matt O'Neal. John was a son of Christopher O'Neal who gave the land for the Liberty Church. She is a descendent of John O'Neal. Mrs. Clark was born at Grove Church about 5 miles south of Saltillo.

Christopher O'Neal, she says, came to Decatur County when John O'Neal was a small boy. They came from Georgia in an oxcart. John's little brother died and they were so far from a cemetery that they just picked out a pretty place on their land and buried him. Later he gave the cemetery and five acres of land for a church. This was Liberty Church and the little O'Neal boy was the first one to be buried there.

Mrs. Clark ask if I had ever noticed how far apart the graves of the O'Neal man and wife were. (Frank Alexander said that the O'Neal man (John or Christopher?) was a very tall man. Perhaps thats what Mrs. Clark meant.

Mrs. Clark also said her father was cousin of Mr. Jim O'Neal and they used to visit Uncle Jim and Aunt Molly when they lived at Peace Chapel.

Mrs. Clark seemed under the impression that her father thought they and our family of O'Neal were related. However, Grandfather William Thomas O'Neal, they were he thought but had never been able to figure out exactly how much. The Matt O'Neal family is related to the O'Neals at Henderson and some at Montezuma, she thinks. But says she never knew any of them very well.

My sister, Alma, met a 96 year old lady who lived between Sardis and Saltillo who was an O'Neal before she married. (She is now in the hospital) Mrs. Clark said she was a relative of hers. Some things she had told her about were like going to Illinois in an ox cart, the first mirror her family bought, how afraid people used to be of using soda, when it first came out in the stores. This old lady told Mrs. Clark they would use only a very small pinch in the bread, afraid it would poison the bread if used in larger quantities. She also told of a train crossing the Mississippi River.

As usual, I put off seeing this 96 year old lady because of other trifling things that I felt I had to do. Now, I know a talk with her would have been worth my time more than what I did.

People On The Move

On May 15th of this year William Johnson deeds to W. J. (John?) O'Neal fifty acres of land "including house and spring." Although J. may have buried his little brother on this tract, he had back in 1847 had surveyed around 750 acres. According to the records, the Liberty Church was not built until the next year. "On the lands of Custis O'Neal" some of the first trustees were: L. B. (Lawrence Burn?) Stanfield, Lewis Garrett S. Singleton, Henry Singleton, and Joseph Kelly. M? G. Rushing and John Bennett are also named in another list. The Decaturville Church was built this year.

Little in any of his records indicate his location or activities since spending the year 1847 in Yucatan and returning to his native land for another year, as recorded in a notarized statement. Census figures are not available for North Carolina's 1850 census but he must have still been there, hoping to settle the estate left by his father, Benjaman Clenney. Many years later his wife would testify that "It was this year (1854) that Aaron (Melvin) Clenney first came to this country" (Lincoln County, New Mexico). The Gadsden Purchase that had recently settled the boundary question may have had something to do with it or it may be that during his stay in Mexico and Youcatan, he learned to love the Mexican people with their light-hearted gayety and decided to make his home among them.

Around this same year another native of North Carolina, a minister who was having troubles defending his beliefs about all the new problems that was splitting the church such as Missionary work and temperance societies. He began dreaming of or "Imagining a congregation in Tennessee." He started making arrangements to leave within a year. Around that time they did actually arrive in Henderson County. His father and mother and every brother and sister he had except one (brother) already living in Tennessee. He was the wellknown preacher, Hosea Preslar.

Letter From Murphy Clenney

State of North Carolina, Anson County—May 28, 1855

Dear Brother,

Embrace the present opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know that I am

well at present, hoping these few lines may find you enjoying the same like blessing. I've nothing of interest to communicate only times is hard in this country, produce high and hard to come at. Money is very scarce and can hardly be got hold of at all owing to the low price of cotton and the high price of corn, wheat, and bacon, flour, etc. Cotton is worth $8.50 per cwt, corn from one dollar to one fifty cents per bushel, wheat from one twenty-five to one fifty do? (bu?) flour from 9 to 10 dollars per bbt, coffee 7 to 8 lbs. to the dollar sugar from 10 to 14 do? &? other things in proportion. We've had the dryest fall, winter, and spring I ever knew in all my life. So far, the ground haint ben too wet to plow since last August though we've had several light showers at times, just enough to keep vegetation alive.

Wheat crops will come in a very short time. I fear though if it should be seasonable from now out as some think it will be, there will be more corn made in this country than ever was made before for there's so much planted & the earth is in the best fit for production I ever saw it before. Though there's too much cotton planted yet to make times good enough let the year be as it may.

We've had an abundance of sickness and a great many deaths the past winter & spring. Old Aunt Sally Woodward died last winter, Jan & Buck Tye awhile before, Tampy O'Neal on the 5th of March & old Aunt Nancy on the 6th & old Uncle Kindred O'Neal on the 25th of May, and many others too tedious to mention-people you never knew.

There's been abundance of marriages but mostly people you was not acquainted with.

On the 9th of March we were visited with the most destructive ever known in this country. The earth was dry and the winds rose the highest I ever saw them before. The fire broke out and burnt everything before it that could be burnt-houses, churches, barns, cribs, smokehouses, fences, mills, bridges, & even towns. People's stock & c? stock & c? was consumed. Such a devastation never was known in North or South Carolina before. The loss sustained can not be estimated at all.

I am very sorry to inform you that I haint sold your land yet. About 2 years ago I sold it fairly to Griffin Hasty for 3 dollars per acre, cash up and the deed was wrote though not assined & he failed to get the money or requested me to hold on awhile & I've been waiting on him ever since. I bargained it just before to another man and he failed to get the money or make me safe & I flew? the bargain & it's unsold yet. Times is so hard and difficult I can't sell it just now, I fear but I'll do the best I can for you. Please write to me on the receipt of this & let me hear from you soon. Nothing more at present but yours Respectfully,

L.(emay) M.(urphy) Clenney
In North Carolina it is spelled Clenney with an "e"

Letter From Griffin Hasty

North Carolina, Anson County—February 15, 1856

Dear Brother and Sister,

We gladly embrace the opportunity of writing a few lines to inform you that through the mercy of God we are all yet in the land of the living & blest with tolerable health at present. The health of the neighborhood is good with few exceptions. Hoping when these lines come to hand they may find you and all the connections and friends enjoying the same lifes Blessings.

I've nothing of interest to write only we have plenty of cold and snowey weather. On

Christmas day it rained a plenty and that night it blew off cold and remained so ever since. On the night before Old Christmas it commenced hailing and kept on until next evening snowing and hailing & some of it remains on the ground yet though we've had six since then, some larger and some smaller & the ground is not clear yet & it's been cold frozen weather nearly ever since & (faded, undecipherable) another snow now.

Times is hard yet, though cotton is rising some in the Cheraws. It's worth from 7 fa? to 9¼, corn from 50 to 70 per bushel, wheat from $1.25 to 2 dollars per, flour from ten dollars per bbl, fodder from 50 to 75 per cwt, pork from 6 to 8 cts. per lb. and not too plenty at that. Coffee is 6 & 7 lbs. to the dollar & scarce at that, sugar from 10 to 12 lbs do, molasses none, salt 150 per sack, and other things in proportion.

I've bought your land from L. M. Clenney at 3 dollars per acre. I paid $100.00 down & $140 come year bearing interest from date.

Our circuit preacher this year is sick. H. Brown, the one we had last year, and Andrew I. Crains?, a fine young man. Our P. L? (C?) is Hilyard? Caldison?, a young man of high standing in the South Carolina conference. The station? preacher in Wadesboro is William O. Darby.

This winter's first? severe cold? we've had but little preaching as yet for we've had the severest winter I ever saw before. I think wheat is nearly all killed. Money is the scarcest and hardest to get I ever knew nearly? in all my life.

I want to know whether any of you have ever heard anything from Brother Melvin yet, or not, and also Sister Ann and family. If you've heard from either of them, send us word and tell them to write about where they are and how they are getting along. For if they have forgotten us we haven't them, quite yet. Please write them for us and tell them to write to us one 1 (undecipherable) life-----s----y-----by pleas to his divine love? morns to----We are very glad to hear --had you----Thee Religious love, fruit ful--if we meet no more on earth let us try to meet in Heaven where parting will be no more---give my best love I?----Efe? to all my relations & friends **To Any & Will? re? same? Cousin? Joe? Please let me hear from you soon and-----ear? at--erty Cut? buying? Your Loving Brother & Winte? tell death.

Griffin Hasty to A. H. Clenney

**"Any and Will" must have meant Eliza Ann and William Parley, Hark's children.

William Thomas O'Neal Born

On this date of July 17th a son was born to William Leander and Nancy Austin O'Neal. They named him for his great-grandfather, Thomas Hart, and his father William Leander. They were living (they believed they said years later) on a farm east of Sardis and neighbor to Andrew Jackson Austin "Andy," brother to Nancy.

Random Notes On Andy Austin: He was a blacksmith. His home (and blacksmith shop was on his farm north of the hill named for Dr. Fagg, called "Fagg Hill." His mother, Matilda Austin, may have been living in the home with him because he was the only child whose name appears on her will.

Uncle Andy's first wife, Margaret Abernathy, never had any children nor did his second, Mourning Martin. He willed his farm to his adopted son, Anderson William Hart, called "William Austin," in the will. It was witnessed by A. J. Presley and (Dr?) J. F. Pipkins.

Nancy O'Neal probably felt safer living near her brother than at many places they had lived. Her husband "Bill" O'Neal was never accused of being a drunkard, nor was he a "ladies man" like his brother, Dennis, but he did like to gamble. He must have been

"roving gambler" as he seemed to always be searching for greener pastures. He may have gambled on river boats that anchored over night at Saltillo but one night—that made her recall in later days, that she lived at this place-she spent the entire night alone with her small children, Thomas being the youngest. It was a never-to-be forgotten experiance and she was thankful that she lived near her brother, Andy. Later a thing occured that shamed Bill into giving up this gambling habit. Two of his sons had worked out five dollars together. He felt so sure of a lucky evening that he persuaded them to loan him their money to bet on something. He lost but it had finally broke him from gambling it was said by his descendent.

Random Notes On Lowery's Slaves

snl-136. Someone had heard-I believe Uncle Dan Murphy-that the father of Dr. Robert Lowery got afraid that slaves were going to be freed in North (South?) Carolina and sent his son west with a part of his slaves. Uncle Dan also had heard that Dr. Lowery simply had stolen the slaves and when his father found out he had gone west he managed to overtake him at Lexington and told him he could keep them if he would settle down here and not go any farther.

Uncle "Hode" Lowery a well-liked and respectable colored man in this community told of how his mother came from South Carolina with Dr. Lowery, as a slave. She had been chained or fastened with with a rope, to the wagon and walked every step of the way.

Dr. Lowery established his plantation near what is now called Presley Community and seems to have prospered in his farming. Mr. R. L. Haney believes he was the largest slave owner in Decatur County at that time. It has always seemed that down near the Tennessee River a large number of slaves would have been most likely since their farming land was richer but no accurate figures are available at present. However, rumors and bedtime stories told and heard are:

One story concerned a slave , of Dr. Lowery's, whose wife lived at another place. He would run away occasionally to see her. They would know where to find him and go bring him home. Not too bad, but they would put a yoke on him like an oxen yoke, and make him walk while they rode.

Another concerns a tree not far south of Bethel Graveyard, and near a stream of water. It was a sort of munument to a run-a-way slave that was most likely to have been Dr. Lowery's (but there were others who owned one or two in the Scotts Hill area). It seems Lantie O'Neal told to have been a Safassras Tree and what made it easily pointed out for a great many years was that there was a sort of bed of limbs placed across the branches which stayed there a long time before rotting. A slave had run away and reached this place and built his bed. I believe Papa said that bloodhounds finally traced him.

The worst and about the only, horror story to have lasted concerning Lowery's treatment of slaves was killing Antney. He had been a sort of overseer for the workers when Dr. Lowery would assign a task-a certain amount of work for each too. Some told that when Antney would finish his task-he was very large and also very strong-he would go around and "pick on and aggreviate" the slow ones. He had become so overbearing that they claimed Dr. Lowery, himself, was half afraid of him.

So Dr. Lowery watched and one day caught him annoying one of the slower workers and simply shot him. One note says that at first, Antney did not bleed at all but after they carried him into the house, he bled a lot. A vague recollection of someone concerning his death seems to be that Antney lay there in the hot sun all day groaning and "taking on" and died at sundown. Of course, it may be that neither is correct or

more likely a part of both is. Was Dr. Lowery notified or did he just happen to go to Henderson (or Lexington?) and came back and called all his slaves together and announced that they were now free. This might have been when Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation Jan. 1863 or again it might have been at the close of the war in 1865 it is too late now to ever find out.

It seems as if giving them their freedom was not enough but he also gave them the plantation. At least no one else is recorded as having tried to claim any of his plantation at the time of his death. It was also said that he trusted one negro cook to the extent of allowing her to look after his money. At his request he was burried in the Negro graveyard called "New Foundland" not too far from a huge White Oak Tree that people today point out as being the "old whipping tree." It was the place he tied his slaves to when he whipped them, they tell. However, hardly any of the descendents who after the early ninteen hundred's sold out and moved to Saltillo, will accuse him of any wrong-doing.

"The Last Of The Lowerys"

Actually, the statement that "no one tried to claim" his property needs this footnote. I was suddently reminded of two well-dressed strangers who came to my Grandfather O'Neal's house around 1915. No matter how busy trying to get crops "laid by" or gathered he was truly an example of "Southern Hospitality." When strangers arrived in the community they were invariably directed to grandpa's to spend the night. These men came in the middle of the week of a long hot spell of weather. I recall how well-dressed they looked with their white starched shirts and expensive suits. Their business was Dr. Lowery's estate. They said they were his legal heirs and the last of the Lowerys and from North Carolina. It seems that for once, strangers didn't get his usual welcome. He may have thought they were crooks as he was a pretty good judge of human nature. Again he may have felt that by rights it belonged more to the Lowery colored people who had tended it all these years rather than to these well-dressed North Carolineans who had never even seen Dr. Lowery.

The Trek To Pike's Peak

This story has been told to me by only one person and only one time. His story is only a skelton outline and like you today, I had or felt I had more pressing things than going into detail and writing down his story. To my great sorrow, it is now too late. He passed away some few years ago and so has most of his and my relatives who might have been able to clear up some questions. He was my uncle, John Harvey Murphy and here is his story broken up in captials combined with the research I have tried to do to clear up what would have been a wonderful story of personal adventure as well small part briefly paid by our Center Community south of Scotts Hill in opening up the West. This starts his story:

Uncle Allen Murphy, a Boswell man and a Mr. Gurley started West when the gold was discovered. He thought it was in California but Indians were no problem to those gold seekers, history tells. Now, in tracing down the gold-seekers in the 1850 census there is, Allen T. Murphy, and wife Sarah J(ane Fore) age 22, William L (it is made like as "S" in the original) age 2 and John C(alvin) age 8 months. He lived in the 10th District of Decatur County. According to the census taker a Gurley lives second door to him. He is James Gurley age 28, his wife, Sarah age 20, a baby, Martha S age 1 mo. and a Martha age 77, evidentally the mother of James. And this is the only Gurley found in either Henderson or Decatur County in 1850. The only Boswell found in the Decatur County census was in the 10th Dist. also and apparently living near Custis O'Neal in the Liberty Community. A peculiar thing about this family that I feel is a mistake of

the census-taker is that a father's name is spelled with an "a" while the son's with an "o." This is the family. George Baswell age 50 b. in Va. Hanna age 45 b. Ireland, Rufus age 15, Alexander Boswell age 12 Nancy age 10, John age 9, and Mary age 6. It would be a safe bet that these are the two who accompanied Allen.

"They Started In An Ox Cart," Naturally they had to take provisions as most others did such as corn meal, bacon, flour, dried fruit, coffee soap, crackers, dried beef, matches, beans and rice. Also most covers were made for the wagon by cutting slim hickory saplings and bending them over so that each end could be fastened to the wagon bed or cart. Then canvas would be stretched over it. An oxen drawn wagon would cover only about 15 miles a day but it was much cheaper as the oxen could graze on that coarse grass of the prarie.

"When They Reached Indian Territory They Found Where Indians Had Buried The Dead By Binding Them Up In Buffalo Hides And Tying Them Up In A Tree." At that time the two Indian territories covered about all between Missouri and Arkansas westward to the Rocky Mountains. They were Oklahoma and Kansas and were known as the Great Plains, and were almost treeless but covered with a coarse grass. The Indians here, Cheyannes and Arapahoes, were also called the Plains Indians. They were better warriors and fought more ferociously than any others ever encountered. Understandable because at last they had no further West to go. They had to stand and fight.

They also had strange burial customs. A tree actually was a favorite burial place of these wandering Indians. The more permanent tribes of the north usually made scaffolds but the route of these three was through the southern part. Here the burial place was constructed by placing brances and brush high above on the tree limbs making a platform. Then buffalo hides were placed on the top, the corpse then dressed in it's finest apparel and placed on the platform with all personal belongings he will need in the Happy Hunting ground. Many were valuable trinkets and useful articles. They also included all the scalps he has taken during his lifetime. Now brances were tied to the sides of the platform with raw hide thongs. Over this they stretched buffalo hides also tied securely to the platform.

The Indians were careful to not pick a tree near a route of travel used by white men. They also didn't like a place too near a military camp or too near their camping place. It was said that hunters, travelers, cattlemen and even doctors had often torn into the elaborate wrappings usually in search of plunder, or doctors, for medical research. While an Indian will not disturb the remains of a member of his own tribe it is often a temptation to see what valuable articles might be found in graves of another tribe. And some no doubt, out of curiousity or just because it's there.

Uncle Allen Boswell And Gurley Cut Down A Corpse And Then Got Worried, Afraid The Indians Would Attack Them. For a while Indians-usually women-go at any time day or nigh to "give free vent to their grief." Once an autopsy was needed for a body and not knowing this custom of grieving, a couple of men were sent at night for the body. They had it uncovered when suddenly they were surrounded by screaming Indian women. As they rushed back to camp for their men, the "body-snatches" disappeared in the darkness. If anything like this happened to them none of the three ever told it.

But, "They got worried afraid the Indians would attack them and drove the oxen all night." This was likely an old burial place and no longer watched by the Indians. It is said in a dry climate bodies can last for years. One can almost be sure they were not pursued by the Indians as the slow oxen would have been no match for Indians on horseback. But as the oxen lumbered along through the dust and sometimes sloshing and slipping in the mud with the wheels grinding and creaking, they must have spent

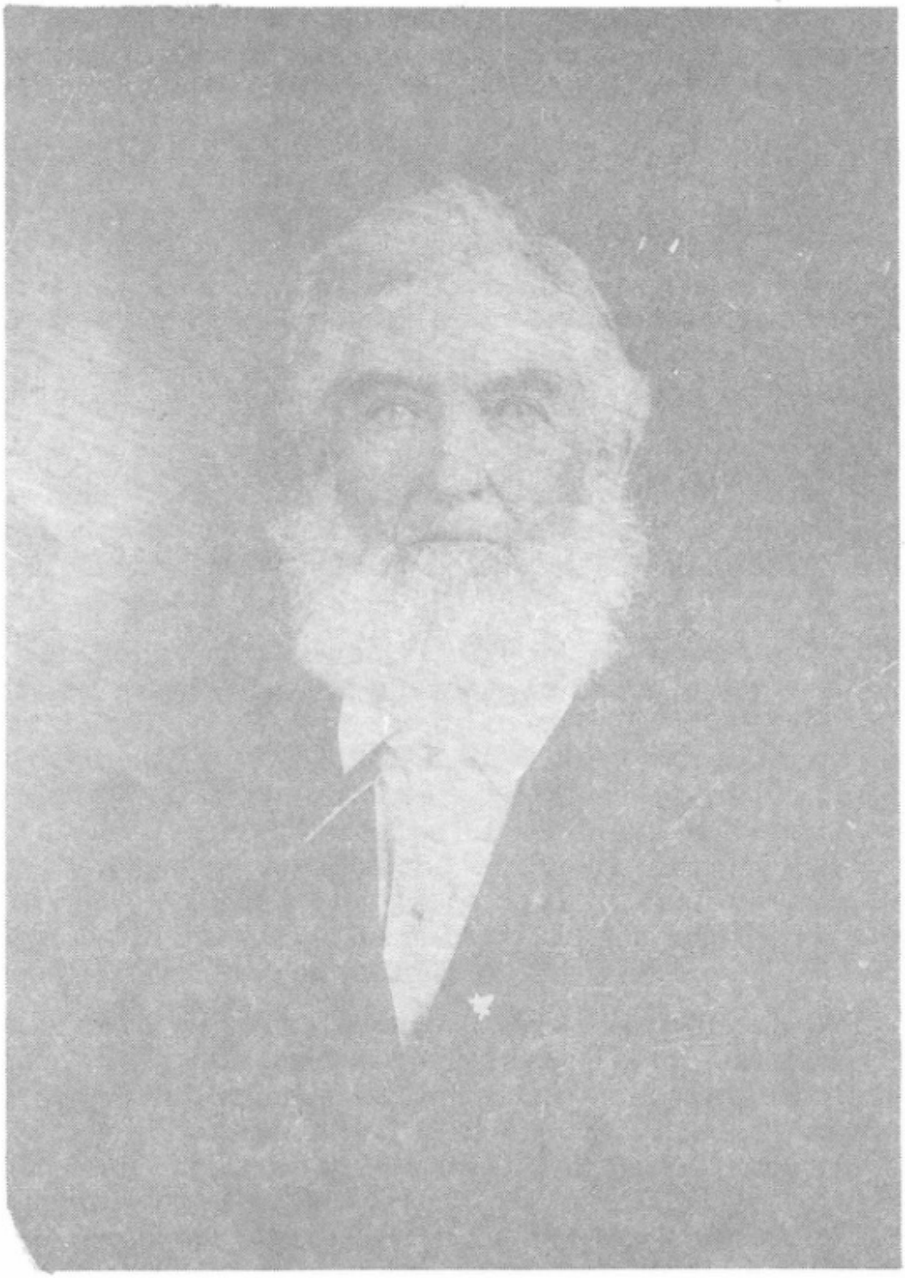
an uneasy night listening for them.

"They Got As Far As Pike's Peak And Turned Back." Upon hearing this statement one automatically pictures the three scaling to the heights of that 14,108 ft. mountain, a feat attempted by a daring young lieutenant back in 1806. He failed but the peak bears his name, Zebulon Montgomery Pike. Not only that but a whole region along the eastern slope of the Rockies is referred to as "Pike's Peak."

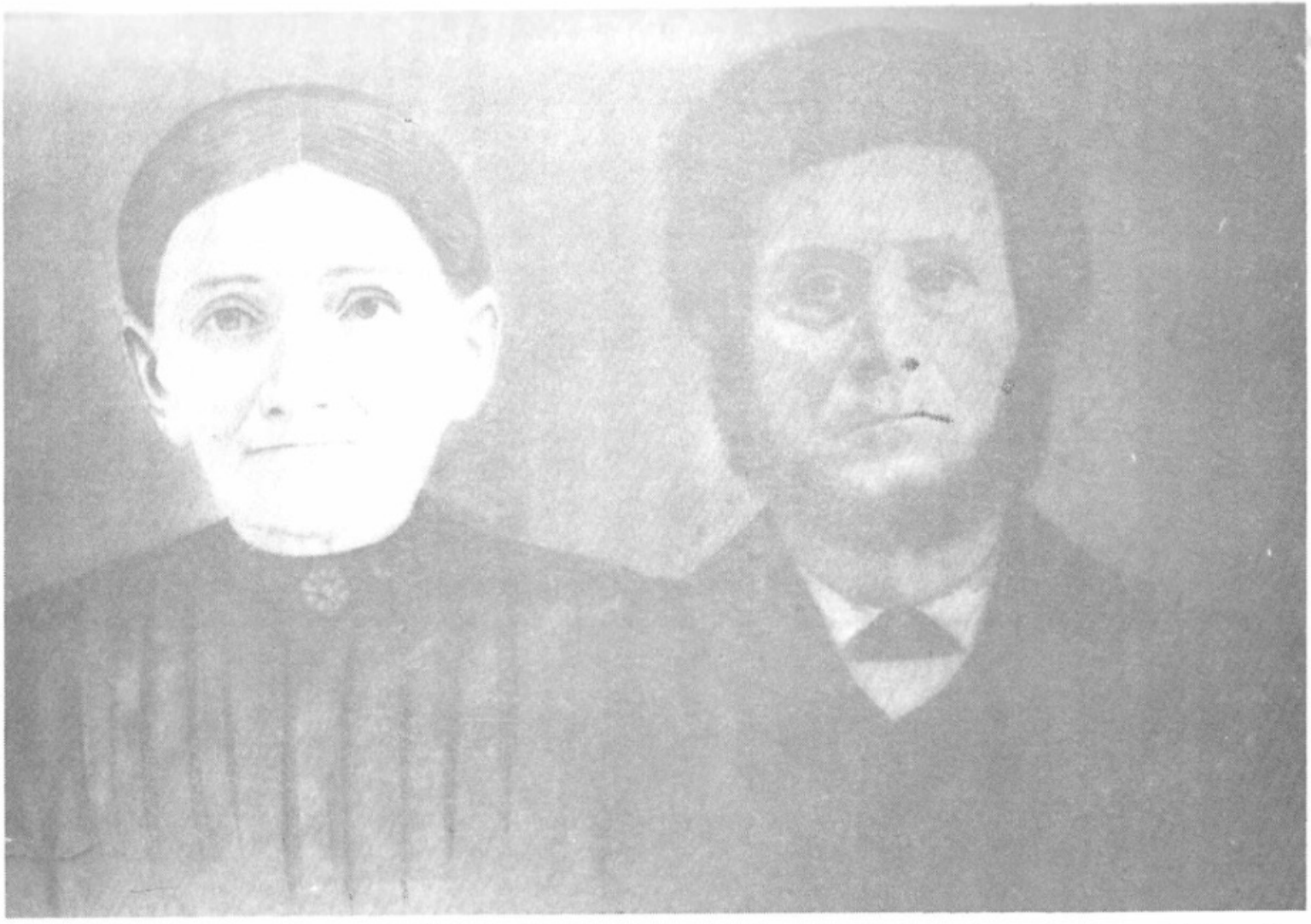
After all the discouraging reports they had heard already from the returning penniless and dejected travelers they met, one might imagine their attitude was already formed concerning gold mining. They found most of the reports were facts. High food prices, dangerous mountain roads, and back-breaking labor with no results were only a few complaints heard. It must have seemed good to get headed back toward Scotts Hill even if they did have to recross the Indian Territory.

"They Reached Home At Night." Of course, the mothers and wives were overjoyed at their safe return but probably tried to keep down as much excitement as possible so as to not wake the children. But it couldn't be done. Allen's son, William LaFayette, "Fate" popped up in the bed with, "But Pappy, Wheres The Gold?"

1850-1859
Notes And Comments



Allen Murphy made a journey with a Mr. Gurley and a Mr. Boswell to Pike's Peak when gold was discovered. They traveled in an ox cart. A few years later he and his wife, Sarah Jane Fore, and children moved to Kentucky.



Griffin Hasty who wrote in 1856 that he had bought his (Hark's) land from L. (emay) Murphy for $3.00 per acre. He was brother-in-law to both Hark and LeMay Murphy Clenney, having married their sister, Matilda.

1860-1869

Voice In The Wilderness
How Lickskillet And Dunbar Got Named
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Voice In The Wilderness

probably the most accurate prediction of what conditions would be in the should it secede from the Union, came from the well-known preacher, Hosea who with his people had come from North Carolina during the 1850's and around the Center Hill area of Henderson County.

and his brothers and sisters and their families all except one brother in Tennessee (doesn't say where) came from Anson County, the same place which so many early settlers in the Scotts Hill area came. Having been born in about thirty years after the period of guerilla warfare that followed the Revolutionary War, his prophecy must have been based partly on inspiration and partly on stories told of the cruelties of that lawless period in the 1780's. The hatred kindled in that war was slow dying just as it would be following the Civil War.

When the question of secession came up for a vote and people ask his opinion Hosea begged, pleaded, and preached to vote against it.He was not of the opinion that owning slaves was contrary to the word of the Lord-if treated right-but he hated to see a union dissolved that had been won by such sacrifice of lives and property in the Revolutionary War. He told his congregation that "If they went for secession, they would lay off a battlefield for our wives and children and that there were mothers within the sound of his voice who would have sons to fall in battle. Then he warned that "the winding up feature of it will be that our country will be full of night thieves, and robbers. . . and in the end the South will get whipped." Of this he wrote, "Some made light of this and went their way, others tried to kill me."

Surely his influence was more widely felt than he believed for when the vote was taken both Henderson and Decatur Counties voted to stay in the Union, beign two of the only four west Tennessee counties that did. But the state suceeded leaving these counties fertile ground for guerilla warfare started early. Elder Hosea Preslar wrote that "afterwards he had to hold his peace and flee to the woods where he spent many days and nights and there grieved over our awful condition."

Although he could no longer express himself vocally, his pen was not inactive. He wrote, "I came to the conclusion that I would write the truth upon this subject . . . believing it very uncertain whether I should be spard or not, to see the end. And if not, perhaps my children and some of my friends would. In this was I would leave behind me what I was willing to lie down in death with."

On August 7, 1863 he was shot by a band of guerillas. his family took him to the house where he suffered "a great deal in both mind and body and was left crippled to some extent on account of the wound. He wrote that he was thankful to be spared although his home was plundered often and horses all taken and they had to do without them for two years.

How Lickskillet And Dunbar Got Named

Many legends spring up concerning place names some based on fact, some on fancy, but it is often the humorous ones that last. Lickskillet is no exception. There are at least two versions of how this place got it's name. More likely to be real reason is that when the very earliest settler built a cabin there probably being crowded, they left the cooking utensils including a skillet outside the kitchen door. Here deer would come around to lick the skillet, probably for the taste of salt left from the cooking.

Jack Murphy, a cousin to Daniel, settled near a ford where the Clifton Road crosses

Rushing's Creek. This crossing became known as the Buck Murphy Ford. His place was also a stopping place for stage coaches traveling from Nashville, where they could change horses and the passengers could get food and -yes, drinks. However, it never became generally known as a tavern, although he operated a rather large distillery. It seems that a company in Nashville probably figuring this settlement might eventually grow into a good-sized town, sold Buck the equipment to go into the distillery business, taking a mortage on his farm. They also furnished earthenware jugs bearing the name of something like "McGlothlin" Distillery Company. (It seems that a few scattered people have found and kept some for souvenirs but none that is known now.)

A short distance on toward the Clifton Crossing is another old settlement called Dunbar. Legends have also grown up concerning that name. One is that a man (name unknown) who operated a grocery store which did, as most others, sell whiskey. When the war ended with the South bankrupt he closed it, or closed the bar that sold the whiskey and remarked that this was a "done Bar." Another, that a man named Dunn operated it as a bar and closed it. Although the 1850 census of Decatur County shows no name, Dunn, the Census of Henderson County has two families. One is "Dunn" and the other "Dun" and could easily have been the man as surely the place was built before, maybe long before, the year of 1850.

It might work to start a new legend that an early settler with a wee drop of Scottish blood in him named it that, as a sad reminder of the defeat of the Scotch in 1650 by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, enough English blood in him to commemorate Cromwell's victory, and enough Irish to not give a darn. In all seriousness, it might actually been named after Dunbar in Scotland, although by this time there were not many full-blooded settlers of either nationality.

As far as the closing after the war because of austere conditions following the war, it could well have applied to Buck Murphy's situation. It seems that the Distillery Company in Nashville decided to foreclose the mortgage and his was also done. It might as well have named "Done-for."

Another legend purported to have given Lickskillet it's name is told by Mr. George Harrington, son of LaVania Stricklin Harrington. The fact it was already called "Lickskillet" in the story makes one doubt the claim but surely no one can doubt the veracity of the story, itself.

LaVinia Stricklin Harrington, the mother of George, was at the home of old Aunt Jane? Ashcroft (There is a Jane Ashcroft in the Census of Decatur County in 1850) and they were preparing a big supper for her husband and his friends. Supper time came but no husband and friends. An hour passes but still no men. Another hour, another, another, and still another passed. The "women folks" had stayed away keeping the supper warm until late in the night they came staggering in a slightly ineberated state. He apologized as if that explained everything, that they had just been over at Lickskillet. "Well we kept supper for you this time" stormed the irate Mrs. Ashcroft, "But if ever again you pull this you'll go right back over there and just lick the skillet." (Surely she wouldn't have made a joke of it unless it was already called that.)

Uncle John Harvey ("Ink") Murphy told this: Two fellows were having a friendly argument over at the Buck Murphy place where telling of tall tales was a favorite pastime, and one said he had a dream last night. Of course, the ohter ask what it was. He said he dreamed he had died and gone to Hell. He told of various degrees of burning he dreamed he saw but one man he said, the Devil had just hanging up on a nail in the wall. The Southerner swallowed the bait and ask "Why?" He answered, "Well, he was a Rebel and so green he wouldn't burn without drying out awhile."

Uncle Ink said the bystanders had to hold the men to keep down a fight. Probably a little drying out wouldn't have hurt Mr. Ashcroft and his friends that night.

The Buck Murphy Graveyard

If you unfasten two strands of barbed wire from a makeshift gate, follow a field road through broomsedge to a wooded lot you will be at the Buck Murphy Cemetery. It is a sad forlorn place with most of the monuments gone like the descendents of the once numerous descendents who lived around here.

Gun Control Really Worked

Residents of Hardin County were forced to give up their guns. This left the citizens defenceless if his gun filled certain requirements. If they did, they were given to the militia to be deposited at Coffee landing and at Savannah until taken by the gunboat. The draft came in the fall of 1861. After the regiment was organized at Savannah and the men given arms that had been taken from the citizens, and stored in that place. most of these were small squirrel rifles and double-barreled shot-guns.

This before the war ended and guerilla warfare became so general would leave many a poor mother and children defenceless. It would likely account for so many "lying out" to be near their families as there was fighting to be done there, for the protection of home and loved ones.

"Received Of A. H. Clenney One Rifle Gun Valued At Ten Dollars."
January 17, 1862 D. L. Lancaster, Col.

This was found among my great-grandfather's old and faded receipts he had hoarded so carefully after his marriage. Had I not read of gun control in Hardin County it would have been mistaken for a payment on debts during the hard times following the war. Even at that, knowing how well grandpap loved to hunt, it would have looked more reasonable for his to sacrifice any other property he owned rather than his gun.

The receipt, it seems, was signed by a Union man so he donated to the cause but not as a "cheerful giver," one can bet. There is no simple way to compare his giving with the alacrity with which Scarlett O'Hara got rid of the wedding band of a husband she didn't love when donations were taken up for the confederacy at a ball.

Random Notes On The Jones Family

The only known picture of Archibald Jones is one he had made on a boat when he was playing for dances. Ida Scott, his grand-daughter told me that no one in the family even knew he had ever had a picture made as potography was still rather new around in here and they sort of "made fun" of a man vain enough to want his picture taken and waste money on such trifles. It seems that a Laster man also on the boat persuaded him to have it made and he probably paid for it himself, and kept it. He may not have given it to the family until after the death of Arch. "Tennie" Tennessee Scott Gilbert loaned me the old tintype to have a copy made.

Ida Scott:

"Each year after crops were "laid by" Arch went with showboats on the Tennessee River as a musician. The pay was good and it was certainly something he enjoyed. Rachel stayed home and looked after the children and crops, etc. One year he had not quite finished plowing the corn when time came to go back so he left Uncle John and Uncle "Razz" to finish it. They "idled around" until the last minute and Arch came home a day early. He was also drinking a little and more than a little angry. He decided

to whip his sons. Ida said that years later Uncle Razz would tell how funny it was to see his father after Johnny who was dodging around through the corn with his father right after him calling out, "I'm right after you, Johnny."

The parents of Archibald were John Jones and Beda (Beatrice) Presley. She had a brother named Robert after whom the son of Mary Ann Jones Murphy was named. He was Robert Dudley Murphy. Some note also mentions a Bryant Presley, brother to her, who lived to be 96 years old.

Mary Ann Jones (Murphy) stayed with her Aunt Cynthia Austin Holmes at Scotts Hill and went to school at some time during her youth. This may have been while she was waiting for the return from the war for her "fiance." Surely it was John Tye Murphy. If it were not it certainly didn't take her long to get over her broken heart and marry him when he did come home. It is just hard to associate my grandparents with much romance, as they were so old when I ever knew them.

It is also hard to imagine Mary Ann Jones Murphy being a good dancer just as it's even harder to see Great Aunt Cindy Jones Clenney being one but both were said to have been among the best in the country. This item is not so hard to picture concerning the mother of a large household, Rachel is said to have taken three buckets to the spring (up from their house, and called the Old Mountain Spring). She would fill them with water bringing one back in each hand and actually set one on top of her head and manage to get home with it.

The sister of Arch Jones ran away at the age of thirteen and married Tom Muse. There is a Thomas Muse living near Scotts Hill in the 1850 census record. His age is 21. His baby girl is named Rebecca E. (could be Elmira?) but his wife is named Martha. (Could "Patsy" have been a "nickname" of the sister of Arch?) she was only 18 and likely married young to have now become a mother. Around a hundred years later a doctor from Texas would come to Scotts Hill who said he was a descendent of Tom and Patsy Jones Muse. He did visit the mother of Toka Jones Swift.

Elias used to clerk for Torbett's store on the River, told by Viola O'Neal. And he once went into business at Scotts Hill but went broke. Another note said he furnished the money for two of his nephews to go into business. He never married. He was also a school teacher. The 1850 census shows a teacher by the name of Elias Jones boarding in the home of Henry J. and Elizabeth Bogan in District one of Decatur County. His age was given as 30 and he had been born in North Carolina.

It was said to have been "Uncle" John Lassiter who brought the last news of Henry Jones, the son of Arch, who was slowly starving to death in Andersonville Prison. He said that "before he left" he tried to place Henry in a little better location over near the wall of the stockade and he was "gnawing on a bone." He may have brought the tintype picture or it may be that Henry sent it in some letter but his niece, AlDona "Dona" Clenney had kept it carefully wrapped in tissue-a real clear old tintype picture-and gave it to the writer in 1960.

In 1860 Rachel and Arch lived on the Big Hill. This hill is west of the Liberty Road, north of today's road across to Doe Creek Cemetery, and a little way east of Doe Creek itself. Near the top of the Big Hill as a spring called the Mountain Spring. The house of Arch was said to have been torn down and moved to that location from much nearer Scotts Hill. It is logical to assume that convenience to good fresh water out weighed the advantages of being nearer a store. Lantie O'Neal told that Arch had wished for-or perhaps tried-to run a pipe from the spring down the hill a few paces to his house and have "running water." There is no record that it was successful, if he ever tried it and all that remains near the old spring today is a spot of soil worn down to the clay, a few sandstone rocks, and there once was an ancient pine still standing.

Allen Murphy And The Heath Man

Not much has been handed down concerning the childhood of John Tye Murphy (Middle name for his mother's maiden name). Not only being the youngest of the eight children of Daniel and Martha but also the only one having been born in Tennessee must have somewhat set him apart from his brothers and sisters. He worked on the farm with the others as he grew up and if his sons are any indication he must have been above the average intelligence and perhaps was then, and remained through-out his life, quick-witted, intelligent, with a friendly lively sense of humor.

He may have had a vague recollection of Revolutionary War stories told by his granfather, Daniel Murphy Sr. but since his grandfathers death must have occured shortly before 1844, John wouldn't have been over seven years old. Whatever it was, he was keenly aware of the trouble we were getting into before the Civil War. He heard enough arguments on both sides from his own family to say nothing of others.

One incident-and later tragedy-recalled by relatives (Walton Cl.) was that at an "all-day working" where neighbors had "pitched in" to help-probably a sick man, there was an argument. Tempers were at a breaking point with most people as so many in the area were independent land owners who worked their own land with their families, they felt no reason to give their lives to keep slavery going on the plantations for others. As far as "states rights" it is doubtful if they knew or cared what it was. Most farms were self-sufficient and a high or low tariff mattered little to them. But still when neighbors didn't see eye to eye there was likely to be trouble, as there was at this gathering between Allen Murphy, the brother of John, and a Mr. Heath. The argument grew so hot that a fight started. Heath knocked Allen down. Allen unarmed yelled for his grown son, Fate, to "knock him in the head with your grubbing hoe," Fate did. He knocked a hole in his skull.

It is told that the men, rather than be a witness to the act of the young boy, simply disappeared into the woods, and the "women-folks" had to get him in the house and have someone to get a doctor. The one they got was Doctor William Hancock of Bath Springs the owner of a Hotel-sometimes listed as a hospital-there he recommended the sulphur from the springs there as a cure for almost every thing but he apparently did not recommend it for Heath's skull. Instead he inserted a silver dollar over the (place) and said it would be a success-but only for awhile. He predicted also successflly, that Heath would not live over three years.

In about 1862 Allen Murphy, who had actually started a company raising troops for the Confederacy? and drilling, suddenly decided the dark and bloody grounds of Kentucky would be preferable to facing the ire of the Heath family and friends. He gathered up "lock, stock, and barrel," all his belonging that he did not sell and pulled out for Kentucky. On his way up the "big road" toward Scotts Hill he stopped long enough with Hark Clenney to leave a pair of "dog irons" which had not been taken away from the house-perhaps because they would need fire for a few days longer after the sale. 90 years after loosing her husband Viola O'Neal moved out to live with her children and the "dog irons" were left forgotten temporarily. Later them and the iron wash kettle were both gone, probably in the hands of a scrap iron dealer (collector) and sold by the pound. Others said Allen told that he was convinced that the South couldn't possibly win, and John may have had cause to remember this in the near future.

Allen Murphy's Recruiting

Uncle Allen Murphy started raising a company-did raise a company, Martha Ann said

and drilled over at Lickskillet, near Buck Murphy's place, of course. Throughout history Taverns have always been the focal point of any military activities like drilling. Another raised a company of volunteers at a barbecue and Confederate rally at Shadygrove Church and was now captain. If Martha Ann's story was righ Uncle Allen was already a captain and drilling his company. She never told whether for the North or for the South. Many years later Uncle Dan Murphy, the Nephew of Great Uncle Allen told the same story, the only two times ever mentioned and probably neither knew whether he was appointed or elected captain nor did they know which side he was on.

Of course that long ago and far away bit of history is of little importance now. Actually, it made little difference even then for suddenly for no obvious reason he decided to sell out and move to Kentucky. Some thought he just didn't want to fight at all, some said he didn't want to fight for the South but poor old Martha Ann gave the most logical reason. She remembered that the length of time alloted by Dr. Hancock for the Heath man's life had just about run out. The silver dollar he placed in Heath's skull had about done its duty and the Heath man had some pretty tough relatives and friends who would certainly demand revenge. Fearing retaliation he preferred Kentucky's dark and bloody ground. Among the household articles sold was a pair of "dog irons" or better known as andirons. Hark Clenney bought them but let the family keep them to build fires on in the fireplace and probably to cook on. On their way to Kentudky Allen stopped by Harks's to leave them. They were used by Hark's daughter, Viola, after Hark's death.

Shiloh As They Saw It The First Day

O'Neal & Mayo

They charged into a withering fire . . . "Dead and living went down before it the living shooting as they crawled." Anybush, stump, tree or log available became a fortress. William Leander O'Neal managed to reach a log, his fever rising rapidly from his earlier chill. A Mayo man hid behind a tree and John T. Murphy took refuge behind a stump at the Bloody Pond. All would live to tell their descendents about it. O'Neal took aim and fired from his log fortress until he could no longer raise his gun. He was unable to charge with his comrades or retreat as they did to rally and charge again. He simply placed his hat over his face, stretched out alongside the log, and lost consiousness. Later when his company found him they pointed out bullet holes in his hat. he told them that he could never have known it had it been through his head.

Mr. Owen Mayo, believed to have been the father of John who married Amanda O'Neal, sister to Bill, recalled his experiance behind his tree fortress. It always worried him as he believed the commandmant "Thou shalt not kill" was meant to be others, he always hoped he wouldn't have to kill anyone. Being a dutiful soldier, he had charged with the rest of his line and taken shelter behind a tree. Then came the order to reform and charge again. He made a start a few yards in front of him, a Yankee from behind another tree took aim and fired. Mayo fired back, hoping to at least scare him, and ventured out again. The Yankee fired again and so did Mayo. This action was repeated several times with amazing regularity. Finally Mayo reloaded but failed to respond with a shot. The Yankee then peeped out to see the result of his shot and Mayo's bullet from the gun ripped into him. Mayo never checked but the man never showed his head again. But he was never able to say he didn't kill during the war because he wouldn't be sure he was telling the truth.

John Tye Murphy, youngest son of Daniel H. Murphy, had probably meant to wait until fall crops were in the crib before marching off to war. But now he was facing a

battle he had been preparing for since he walked out of the cornfield last September to enlist. The enemy was encamped at Pittsburg landing at a place near Shiloh Church this April 6, 1862. Spring was in the air, trees budding out and peach trees in full bloom this Sunday morning. At home he would have been resting after a week's work in the field and if no preaching today, would be preparing to go fishing, which was also restful. He heard the crack of a rifle, the "Rebel Yell" of the men, and saw a long line of troops charging for the Union Troops. There would be no rest today.

Some observed the old saying, go slow and aim low, then reloaded and ran forward again. John would later recall that some reinforcements he had thought from Texas-maybe Texas Rangers-shot so low they even scraped the ground, claiming one wounded was two dead because it took two to get the crippled man off the field. This first charge drove the Union troops from their camp and the men started in to forage and rummage in their abandoned haversacks. But Yankees had retreated only a short distance and were rallying again.

The ninth under Bragg's command was located nearer the center and surely John's company was in that also as he was an eyewitness to so many of the dreadful nightmarish occurances that were recorded later in the history of how "The grey and blue lines smashed at each other, charge and counter charge until in an ever-increasing crescendo, the earth shook as the cannon pounded." Many in the Scotts Hill area were "ear" witnesses to the thunder of the cannons, and the story would be passed down in oral family history.

Issac Kennedy, husband of Millie O'Neal Kennedy, was one of these who would long remember that Sunday morning. Most people living in the communities in the rural area had church services only about once a month the remaining Sundays were observed as "days of rest" by spending them on the creek bank. Very likely Isaac found plenty of fishing holes in nearby Doe Creek as he lived south of Cedar Grove near the Presley Community-at that time near the Dr. Lowery plantation. Back when fish were plentiful in all the smaller creeks and he was waiting patiently for a nibble. Then he heard what sounded like far away thunder. He began to listen and soon saw that each explosion the water would ripple. He knew instinctively the battle had begun at Shiloh. His wife's brother, William Leander O'Neal, was in that battle.

No doubt those who had people in the army were half expecting a battle anytime. News traveled fairly fast back then even by grapevine and Purdy was quite a center of commerce back then. It was probably known by most that Lew Wallace and Union men were stationed at Crump and Cheatham and Confederates in the comunity of Bethel Springs and Purdy. It didn't take a prophet to fortell that meant trouble.

Nancy and children may have spent the night with her sister, Dorthy Ann and Mark. This was rather customary and having all day Sunday for a day of rest or church, and playing for the children. But this would be a day spent without any of these. Mark Mooney went out early to feed his hogs and knew what the cannon's roar meant. The Battle of Shiloh had begun. Nancy never forgot that day. She and Dorothy were both sister to Allen Austin who was in the battle, as well as Nancy's husband Bill O'Neal, who would also be there. Nancy would tell her great-grandchildren how she and Dorothy walked the floor praying and crying all that day. Neither she nor any of the family ate a bite all day and if the children even ask for food no one remembered it afterwards. Her son William Thomas around the age of five also remembered hearing the boom of the cannons at Shiloh.

It is very doubtful if Nancy knew that her brother-in-law, Dennis O'Neal had enlisted in the Union Army and that Mark Mooney would enroll with the Union forces after crops were gathered that coming fall.

The Romance

The most beautiful and touching romance of the entire war concerning my ancestors was that (I hope) of Mary Ann Jones and John Tye Murphy, my grandparents. It is best probably to tell the story then present evidence, pro and con. My grandmother O'Neal first told it and certainly I can vouch for her honesty. She said: "Mary Ann Jones had a swetheart who had to go away to war. he gave her a five dollar gold piece and told her to keep it until his return (they didn't have engagement rings back then). She not only kept it but refused to go any place with any other of the neighborhood boys. Her people tried to convince her he must have been killed in the war as no news came of him. Still she claimed he would surely come home. Grandma seemed to think he never did return.

Then I ask Grandma who it was and she declared she just didn't know who he was. Mystery number one. Why couldn't she remember his name? Well, probably because whe was yet a child when John did come home and they married. Then it may be that Mary Ann never did tell his name. (It also may be that it was not John after all or it might be perhaps she was hearing from him occasionally during the two years he was in Missouri following the war. He did live with a Jones family, did he not?)

Shiloh—Murphy's Recollections

Many conclusions can be drawn from the recollections of John T. Murphy compared with history's account of the battle and likely all wrong. It seems there was some reference to Murphy's having fought with Mississippi troops, his son, Perry H. Murphy, thought he had. History tells the Ninth Mississippi was placed near the center. The fighting had been so bitter and at times so unorganized that Murphy remembered it only in flashes but his record would later show that he had been with 2nd Div. 1st Corp. of the Army of the Mississippi by June. In fact, he appears on their list of "deserters and absentees" but doesn't say which one he was.

A guide at Shiloh recently informed a group that the Southerners were never good record-keepers. To that one might add, "Nor was the North much better." The propaganda was put out-as has been at later wars-that "it would be over in sixty days." If one didn't answer roll call he was marked "deserted" when in some cases-as the one of Dorothy Mooney's husband-the soldier was dead.

John Murphy often recolled the horrible beauty of the pink peach petals falling like pink snow on the blood-stained battleground. Years later when his children would be popping corn in an iron skillet beside an open fireplace, he would tell them the sound was more like the crackle and spat of rifles by sharpshooters on both sides.

When "excursions" on a boat to Shiloh for the 30th of May became popular Murphy's son-in-law made one. He brought back a postcard of the Bloody Pond to show-they colored the water red back then-and John Tye Murphy not only said the pond "looked natural" he pointed out a stump still standing, that he had taken refuge behind to fire at the Yankees. One account tells that at the end of that first day after the shooting ended and darkness came soldiers wandered over the Battlefield searching for friends and to find captured stores of ammunition and food. Also to stare at Yankee prisoners who were probably the first most had ever seen, who on closer examination found they looked like young farm boys, like themselves.

That Awful Night

Murphy remembered that night well. No one could sleep. The gunboats on the river in

a determined effort to prevent sleep fired shells overhead to burst regularly. He said it seemed they allowed ten or fifteen minutes between, just enough to let one doze. In addition there was a storm which sometimes follows a battle, that kept up with a steady downpour of rain all night. Some wondering around were seeking shelter but for most part they were going through the pockets of the dead. Murphy later told that he doubted if there was a body left that did not have pockets of the uniform turned "wrong side outwards."

When ask why he didn't follow suit he said that at that time he was so sure we had already won the war that he believed their money would be no value after peace came. A Union spy by the name of Brown might have agreed with him-actually did the next day-but tonight he was with the Louisanna volunteers, who were coming to the aid of the Confederates. After staying around Madrid and Island No. To, he had found out all he could there and managed to get to Iuka, Mississippi and was now enroute with the Confederates to fight in the second days battle. Orders had come to Louisanna Volunteers to report for service Sunday morning and they were traveling in the moonlight until the storm. One history tells that in France when cannon were fired at hail bearing clouds a storm came swiftly. He repeats the story and tells the Yankee's side. He tells, "Meanwhile in the distance it began to storm dreadfully, and every moment the sky grew darker above us." The Louisanna Volunteers made camp near the river and the spy made his escape across it and finally reached Grant's headquarters the morning of the second day's battle. Here he tells, "The battle was raging, and the result was plainly against us." Almost every house in town (Savannah) was filled with wounded men, while hundreds lay upon the ground, and others were arriving constantly. The battle had started after the arrival from Adamsville of Lew Wallace division. He, who would someday write "Ben Hur," had been stationed there expecting an attack from Cheatam's division that was marching through Bethel Springs (where so many Scotts Hill soldiers would later sign up for the Union) and Purdy. The Army of Ohio had also arrived late the first afternoon and with three local boys.

O'Neal, Gilbert And Brown Join The Union Troops—Three new recruits had been signed up from the Scotts Hill area. They were these: Jefferson Gilbert, Dennis H. O'Neal, only brother of William Leander O'Neal, who had survived the first day's fighting with only two bullet holes in his hat. All three had joined with the agreement it was just for this battle they would be with the Ohio Troops and then transfer back to the Army of Tennessee.

While Grant's headquarters were in Savannah he mentions only that he and the commander of Buell's first division "took their meals in the brick house of a Union man name Cherry, on the bank of the River." In years to come he would be critisized for going back and forth in a river steamer each day. Grant claimed at night he could not stand to see the suffering of the wounded but a writer many years later claimed Grant was a zoophilie and couldn't stand to see horses suffer but the agony of people did not affect him (mgg-248). Grant also admitted later he had deceived by the Confederates, he had meant to attack them, not they, him.

One historian wrote, "that only Sherman's" resistance and rescue by the Army of the Ohio saved the Army of Tennessee from annihilation." It might have been this afternoon that Dennis O'Neal received a wound in his thigh. It must have been before he and the other two got scattered away from each other for Gilbert would a few years later state that he had been a witness and that the wound actually had been received in the Battle of Shiloh.

A Mr. Willie Sloan of Saltillo heard this story from his mother who was ten years old and an eye witness to the arrival of Buell's weary troops in Savannah. She told "They

found the unpaved streets deep in mud. When the officer called, "Halt" the exhausted soldiers simply dropped their blankets and whatever they were carrying in the mud and dropped themselves on it and slept. Some never picked up their blankets when the march on to Shiloh was resumed, feeling they would probably never need them again. Mr. Sloan's grandmother ran a restaurant and many of the troops were in need of food than of sleep and crowded into the restaurant. When they left, her mother's purse was missing, containing fifty dollars. The officers had the gunboats searched but it was not recovered.

Pension Record Of Greene Brown And Other Local People—Greene B. Brown's pension later, gives his service with the 6th Tennessee Cavalry as Private in G. Company as beginning on September 18th of 1862 and ending July 26, 1865. His address was Sardis, Tenn. and his disability chronic neuralgia in the head.

Another who served with the 6th Tenn. Cav. and not mentioned at any other place in this book, was William (Bill?) Anglin. He joined in October of 1862 and served until July 26, 1985. His address was Scotts Hill, Tenn. Henderson Co. and his ailment, chronic bronchitis. (He may have been the "Bill" Anglin said to have been buried at the Bethel Cemetery south of Scotts Hill). Robert W. Eason, Decatur County Pvt. E. Co. 55th Tennessee Inf. Served from Dec. 1, 1861 to June 1, 1863. Had enlisted at Dunbar.
Kennedy, Henderson County Pvt. C. Co. 6th Tenn. Cav. Address Sardis, Tenn. Served from Sept. 18, 1862 to July 26, 1863.

David Jones of Shady Hill Pvt. C. Co. 6th Tenn. Cav. wife, Sarah A., Enlisted Sept. 18, 1862. Andersonville Prison. Death not known.

Two others of Decatur County. James F. Gilberty and William Gilbert were in Andersonville Prison. William died there. Widow, Fannie A. drew pension.

William Austin Scotts Hill, Henderson County. Pvt. H. Co. 6th Tenn. Cav. Served from march 1864 to July 25, 1865.

Allen Austin's Death At Chickamauga

Allen Austin was believed to have been in the Battle of Shiloh and surely was, because William Leander and Alexander Medlin were also in Company D. of the 27th Reg't. His sister, Nancy O'Neal, my great-grandmother always thought he was killed at Shiloh and of course burried in the unmarked grave with the others from the South. She never heard from him again nor did any other members of the large family that she ever knew of. Only many years later when I sent for his General Service Record did I learn that on May 7th-one month after the battle of Shiloh-he was sent to a hospital. The family may have heard of this and taken it for granted it resulted in his death. But the record doesn't tell what hospital nor did the family ever pass the information on down, if they knew. Chickamauga was the bloodiest battle of the whole war. Soldiers were to pay with blood for blunders of commanders. The actual record is this:
Austin, Allen. Pvt. Co. D. 27th Reg't Tennessee Infantry
Date Enrolled. Setp. 2, 1861. For 12 months.
By J.K. Pierce
Muster In Sept. 8, 1861 at Camp Trenton
Paid by A. P. Hall Nov. 1, 1861 (pd. to that date)
Sent To Hospital May 7, 1862.
Paid by Maurice?(name marked out) to Aug. 1, 1862.
Paid by Capt. Dashiel. Dec. 31, 1862 (to that date).
Paid by Capt. Dashiel. Feb. 28, 1863 (to that date).

Paid by Capt. Pilcher June 30, 1863 (to that date).

Killed In The Battle Of Chickamauga-September 19, 1863—In searching for more personal information on this battle, since so little family his story has been handed down, it seems that this description of the hospitals was very similar to that of Shiloh. "The dead were sprawled in the grass and mud beside the road where hospital orderlies had tossed them to lighten their load. . the wounded lying in rows in the rain (always rain after a big battle?) with only a few shreads of canvas for protection, the surgeions working with the celerty of butchers in dimly lighted cabins-the hospital wagons rolling out of the cabin yards, each with a red stain to mark its passing." Allen's record does say he "died in the battle." One can only hope that if he did have to give his life so young it was better to have been before having to witness or undergo the gruesome aftermath described.

Records

The Record Of John J. Austin-Confederate: Austin, John J., d. May, 1917 Married May 12, 1870 to Mary Lucy Swift, b. Henderson Co., May 12, 1852.
1862-Volunteered Co. f. (Biffle), Children 4 boys age 56, 54, 52, 44 and 5 girls age 39, 36, 34, (2 d. infancy).
W. ( ) Duck, Trustee
J. W. Smith, Scotts Hill, Witness
C. C. Thomas Prison Neighbor
Service of B.W. Clermey who joined with John J. Austin and served same period of (time) service, saw John J. Austin dressed in Confederate Uniform. (B.W. Clermey) Co. f Col. Biffle, Tenn. Gov. Partin (also for info to join UDC).

The Record Of Buckner K. Murphy-Union—Murphy, Buckner K., Sgt. Pvt. Co. E & G, 6th Tenn. Gov., Sept. 18, 1862 Enrolled Bethel (Springs) Muster in Boliver and LaGrange., Jn.-Feb. 1863 Sick in Hospital, July 1863 Detached Service, May & June 1864 Present remarks unreadable and $5.05, Apr.-Aug. 1864, Remarks (Stop? for ordiance, Muster) Western Bridle, 92", 1 curry comb, 26., 1 halter & strap 1. 90., 1 Sucingle 1.12, 1 screw driver 37¢, 1 breach wiper 48¢ (all nearly unreadable but it looks like a reorder of the items of May & June.
Jan.-Feb. 1865-Reduced without fault Feb. 28th, from Sgt. Co. C. and transferred to Co. G. by order of Brig. Gen. Andrew Johnson, Mil. Gov. Tenn.
Mar.-Apr. 1865-Pay due as Sgt. Feb. 28th at which time he was reduced without fault. Remarks: Reduced ranks, due to Consolidation, by order Andrew Johnson Mil. Governor. July 26, 1865-Mustered out at Plaski.

The Record Of Clement J. Murphy-Union—Sept. 18, 1862, Murphy, Clement J. Corporal, Muster in Bethel (Spring) age 24, Co. E.G. 6th Tenn. Cov., July 1, 1863 La Grange, Sept.-Oct. 1863, Promoted from Corporal to Sargeant, May-June 1864, Remarks: 1 wedge bridle, 1 curry comb, 1 haltersloap, 1 ham hock, 1 nose bad, 1 sursingle, 1 brush to wipe, Jan.-Feb. 1865-Reduced without fault from Sgt. Co. E and transferred to Co. G. by Milatary Governor Andrew Johnson, Apr.-June 1865-On duty permanent guard herding government cattle 3 miles East of Plaski.

The Record Of Absolem Hart-Union—Hart, Absolem, K & H Co. 7th Cav., Hart, Absolem enlisted at Lexington. Mustered in at Grand Junction Nov. 1, 1863. After enrolling May, 1863. His officer Capt. John W. Beatty., Absolem's discription, age 19, 5 ft. 9 in., blue eyes, fair complexion, Mar. 24, 1864-He was captured at Union City, Remarks-1 pistol , $8.00 lost? Laucho $3.00, Apr. 27, 1865 absent detached at Smith Land by A. O. Mso? Post Hd. No. Paducah, Ky.

The Record Of Byrd Newman-Confederate—Newman, Byrd S. (b. Va.), Co. I52 Tenn. B.J. Lee Col., Capt. Co. A51 Reg. Inf. Vols., B. Bedford Co. Va., Wounded Chicamauga, Georgia, Shot through left leg, (calf), and right foot, all same day and taken prisoner. Futher injury while in prison Island. Caused by a fall on the ice dislocating my hip. Resulting in permant injury. (Has resided in Tenn. about 55 years (1892-55-1827). Capt. W.R. Akins C. 52 Tenn. Reg. Inf. Vols. Asa Holland of Thurman was with him until Battle of Murfeesboro. Same Col. and Reg. was in John Chester's Regiment No. 57 Tenn. Inf. when wounded and captured. Discharged in Georgia. Dr. Roan was reg. surgeon., Back in Tenn,. until close of war., March 6, 1892, J.E. Dees Clerk-Witness, John McMillan-Witness, Scott & Grigg-Witness, T.C. Robinson-Witness; (was from Sugar Tree and in same Co. and Reg.)

Caudle, Newman And Austin At Chicamauga

Two others who had enlisted before Shiloh were also in the Battle of Chicamauga. They were Jesse Benton Caudle and "Capt." Byrd Newman. Mr. Newman was injured in the battle by the explosion of a bomb. Trouble seemed to "come in threes" with him. At another time he stated he was shot through the left leg, and right foot, both the same day and then taken prisoner. As if this were not enough, he received further injury while in prison on ------? Island by falling on the ice and dislocating his hip. One more, George Austin, mentions Chicamauga in his record. Many more stories have been handed down by "Capt'n Newman than by Jesse Benton, althought he too, was imprisoned at Camp Douglas toward the close of the war and held until June 1865.

Capt. Newman and my grandfather "Squire" Murphy used to sit for hours on his front porch (or "piazza") and tell yarns of the Civil War. For Mr. Newman to have undergone the hardships he did it seems incredible that he could have left behind so many jokes and humorous stories. Somehow he could even make suffering sound amusing. For example, he always said that after he started home from the war in his crippled state he made very slow progress. Finally he reached the old Murphy spring west of the log house built by the Revolutionary War Veteran, Daniel Murphy, and just simply sat there and soaked his injured and swollen leg in the spring until finally he could hobble homeward.

He could even discuss ailments and make you laugh. Once Grandma Murphy greeted him with, "Well, how are you and Ms. Newman getting along?" He answered, I have a sore throat and can't talk she is totally deaf with a head cold and can't hear a word" then as an afterthought he added, "We're just having a hell of a time."

Matilda's Confederate Sons

Hark's sister who married Griffin Hasty had two sons in the war, James and Thomas. The Confederates made a stand where a roll of high ground cuts across the valley from mountain to mountain at a place called Fisher's Hill. The actual battle seems to have started in September of 1864. The Confederates were defeated and then the Union army so completely devastated the valley that it was left a blackened ruin, and the inhabitants without food or shelter.

James Hasty's service record would be of great benefit but so little time and so few records of that area are available. It does seem from a brief survey that james Hasty must have been fighting under Jubal Early because we do have a brief account of the action on October 18-19 the date of Hasty's death.

There is so little humorous in any battle with all its death and destruction that one has

to make the most of trifles. This reaction of some Connecticutt politicians was rather amusing. It seems they had come to the Union camp to take the votes of Connecticutt soldiers in the Presidential election. This was after Early had been twice defeated and they were enjoying a leisurely visit and regretting they would not be able to see a battle before they went home. The Union men assured them there was not likely to be any. Early decided to take a risk and early on the cold dawn of October 19th he slipped up and captured, killed, or ran 7,000 of them. The politicians were said to have led the retreat. However, Sheridan recaptured most of his guns and men before night. Jubal Early seems to have been a rather popular hero even this far away. One of Hark's great-grandsons was named Early.

Mr. Frank Egerton of Baltimore Maryland sent pictures of his grandmother and grandfather, Matilda and Griffith Hastie and said he had pictues of both sons who fought in the Civil War.
He wrote of James; "He was wounded at Gettysburg July 1863. He was killed in the battle of Fisher's Hill, Virginia. He is buried at Mt. Jackson, Va. in the Confederate Cemetery. The graves are unmarked but the names are on record. This cemetery in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Thomas Hasty contacted pneumonia while being transferred in an open railway car in the winter time, and died."

Matilda's brother, Aaron Melvin surfaces again in family history. Meanwhile one of the four brothers was now located in the state in which he would spend the remainder of a rather colorful life. While his life itself, might have been rather uninteresting he would be right in the thick of some interesting and exciting action later. He was Brother Melvin who had served in the Mexican War after volunteering on a trip to New Orleans with Wright Scott of Scotts Hill. His record states; "In 1862 he was employed in the quartermaster's Department at Ft. Wingate in building the fort and was paid $30.00 per month. Working about two years."

Melvin's last letter verifies this according to a letter from his niece many years later; "Uncle Melvin (1929) fought through the Mexican War. Then he hired to the government to haul provisions to the standing army on the Mexican border from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In the last letter had from him he had been sick but thought he would be able to drive his team in a few days. Pa (Hark Clenney) never could find out whether he died or the Indians killed him."

Record Of Shadrick Hugh Kennedy

Kennedy, Shadrack Hugh, b. Dec. 6, 1832, married in May 1, 1856, by Lee, Esq, married Martha Jane Caudle, b. Nov. 3, 1837, Children: 7 boys (4 deceased), 4 girls (3 deceased)
**Date of enlistment, or enrollment believed to be Summer of '62, copied from application for pension (found at State Library at Nashville) . . . gunshot wound in leg and horse being shot from under him fell on him . . . 1864 at Spring Hill near Franklin, Tenn. . . the day before the battle of Franklin.

He was left wounded on the ground by (command?) which was on Hood's raid to Nashville. Finally reached home in January in 1865 and was not able for Army service no more till the surrender and that the enemy was all the time between him and his command.

Letter to Capt. John W. Carroll at Henderson, Tennessee to "send letter for 'reppotasion' (reputation?) from you as to my being one of your company-as a soldier."

Letter from J.W. Carroll to Capt. Frank a----? that, "Kennedy was one of the bravest of men and never shirks a duty . . . I know the statement of the wound is correct."

Letter from J.R. Carroll Md. "Shadrack. . suffering from spinal irritation. . . his nerves are so diseased that he shakes like a case of paralysis agitous."

Application: Co (H. . ?) 21st Tennce? Cavalry, Col. A.H. Wilson. Bell's? Brigade & John W. Carroll, Forrest's Cavalry, Summer of 1863 Co. H.

Battles: Jackson, Union City, Fort Pillow, Brice Cross Roads, Oxford, Mississippi, Memphis, Forrest's Raid and wounded at Spring Hill in 1864 (in Middle Tennessee) W.R. Webb served with him and saw him wounded. Said he was always a true soldier.

REBELS BEAT NORTH AT FORT PILLOW—April 12, 1864—"Led by General Nathan Forrest, the Confederate Army smashed the Northern troops earlier today and gained control of strategic Fort Pillow. . . The Union troops were badly outnumbered and surrendered when they saw that the fighting was useless. The Rebel, General Forrest has made quite a name for himself in recent months. . .made it tough for the North. . .He leads his men after the enemy and continues to push down on them, never giving the opposition time to relax. NORTHERN FIGHTERS HAVE COME TO FEAR THE NAME OF GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST."

Copied from "Civil War News" card.

**Uncle Shade's son, Jim Kennedy told that his father tried to stay at home and make a living for his family. But he couldn't see any peace (Guerillas? or recruiting officers? so he decided to go on, fight, and help get the war over with.

SHADRICK HUGH KENNEDY JOINS FORREST—Uncle Shade like so many others in Henderson and Decatur counties, hoped to stay home and look after his family and farm probably also like others hoping it "would be over in sixty days." Whether he heard this description as written in one of Hosea Preslar's sermons or not it well describes how he was said to have felt. Rev. Hosea Preslar wrote, "This is our present condition. There is no peace to him that goes to battle, nor is there any to him that stays at home, but great vexation rests upon us all," James David Kennedy, the youngest son of Uncle Shade told that his father wanted to stay at home and work in peace but they just wouldn't let him see any rest so he just joined Forrest.

The history of General Forrest has been so well written so many times by so many historians that it would be time wasted as well as time-consuming to try to retrace his raids and battles in order to have Uncle Shade's best remembered incidents in chronological order. It is doubtful if one could even find a clue as to where Gen. Forrest was encamped at the time of Uncle Shade's capture and escape from Purdy or probably just as well that he never left any clue as to the owner of the horse that trotted into the stable to him and surrendered. It is just as well that he didn't know the owner that he might have killed-or might not have.

It is easier to trace Forrest's raid from Union City on including places named in Uncle Shade's record. (atsf-map) Even if he didn't mention the capture of Hawkins by Duckworth it has been well chronicaled by many of the prisoners taken by Forrest who were sent to Andersonville Prison. It is described in Mrs. Christie's Morgan family history as George Morgan was one of the prisoners. (March 1864)

This story of Uncle Shade's capture is perhaps the most accurate written account but there have been a few minor variations in other stories but this is basically the main theme of his tale. Once Uncle Shade Kennedy and Bill Hughes (one story just says "another soldier") were captured by the Yankees near Purdy. Uncle Shade believed they were planning to kill them and begged Bill to try to escape but Bill didn't think they would and would not. It was midwinter and there was a big snow on the ground.

Before bedtime Uncle Shade told his guard he "had to be excused" (Aunt Tola told this) and the guard followed him. Uncle Shade had already pulled off his shoes preparing for bed so when he stepped out in the deep snow the guard perhaps thought nothing suspicious. One story has it that he knocked the guard down and started running but this one says Uncle Shade watched his chance and made a break for it. He dashed down a long sloping hill but soon the dogs were on his track and gaining. His son, Jim Kennedy, told that he could have run twice as fast if his feet had only touched the ground a little more often. Finally he reached a fence and perched on the top rail. He started to take hold of a limb of the tree beside it and the limb broke off. By that time the dogs were upon him. He took the dead limb and beat and thrashed at the dogs (standing on the top rail?) until they were halted.

He renewed his flight to freedom again. After he felt he might be safely out of reach of the dogs he started searching for a resting place. He found a forked tree lying half buried in the snow. His bed was made here by digging out the snow from between the forks, sticking his feet as far down as he could, and then covering them and himself with snow. It seems that he told someone it was about as warm as any bed he had slept in for quite a while. He slept until the moon was up and then knew where he was.

He then made his way to a man's house who gave him shoes.

FORT PILLOW—Most of the things remembered by Uncle Shade concerning Ft. Pillow have been verified time after time by historians. He remembered there were black Union Soldiers there and history tells there nearly as many blacks as whites of the nearly 500 stationed there. It was claimed that both had "committed numerous outrages on the surrounding citizens. Also that several barrels of beer and whiskey consumed by them accounted for their erratic behavior during the battle. At first the defenders fired outside from logs, stumps, and thick undergrowth. Finally they were compelled to retire to the fort. Then the logs and stumps gave shelter to the confederate sharpshooters where their "unerring aim soon picked off the commanding officer and then his adjutant. Someone told "they made a wild scattering fight," they would yield and throw down their guns then pick them up and start firing again. Some of Forrests men were said to have been killed by negroes who had surrendered.

fwmf-255 Those not already killed ran down to the bluff and plunged into the river that was colored with blood for about 200 yards. Uncle Shade remembered this also. Forrest was never proven to have given orders to kill the negroes but the infuriated soldiers went after them with "Kill the God dam Negroes, Kill 'em. Forrest's orders to not leave one alive."

Uncle Shade's recollection of this many years later had a rather pathetic effect on his listners. Some colored people who lived in the neighborhood would sometimes visit in his home to borrow something and stay a little while. Uncle Shade as will everybody if they live long enough, began to get slightly senile and would talk to himself. The sight of negroes would always remind him of Ft. Pillow. He sat there by the fireside and began sort of mumbling to himself getting louder and louder until he came out with "Kill the damm negroes, kill 'em all. They quietly picked up whatever they had borrowed and left.

BRICE CROSS ROADS—The Battle of Parker's Cross Roads is found under "Ingersol's Capture."—In June of 1864 there was the Battle of Brice Cross Roads where he told of going two days and nights without food. In this attack which was ordered before Bell's Brigade "was within supporting distance. . .the troopers leaped through the fence and with a wild yell (the famous "Rebel Yell"?) rushed toward the Union line. Also it is described as "one of the most fiercely contested short encounters of the . . .the two lines struggled with the ferocity of wild beasts."

This is a description of hand to hand combat: Uncle Shade's record does mention Oxford, Mississippi and Memphis with Forrest whose route shows his presence in August of 1864. Then in October, Forrest made his fourth trip into West Tennessee. On 29th he was moving from Columbia "toward Spring Hill rapidly, with his entire command." Because of so many skirmishes at this time it is almost impossible to pinpoint the exact time and place of Uncle Shade's company when he was wounded but the following clues will help. Briefly, the first skirmish Forrest had encountered was Union Pickets two miles from Spring Hill. Heavy skirmishing-Federals stood their ground-Forrest dismounted his entire command and dislodged the enemy-ordered to press the enemy.

"Courier sent for Gen. Buford to dispatch a mounted regiment at once, and this, the twenty-first Tennessee (Uncle Shade's) Under Col. Wilson, coming in sight, Forrest ordered a Charge," the fight by this time had become general," as Forrest received word from Gen. Hood to hold his position because (Hood's) infantry column was rapidly approaching". . ."Bell's Brigade (Uncle Shade's) having arrived it was deployed immediately and ordered to attack." Bell reported only four rounds of ammunition for each man but ordered to charge, anyway.

The infantry column never arrived. It was said they lost here one of the most brilliant opportunities ever offered a commanding officer. This was presumably the skirmish where Uncle Shade received his wound, although there were other skirmishes. As he tells it: He had a gun shot wound in the leg. . .his horse being shot from under him, fell on him. . .1864 at the Battle of Spring Hill near Franklin, Tennessee. He was left on the ground by the command (as dead?) which was on Hood's raid to Nashville. Finally he reached home in January of 1865 and was not able for Army service anymore till the surrender, and that the enemy was always between him and his command.

Uncle Shade also wrote Capt. Carroll at Henderson for a recommendation "as my being one of your companys soldiers." The letter from Carroll to Frank A.----? "Kennedy was one of the bravest of men and never shrinks a duty. . .I know the statement of the wound is correct."

All West Tennessee soldiers were granted a 30 days furlough (but didn't know on the way home whether people they met were friends or foes). They were to report back at West Point, Mississippi. Some did and some didn't and partly as Uncle Shade told. "The enemy between them and" most any direction they tried to go. Some history tells the soldiers had to take the Oath of Allegiance or go to prison in Nashville.

Random Notes On Brown, Medlin and Mayo

Not realizing how much light the records of Owen Mayo, Greene Brown, and Alec Medlin would have shown on records of William Leander and Dennis O'Neal at the time, I failed to look at their Civil War records at the State Archives. However, Mrs. Wildon Medlin the wife of a descendent of Alexander Medlin did order his record and not surprising, she found it marked "deserted." It would be a safe bet that Greene Brown's record is also marked deserted as Tom Gilbert's was when he transferred to the Tennessee Cavalry.

GEORGE AUSTIN—Further research would be most interesting if time permitted, on Uncle George Austin's service under Forrest. History tells Forrest would hardly camp at night unless he got in the neighborhood of the enemy or knew where they were encamped. So that fits in with the story of Uncle George's punishment. He tried to either kill a hog or was it a coon? By knocking it in the head with a club. He wasn't having any luck so he grabbed his gun and shot it. General Forrest had him tied up by his thumbs with his toes barely touching the ground for a while to break him "from

wasting ammunition." Uncle Jim Kennedy thought, another safe bet would be that they were encamped within earshot of the enemy and knew a shot would betray their presence.

AUSTIN, MURPHY AND INGERSOLL—It seems also that Uncle George was in the battle somewhere in the mountains where the army rolled stones down the mountain side on the enemy. John Tye Murphy also told of this but it is very doubtful if he were a participant. I have also heard Grandfather Murphy tell of Ingersoll's beliefs and of his capture but Uncle George Austin is the only one known to me who remembered his capture out from Lexington and witnessed it in Dec. 1862.

GEORGE W. AUSTIN—Co. G. 2nd Ark. Reg. Vol., 1861 Born Marshall County, Miss. 1843, 1861 Enlist Winter of 1861, Battles; Chickamauga, Franklin, Jackson, Miss. and others, Sounded at Kennesaw Mountain, Ga. (a minnie ball in the right hip), 1865 Parolled by Fedrals at Raleigh, N.C., Resides t Pipkin Tennessee (since then Cedar Grove).

Pension Application—From W.B. Lee's letter. "This is a just claim. He was sick when the army surrendered in N.C. and started home and "gave out" was left in Georgia. Three weeks, on the Mississippi and lay sick 6 weeks. Then home to Scotts Hill.

From J.F. Austin, age 49, "at close of war, Mr. Austin came to my father's house from his return from the war. He "staid" at my father's for two weeks and was sick, in a very bad condition and said he contracted his disease in the army. I know of twelve years at one time, he was not able to do anything, whatsoever.

George Austin Remembers Ingersol

The grandfather of Mr. Herbert Austin of Reagan may have considered the capture of Ingersol the most memorable of his service with Gen. Forrest because he after the Civil War he would cross this Beech "Creek" many times on his way to Lexington. "Uncle George" Austin as he was affectionately known was not the uncle of any Austin nor was he even remotely related to our Henderson County Austins. He had been born in Marshall County, Mississippi in 1843.

He enlisted with the Arkansas Volunteers in 1861 and was with Gen. Forrest in Chickamauga, Franklin, Jackson, Mississippi and was finally wounded down in Georgia. And he remembered Beech Creek where the Yankees had taken all the plank from the bridge floor and Forrest's men had to take rails from a nearby fence and replace them before they could pursue Col. Ingersol.

This future famous lecturer was an infidel or agnostic denying the existence of God or an agnostic claimng that God is unknowable, even at that early date he was known to doubt the existence of hell. This caused one of Forrest's men to remark after the skirmish and Ingersol's capture that if he didn't believe in hell "we have convinced him there was something mighty close to it."

In 1865 he was residing at Pipkin, Tenn. (today's Cedar Grove) and had become uncle by marriage to a great many. His wife was Lydia Kennedy Nails widow of the Bill Nails killed by the Guerillas when Jim Kennedy, Lydia's brother was killed. Both are buried at Doe Creek. Some of the recommendations written when he applied for a pension, gives some idea of the hardships endured during the Civil War.

". . . . he was sick when the army surrendered in N.C. and started home. He 'gave out' and was left in Georgia. . .three weeks. . .then on to Mississippi and lay sick six weeks, then came to Scotts Hill."—This was from the letter of W.B. Lee's.

"At the close of war Mr. (George) Austin came to my father's house from his return

from the war. He 'staid' at our house for two weeks and was very sick. . .not able to do anything whatever" (his wound was a minnie ball in the right hip). This was from the letter of J.F. Austin's

As for that smart lawyer, Col. Robert G. Ingersol, he became a famous lecturer. He must have been better liked than many Union Officers. Only a few vague recollections can be offered to bolster my argument. One being a conversation between my grandfather, John Tye Murphy, and a visitor discussing Ingersol's lectures. It must have been a debate between him and another smart speaker as I recall my grandfather's remark that if that speaker couldn't get ahead of Ingersol, he himself would sure hate to try it."—This is from the letter of J.F. Austin's.

Another illustration is the story written by Robert Self Henry tell how Ingersol lost all his money in a poker game with his captors and was staked with money so that he could keep on playing, while he was prisoner at Lexington. Somewhere I heard or read that Ingersol read that story of his loan and promptly sent a check to the man to repay it. Probably Ingersol's lectures helped keep his memory alive in the South. One more who had also a personal contact with him as related in the History of Henderson County by Auburn Powers was his grandfather Powers. He was standing beside Ingersol when captured. (hhc-50)

Secret Service, Detached Service And Desertions

The term "secret service" as used in America has also undergone a great transformation of meaning since the Civil War when "special service" or "detached service" meant practically the samething.

It seems that on the faded microfilm records there was some reference to a John Murphy being "on detached service" and sent to Island No. Tenn. It may have been the wrong Murphy's record or a part of the omitted information replaced with the typed condenced version.

DEFECTORS TO THE NORTH—Many deseerters were willing to enlist in the Union Army, and before 1864 ended it was ordered that all such should be sent to fight the Indians-it would go very hard with them if the army from which they deserted should recapture them." All this is mostly intended as groundwork for future research. Murphys was marked "deserted" about seven weeks after the Battle of Shiloh. Then from Civil War Prisons, this explanation: "Confederates parolling men after the battle of Shiloh, then their own line discharging them caused loss of men for the service." (one might add, and caused many labeled deserters).

But back to this puzzling lapse of time from after the Battle of Shiloh when his life was submerged in mystery until it resurfaced with a family named Jones in Charleston Missouri. It simply must be filled with something. Nature abhors a vacuum and so does a genealogist but sometimes there is very little we can do about it.

JOHN MURPHY 27th Inf.—This first mystery can only be filled in with unanswered questions. The Tennessee 27th infantry moved in November of 1861 to Columbus, Kentucky. Time is not available for research of his original record but unless it was another John Murphy's record, it seems that he was admitted to a hospital either in Columbus or Perryville, Kentucky. One reason it seemed doubtful that it was his record was that he never seemed to mention being in Kentucky. In retrospect the memories of his first day of Shiloh and that awful night may have sort of blotted out memories of any minor engagements or earlier skirmishes.

This after Shiloh a long gap and puzzling period follows giving room for many rumors,

conjecture, and guesswork. Just as Tom Gilbert got "deserted" on his record when he transferred to the Tennessee Cav. from the Ohio Army, so did Murphy when he showed up with the 21st Reg't in the Mississippi Infantry, but too faded to read any of the writing. He is marked "deserted with the Tenn. 27th on May 30 but absent or deserted," on the muster roll of June 25 from the 2nd Div. 1st. Corps., Army of the Mississippi but a form of the 27th Reg't Tenn. Company D. But this is what gives food for thought. Still typed on a form of 27th Inf. is "J. Murphy sent from Pittsburg Landing to St. Louis, Mo. June 1862 Deserter." The "deserter" in quotation marks is still an unexplained mystery. (See typewriter story of 1874)

BENTON BARRACKS—If Murphy were taken as prisoner-of-war when he was "incarsarated" at Purdy, he might have been one of the following prisoners: "The U.S. established Camps of instruction at Annapolis, Camp Chase, and Benton Barracks in Missouri. The Shiloh Prisoners were the first to come under this order and were sent to Benton Barracks."

"THE DESERTERS"—The Mystery of Murphy's Desertion—John Tye Murphy never denied that he deserted nor did he ever affirm it, that I recall. If he left any details as to why, where or how it all happened no descendent remembers it now. His daughter, Sarah Murphy O'Neal, once remarked that he was once put in prison at Purdy. When she ask why, he only laughed and said, "Oh, drunk, I guess." Since she grew up at a time when that was about all young men got locked up for she never dreamed that it might have been as prisoner-of-war. As far as drinking was concerned during a war it seems that an army not only travels on it's stomach as Napoleon once said, but that stomach is usually full of alcohol.

Pearl Scott once mentioned that Grandpa Murphy could never eat a certain kind of peas because when he and a man were lost off from the army, they had to live for awhile on green peas. Surely green peas would have been unthinkable around April 7th after the Battle of Shiloh. It is doubtful if they were even planted by then.

GROUNDWORK LAID FOR FUTURE RESEARCH—"Desertion" on Murphy's record of May 30th probably only means that he was still missing from the Battle of Shiloh, in 27th Inf.

Q. Could he still have been a prisoner of the Yankees in the Purdy Jail?
A. They did take prisoners after Shiloh and sent them to Benton Barracks, Missouri. It was too early for him to have been eating the green peas he complained of.
Q. Could he have reached Charleston, Missouri afoot?
A. Not likely.
Q. Then if the John Murphy sent to Island No.10 on "detached service " was the right record and the right Murphy how would he have reached his destination?
A. Forrest managed to cross the Tenn. River undetected by the Yankees. Surely it could have been managed some way.
Q. Suppose if by boat-surely it was-and he didn't know until the boat docked at Charleston, Missouri that Island NO.10 had already fallen to the Yankees, what would have been the logical thing for him to do?
A. Get away as soon as possible.
Q. Suppose the Yankees capturing him at Shiloh had held him prisoner at Purdy until now June 1862 and send him to their prison at Benton Barracks, Missouri? By boat from Pittsburg landing. What should he do?
A. Get off the boat the first chance which might not have come until docked at Charleston, Missouri.
Q. And Then What?
A. Hunt for someone in sympathy with the South, and this may have been the time he and another man "lay out" and lived on green peas so long that he could never

stand the sight of them. Now back to some concrete evidence:

snl-48—After the War John Tye Murphy spent two or more years with a Jones family near Charleston, Missouri. He worked for them. When he went to mill for the man they went in a skiff on the river and was told that at one spott here was quick-sand where cows had been known to mire up and completely disappear in it. (I can recall hearing him tell that) The Jones family was Catholic.

(With apologies to Kipling) There are many, many tracks on which to trace your family back. You finally go along and find that most of them were wrong.

O'Neal's "Desertion" And Homecoming

The only other romance besides that of the Murphys even hinted at was that of Nancy Austin and John Kennedy, known as "Humpy" John. Whether their "courting" was more than a glance and smile across the room at a "play-party" is doubtful as both married to others and had several children by the time Civil War started. It is not known which side John Sympathized with but his relative, Isaac Kennedy, married to Millie O'Neal, sister to Bill, had joined the Union Forces. Nancy's husband, Bill, had now ended his first years service with the Confederacy.

Since William Leander O'Neal and Alexander Medlin had enlisted at the sametime and were in the same company likely they had stayed pretty much together during their year of enlistment. The fact the year with no pay, had expired now alone was cause enough for Alec to "eye Bill like a hawk" to see what he was now going to do. It was obvious Bill's Malaria was making him a liability rather than an asset and besides, on the beginning descharges were handed out rather freely. "The Confederate authorities were not particularly fond of having. . .maimed or sickly or any kind of cripples on the fighting line and a discharge was easy."

No satisfactorly explanation has been found of why any man was not free to go home after his term of enlistment had expired. So when Bill's commanding officer told him one morning to go ahead home and that he would give him a discharge. His recurrences of Malaria Fever not improving. (E.W. Grove, son of the James H. Grove who fiddled while Forrest's men danced at Coldwater, Mississippi, had not patented "Grove's Chill tonic yet)

His commanding officer had told him he could go home but his problem now was to get home in the shape he was in. He was said to have been discharged in the "lower counties." It doesn't say if in Tennessee or Mississippi. He could tell Alec Medlin had made up his mind to leave also. Bill waited around all day and nearly night he slipped away. He hadn't gone far until Alec caught up with him. It was a case of the "best of times and the worst of times." He might never have reached home without his help yet regarding Alec as a "deserter" made them have to "lie out" in the woods and travel by night. Actually, there was danger in being captured by the Yankees, too. They couldn't go to a house for help either.

Alec did most of the foraging around for food and tried to be as helpful as he possibly could. Bill was not able to travel when his fever came up after having a chill. Often it wouldn't leave until he "sweated it off" during the night sometimes leaving him pretty hungry as well as extremely weak the next morning.

One fall morning after his fever had left him Alec awoke him saying "Breakfast is ready." He opened his eyes and saw Medlin standing there with a hat full of ripe paw paws. He never forgot that. Somehow in Alec's foraging around he must have found a family he either knew or could trust so he got them to take Bill in until he could get back to Henderson County and let Bill's family know where he was.

He finally reached the home of Nancy O'Neal and delivered the good news. Then the problem arose, how to possibly get him home. Most of the horse stock had been taken by the army even the rims of wagons had been collected up by Forrest at one time to melt for needed iron. Finally someone remembered that Mr. John Kennedy still had been allowed to keep his wagon and team. So that settled it. Their childhood romance at least for Nancy, had a very happy ending in their old age when John drove to the "lower counties" and brought her invalid husband home.

—Personal Note—

I recall my great-great-grandmother telling and laughing at how their two youngest sons hid behind the headboard of the bed because they were so afraid of him in his uniform.

A descendent told of Alec's record being marked "deserted" even though his term of enlistment had expired and he had never received any pay for any of his time. But imagine how I felt then finding my great-grandfather's record also marked "deserted." He never did dream there was any need to hide and no one ever seemed to check on him.

CHARGE "DESERTION" REMOVED—1863 April 30, Randal D(avid?) Jones enrolled at Lexington, Tenn. 7th Cavalry joined Co. E. 6th?
1864 Jan. 15, he had been given permission to visit his home for a day or two. He could not rejoin his company at expiration of his leave on account of guerillas. Joined Co. E. 6th?. Remained on duty there until Feb. 7th. He then rejoined his company and was captured at Union City.
1865 Mar. 11, mustered out. Charged of "desertion" removed. 7th Cav. New order? Adm?

LETTER FROM EB. LEE—Quotation from a letter by Ebenezer Lee june 30, 1870 (Evidentally referring to earlier proof by Thomas Gilbert and Greene Brown as to the disability of Dennis O'Neal). . .the only means of proof in the power of claimant. This may be objected to as these witnesses may be marked as deserters from said company. But by examining the records. . .you will find that they, Greene Brown and Thomas Gilbert were honorably discharged in Co. C. 6th Reg't Tenn. Vols. "The identical same men who temporarily served with the Ohio Vols on April 6th and 7th and was present at the time Dennis O'Neal was wounded. (GSR-1870)

THE DESERTION OF DENNIS—Wounded the first day at Shiloh. Sent to Gen. Hosp. till July. Aug '62 dropped by order No. 14 (?) May '63 returned from "desertion." From that date till Dec. '63 five recorded "absents" four of them "sent to hospital," two said "Memphis." After his death Elizabeth told he spent 18 months at home convalescing from his wound. May have stayed home and reported back to hospital on, dates.

"DESERTION" AFTER ENLISTMENTS WITH TENN. CAVALRY—Gilbert, John J., Corporal, Appears on roll Sept., Oct. 1863—Furnish horse and equipment. Rec'd payment Annapolis Md. P.O.W., Parolled. Savannah River was? Captured at Union City 2? Enrolled Lexington, Tennessee. Furnished June 1863 horse and equipment from enlist to? present date?
Gilbert, John D. P.O.W.
Gilbert, Thomas J., deserted from 46th Ohio Inf. Apr. 16, 1863 (Shortly after enlistment with O'Neal and Brown with the understanding they fight with the Ohio only for the Battle of Shiloh then transfer to the Army of Tennessee.) Enlisted in this organization in violation of the 50th Article of War. April 1863 (enlistment enrolled Henderson County, Tennessee. Furnished horses. Mch? 1864 Captured. Exchanged & Rec'd 2 mo. pay Annapolis, Md. Corporal.

Apr. 25, 1865 discharged. (Enlistment Henderson Tenn. Lexington.)
Aug. 9, 1865 muster roll Nashville. Discharged Jeffersonville, Ind. Disability. "Determination of identity with man of same name in Co. F. 46th Ohio Inf. (removed?) of charge of desertion as of that argn? No trace? Made? of relation to same.

DECEMBER 16, 1918—Typed (Typewriters were not manufactured until about 1876) "Additional evidence to the deponent? that Thos. J. Gilbert who servd as a Pvt. Co. F. 46th Ohio Vols Inf. identical with Thos. J. who served with Co. J. & G. 7th Tenn. Cav.

The above is an example of the many "desertions" found on records of soldiers of both sides. A guide at Shiloh once told that Southerners were poor record-keepers because they expected the war "to be over in sixty days." Research proves the Northerners weren't but very little better. Had Dennis O'Neal not casually mentioned in his application for a pension that he, John Gilbert, and Greene Brown had enlisted with the understanding they would fight with the Ohio Vols. only until after the coming Battle of Shiloh and then transfer to the Army of Tennessee, Gilbert's "desertion" might never have been explained.

"DESERTERS"—William H. (Henry?) Jones was another who was marked "deserted." August 21st then returns October 28, 1863. Surely that is proof he returned home to help gather crops and fully intended to come back-and probably had permission from someone.

This Randal D. (David?) Jones)Surely a brother-in-law of Mark Mooney who owned land adjoining Arch Jones) was given two days leave to go home and could not rejoin his company "on account of guerillas." He remained about a month and then rejoined his company just in time to get captured at Union City. Charges of desertion were removed when he mustered out in 1865.

MOONEY, MARK ON DETACHED SERVICE—Mark Mooney did not enlist until Nov. of 1862. He was feeding the hogs when he heard the first sound of Shiloh's cannons. Then on December 15 he was sent on "detached service" to the Tennessee River. (smcw-16) This really meant "secret service" during this war. "Special order No.L2)or 72?) "Jan. 12, 1863 he was still "absent on detached service." Oral history is that he went to Illinois and while up there died with measles. Was this a part of his "secret service" and did he go up on a boat on the river? In May '63 he is marked "absent without leave" at Boliver on one page and "deserted" on another. Then on the Muster-out roll at Pulaski he is marked "present." Is it likely that one soldier might answer for the name of another? The answer to the blank, when last paid? "never." His widow never could clear up the "desertion" and always until the war ended probably thought he died in service-which he did, if his "detached service" on the river included a trip to Illinois. Dorothy Ann not knowing this never got a widow's pension. Many neighbors thought he went to Illinois "to keep from fighting the war." It may have been an excuse he used to hide his real purpose, if a part of his "secret service" for the Union.

WINCHESTER "DESERTED" BUT RETURNED AFTER MUSTER—Winchester, D(aniel?) W/a, age 24 (b. Ca. 1837). Appears on muster roll at Camp Trenton Aug. 26, 1861. Enrolled for 12 months. Private Company K? Capt. A.M. Johnson's company. On the muster roll for Nov. and Dec. But under remarks has "deserted" then below "returned since muster was made." No further record is found. (The cover has 'Company B. 27th Infantry') except he was discharged April 23, and last paid April 28, 1862. When the count showed three-fourths of Gen. Braggs men missing. Surely this is documentary evidence enough to prove Perry Houston Murphy was right when he claimed that not answering roll call was not counted desertion.

While gathering material on Civil War soldiers at the State Archives, I had no

intention whatever in ferreting out the deserters on either side. However, I did mean to confine my research to relatives and their friends who fought on both sides and about whom I knew much of their records from family history. It was surprising how and why some people ended up with "deserted" on their records. I remembered once a guide at Shiloh museum told the South had poor record-keepers. After what I have found I see the North must have thought it would be over in sixty days, also. It makes one wonder if it was a policy of each army to find some excuse to et "deserted" on every possible record to hold against the few survivors who might apply for a pension afterwards.

Tennesseans in the Civil War reports the 27th's original strength was 833 men but upon arrival in Columbus, Kentucky it had already lost 253 and then after the Battle of Shiloh reported only 226 left, a loss of nearly three-fourths of its original strength. It seems that Winchester was one of the three-fourths missing who returned after muster.

Andersonville Prison Established February-1864

Henry Jones Enlistments And Death

Jones, William H. (Henry?) b. Henderson County-Enlists at Scotts Hill. Enrolled by John T. Wallace, for 3 years. For Henderson County. June 27, 1863 he was at Grand Junction, Tenn. Here he is listed as Private in K. Company of 7th Cavalry. (Hurst's?) Occupation, Musician. (Surely this is the ultimate proof that he was the brother of Arch Jones and was one of his band of musicians who made the music for the boat excursions). Two months later, Aug. 21, 1863 he is listed deserted. Then in two more months Oct. 28, 1863 he returned. (A Mr. John? Lassiter brought the news to Aunt Martha Jones Scott's family that when he last saw Henry at Andersonville he was thin as a bone or was gnawing on a bone, probably both. Said he moved him over near the wall where he had a sort of shade and left him.) On Nov. 25, 1864 he died in Savannah, Georgia, a prisoner-of-war.

(asaa-278)". . .rival governments worked out a deal for the exchange of certain prisoners who were too ill to fight but not too sick to travel." This evidentally was the reason Mr. Lassiter was released from there. This was evidentally when Mr. Lassiter who was able to travel was released and saw Henry Jones for the last time. This would have been probably in the latter part of 1864 as Andersonville was not established until February of this year.

MILITARY PRISON AT NASHVILLE—The story of Mr. John D. (Jack) Brigance has a very sad ending also. He enlisted Oct. 3, 1861 in Brown's 55th Tennessee Infantry at Trenton. He went through the entire war but was captured in February of 1865. He was placed in the military prison at Nashville. may 16, 1865 (after the surrender in April) he was sick and not able to come home. He died on August 20th.

GEORGE MORGAN'S EXPERIENCE IN ANDERSONVILLE—George Washington Morgan was born in Graves County, Kentucky in 1839 and came with his parents to Decatur County at the age of five. He grew up near Peace Chapel community nearly two miles from the home of Sandy and Cindy Medlin. He had some schooling in Nashville but after the Civil War broke out he enlisted at Jackson with the 7th Cavalry in 1862. He was one of the men captured at Union City in 1864 and sent to Andersonville Prison.

He learned it was called "The slaughter pen" and known as one of the worst. He was ready to believe it when he and some other prisoners were lined up before a firing squad to be shot. The bullet went all the way through his arm and

lodged in a prisoner three rows behind him. George pretended he was hurt much worse than he was and they thought he was going to die. When the exchange of "prisoners able to travel but too sick to fight" for those captured by the Union Army, he was one of the lucky ones. It seems that he spent some time in a military hospital in Ohio and then returned to active duty until the end of the war.

Five months after he was discharged, April 9, 1865, he married Susannah Elizabeth Medlin, daughter of Sandy and Cindy Austin Medlin, whose brother, Dock Medlin living in the old house near the interesection of Liberty and Clifton roads and later sold to Samuel Minton. Their marriage was on Jan. 4, 1866.

My grandmother, who was first cousin to Elizabeth told on remembeing a visit to her house when she was planning her wedding. Viola was only a very small child but Elizabeth showed her some dishes she had bought or been given, for her home. Viola remembered the small salt "shakers" (we call today) it seems that they called them "salt cellars" back then. Grandma said she just sat there thinking how nice they would be to have in her playhouse.

George taught school in a log church in the community of what become known as Peace Chapel, for two terms and the birth of two children. The children were Lucinda Elender Oct. 29, 1867? and William Sherman born Jan. 15, 1868. Then he sold his farm to his brother, Frank Morgan a preacher, and moved to Howell County, Missouri in the fall (See letters of Feb. 11, 1876 from George Morgan and one May 14, 1876 from Cindy Medlin to Susanna Clenney and family.)

A hundred years later or more, a descendent would find that James Perry Morgan, a younger son of George had a drawing of Andersonville Prison made while he was there. Perry was urged to have copies made for the family and turn the original over to a museum or library.

PRISONER AT CAMP DOUGLAS—Caudle, Jesse Benton, farmer; son of Absalom and Mary (Haney) Caudle; received education in the country schools of Henderson County, Tennessee ; married twice, first, Jane Riley, Oct. 7, 1867, second, Mattie Whitten, Sept., 1887. Enlisted Aug. 1861 as private in Company D. 27th infantry, serving to the end of the war. Faught under General Johnson and Hood in Battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga; campaigned from Chattanooga to Atlanta and went back to Franklin with General Hood; taken prisoner Dec. 23rd and held at Camp Douglas to June 1965; Is a Master Mason, member U.C.V. held office of Justice of Peace, Obion County, Tenn. 1885-1906; Democrat; Prohibionist; member Associate Reformed Presbeterian Church, having served as elder for 30 years.
Another early volunteer was John D. Brigance "Jack." He enlisted at Trenton, Tennessee and died in a military prison.

Horse Thieves And Dancers Too

YOU OLD HORSE THIEF!—To address a wartime buddy like that with a friendly pat on the back may have been quite a complement during the Civil War depending entirely on whose horse was stolen. In Wayne County adjoining Decatur, the inhabitants had literally been stripped of good stock before Forrest and his men had reached the crossing but one captain's horse had gone lame and having marched 500 miles in 23 days they were in no mood for a friendly argument with any prospective trader.

SALLY'S PET COLT—Finally they found a three-year-old animal which they explained to the mother and six or seven grown daughters that they would exchange as the Captain's horse would be alright with a few days rest in a pasture. They all objected strenuously to the trade, it seems that the daugher, Sally, had claimed it since a colt. The men started to take it anyway and suddenly the heated argument became a "free for all" fight, with pinching, twisting, clutching and Sally leaping astride the colt in an effort to run from them. It didn't work. The Captain lifted her gently down and as the others continued to defend him from their fast and furious attack, he placed a bit in the colt's mouth and fastened the girth mounted and rode away with the others.

It was told by one of Forrest's men that to get the horses across the river into Decatur County he held the bridle up close to the bits to keep the horse's nose out of the water while two others took their places at the oars and paddled across.

GRANNIE AND THE YANKEE—While guerillas took whatever they could they may have got the blame for many stolen horses that they did not deserve. For one thing, they had to "lie out" in the woods and thickets to escape detection but probably did need horses whenever they made a raid. It was far more likely to have been Yankee cavalrymen and might have been even some of Hurst's men, rather than a guerilla as Martha Caudle Kennedy's story goes.

Anyway, the man came for her fine mare out in the pasture. He, one story goes, tried all threats, persuasion, and sales talk that he could think of and finally thinking he had her out talked, went off into the pasture with a bridle and bits. Grannie had a bad dog called Lion. The man brought the mare by the house and she begged and argued again that the mare was hers. It was having no effect on them. She happened to notice the bridle or bit in the horses mouth was not securely fastioned. She suddenly jerked it off and hissed old Lion on him. The mare lunged away and the man even faster. But the sad ending is that he came back later and did get Aunt Martha's mare.

FIELDING HURST'S MEN—This information from a Mr. Whitman the grandson of Addie O'Neal. During the Civil War Fielding Hurst was about to take the horses from Kennedy's (Grannie ? or some of the Kennedys nearer Cedar Grove ?) near Doe Creek. They went to O'Neal's and stayed all night. Then they tried to take their horses but O'Neal? told him, if we can't make a crop, you'll have nothing to eat. That's why the O'Neals were allowed to keep the stock and raise a crop, they helped feed Fielding Hurst's army. The same band (Hurst's) killed a Smith-Mrs. Whitman's great-grandfather. (This really requires further research. None of Uncle Den O'Neal's nor of Bill O'Neals were old enough to farm much, but Millie O'Neal Kennedy and husband must have been the ones.)

THE SCOUT REMOUNTS—Once on a scouting assignment Uncle Shade found himself in a strange barn lot with the sound of hoof-beats in the distance. He just had time to duck into a stable before an armed rider approached. He never did tell but whether he was here to get information or had his horse shot from under him, he saw he was caught. And he was armed too. He had no earthly means of escaping. As the rider came within a few yards of the stable Uncle Shade seeing they were headed directly to his hide-out placed the gun between the logs of the front wall of the stable and drew a bead on him. He pulled the trigger, the man toppled to the ground, and the horse trotted leisurely on into the stable. Quick as a flash Uncle Shade mounted the

horse and made a break for the door. He never did even know if his shot was fatal. He never knew the man nor did he ever try to find out. It seems that he told however, that it was the best horse he ever owned.

In Forrest's Cavalry left most of the Cavalrymen afoot it was nothing more than their patriotic duty to get remounted as soon as possible by whatever means. One was imagine the epithet, "You old horsethief" was never used in a derogatory sense back then.

Nor was it likely to have been one in the Union's Cavalry. This is what the Union Officer, Rosecrans, replied when ask if there were any horses left in the country for Forrest to steal, "There are some for Forrest but if we can get a start we mean to steal them first." Small wonder that Great-Grandfather Arch Jones kept his fine mare hidden in a thickett.

YES, DANCES TOO!—It was said that as our troops moved into captured towns during the war with Mexico, about the first thing they would do was set up an outfit for making pictures and have a street dance. This may have worked so well down there it was tried on the beginning of the occupation forces in different places in Tennessee.

Friday morning June 6, 1862 Memphis had been occupied and a Union man wrote home about a dance. It could have been that he was invited to a dance by local people but it seems more likely to have been a street dance. He tells that at "a ball the other evening" he invited a pretty lady to dance and she answered that it was, "against her principals to dance with a Federal Soldier."

All this is by way of introduction to the story of Arch and his violin. In my heart I'm sure it is true as no one who ever knew Ida Scott could doubt her honesty. These above stories prove that dancing does continue for awhile on the beginning of a war, at least. For the victors it may continue on but for the vanquished it's a different story. Anyway, Arch was playing for a dance, presumably street dance, in Jackson and near the courthouse which history records was used as a prison for citizens as well as captured Confederates. A prisoner lay there listening to the music. He kept thinking that the violin certainly sounded familiar. Finally he recognized it as coming from none other than the violinist, Arch Jones. He may have been one who heard him play for dances on the boat, if so, it must have been "sorrow's crown of sorrow remembering happier times with these days of sorrow and uncertainity at hand. He probably had no idea at that time what the morrow would bring whether he would live through another day and if so, through the war. But he did, and lived to tell Arch how he recognized his music without even being able to see him.

Another dance story belonging around this time with no accurate date except by comparison to the persons involved. Viola Clenney wasn't too old b. 1863 to sit "in the lap" of Elmira Muse and her brother, William Parley Clenney, was getting old enough to be attractive to girls (b. 1849). She Tells, "A girl, Elmira Muse visited Arch Jones and family. . .she was from St. Louis. I think her mother was Arch Jones' sister. . .she had been writing to her relatives out there and decided to make a visit. She and another girl came horseback all the way from St. Louis."

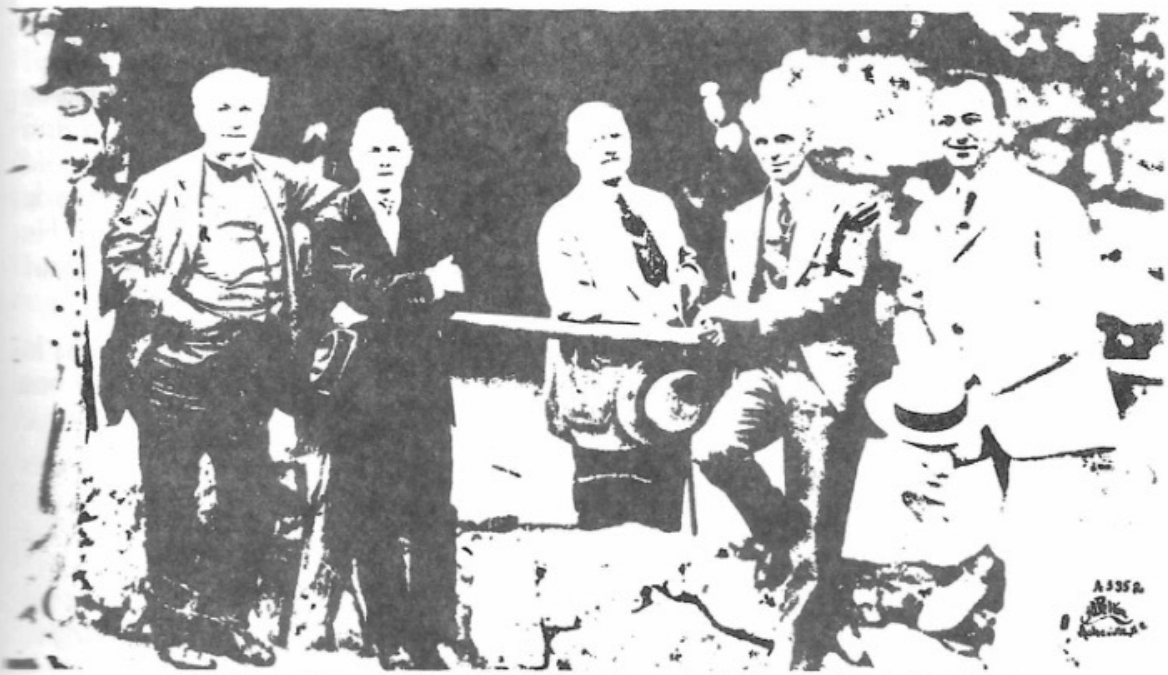
Arch must have persuaded Rachel to let the young folks have a sort of "play-party" if not an outright dance, which she may have had qualms about. Viola told that sort of "took a liking" to Uncle Parley and he was about the age when he was thinking of "sparking 'or' courting" the girls, himself. They were going

around in a circle part of a dance or play-party either but one can bet, with some lively stepping. Suddenly Elmira's ruffled and founced petticoat at least one of them dropped to the floor. Elmira simply kicked it behind the door as she passed-probably never even missing a step-and picked it up afterwards to put back on. She wanted Uncle Parley to come and visit her in St. Louis and took Viola up in her lap and told her she would buy her a new dress if she would come, too. She said she knew every store in St. Louis.

During the winter of 1863-64 one company of Forrest's men was quartered in a vacant storehouse at Coldwater, Mississippi. The cold weather with almost impassable muddy roads made a Federal attack very unlikely. Their duties of woodcutting, grooming the horses, and repairing equipment still left idle time on their hands. Playing poker was one way to pass the time but there were-and always are-a few musicians who materialize out of the thin air in army times like these ESPECIALLY thinking a peace treaty might soon be signed.
One can imagine how hungry the men get for a sound more melodious than the whistle of bullets and roar of the cannon. So what better place for music than this empty building and no better place for practicing dancing. They may have been expecting the leave they would be given soon in Hardeman County with many dances. One musician who seems to have been outside this company, anyway, and had once been in the army. The story goes that "He concluded that he couldn't kill'em all anyway" and was now following more peaceful pursuits including avoiding the recruiting officer. It seems this would have been a poor place to hide but Forrest's officers may have thought a musician that good would make a poor soldier anyway. The other two materialized out of the company quartered there.

Soon the floor was filled with the cavalrymen in their big heavy boots practicing the Virginia Reel. The lack of skill and dexterity with which they manuvered through such figures as "Swing corner" and "set to your partner" was made up for the spirit and zest with which it was tried.

One of the two musicians from the company was James H. Grove the father of E.W(iley) Grove who became famous for the manufacturing of the chill tonic which bears his name and a famous Grove Park in which he built in Ashville, North Carolina.



left to right: Harvey Firestone, Sr., Thomas A. Edison, Harvey Firestone, Jr., John Burroughs, Henry Ford, Fred Seely.

GROVE PARK INN—On our return from the Turner Reunion in North Carolina, we stopped by here to eat and sight-seeing, of course. The famous five shown in this picture are only a very few of the self made millionaires and well-known celebrities who have enjoyed the hospitility of this unique resort hotel. One of my favorite presidents, President Roosevelt, and one of my favorite writers, F. Scott Fritzgerald have been guests here. It is said Fritzgerald did most of his writing here. Surely he could have found no better place for creative writing.

As I sat in the spacious lobby that rainey dreary day, it seemed a good place to let your imagination run riot. Just to look at that pile of grey boulders comprising the massive fireplace was enough to make one fancy that time had retreated backward in its flight, to medieval times or even earlier. One thing needed was for the two boys bringing the twelve foot split logs into the fireplace to have been dressed as pages or servants waiting on the royal owners. In fact, I'd have settled for the costume of a court jester as it was entertaining to see how they manuvered long sticks of wood through the guests. However, the uniform worn by them was the modern style. Tattered and threadbare blue jeans and dirty worn sneakers. I turned and looked the other way and saw many guests not much better dressed but probably worth millions. It's a safe bet the boys were not, though.

CIVIL WAR HISTORY: UNCLE ELIAS—Surely the troops for Gen. Forrest after crossing the Tennessee River at Clifton and halting for a rest, eight miles west of the river (Dunbar) must have at least a part of them come the old stage road through the town of Scotts Hill. There must have been more obvious results of his passing than changing Uncle Elias from Democrat to a Republican. But assuredly, there was a no more lasting result. His story has been told by him and later by his daughter, Ida Scott. The location may have been when Uncle Elias was working at the Kelly Hotel in Scotts Hill then again it may have been that he was working with his brother Charley Scott, who ran the Lexington Hotel.

This is his story: Uncle Elias Scott was nineteen when the war ended and younger of course when this happened. He was "captured" by Forrest's men at Scotts Hill. Evidentally, they didn't mean to keep him but to scare him. They would start him down the street and then almost run their horses over him. They kept "picking on him" he said.

One of his captors was a Bennett Jones whom he had known all his life. While he did not treat him as badly as some of the others but did nothing to "take up for him." Suddenly some Yankee soldiers appeared and his captors made their get-a-way quick. When the Yankees routed them they fled toward Sardis or Lexington and Bennett was killed near Parkers, evidentally Parker's Cross Roads. Uncle Elias said he was almost glad to hear it. Uncle Elias was so grateful for his escape that he "nearly joined" the Yankees although he had been in sympathy with the South up to now. He did change to a Republican and remained one to the end of his days. Until this day I have never met a descendent of his who was not also a Republican.

The Bennett Jones is surely verified as "Pvt. C/Co 21st Cav." in the Tennesseans In The Civil War, as he is the only Bennett Jones listed in the entire state of Tennessee Confederate Soldiers.

What reminded me of the change of heart and of political affiliation by Uncle Elias was the story of the Rev. John A. Parker. In the publicity given the battle at Parker's Cross Roads. The story was told of his conversion from a Republican to a Democrat because the Union officers would not remove the cannons placed in his front yard. This has also been verified by Mrs. Georgia Ann Parker Scott who also told of his request to be buried facing the north so that he could wake on that great day ready to kick the Yankees.

Uncle Elias never seemed to want revenge on any of his neighbors who were Democrats. He was always welcome in the homes of all-by the parents. As for the children, it was different. He always seemed to be able to pick out what one was most sensitive and "kid" them about it as we call it today. Back then we called it being "develed by Uncle Elias." He was equally dreaded by the children of Democrats and Republicans alike and not even his own grandchildren were immune. We feared his jokes so much that we remained quiet hoping to escape his notice when he dropped in. Perhaps that's why our parents were always glad to see him. He was certainly nonpartisan with his "deviling" but that's another story. HCT. 9-3-82

Guerillas And Gun Control

In the Hardin County area near the river many of the hangins of elderly men was because they believed they were hiding money. Sometimes they simply took some old person away, murdered him, and left his body on the roadside, as a sort of lesson to the civilians. Not only did we have "Gun Control" then but there were no guns left with the civilians to control. What few were left had to be kept hidden. During reconstruction ex-rebel soldiers were not allowed to testify in court much less to sit on juries. Yet today people wonder why on earth the Ku Klux Klan ever came into existence around this time.

Thomas Morgan, youngest son of five boys of the Morgan Family, was one of the victims of this "mock" hanging. A stump of the white oak where they hanged him was still standing over a hundred years later. They would swing him up to a limb let him hang until he was nearly dead then take him down to breathe a bit. They repeated this many times but never did kill him. On this same farm place they raided, took livestock, feed, clothing and bedding. In the fields they unhitched livestock, horses or mules, from the plow where Lavinie was plowing took off the harnesses and carried the horses away.

The lucky ones who were not killed outright were not allowed to carry guns, had no vote, nor could hold office of any kind and returning home had no clothing of any kind except the uniform they wore. Gray was a favorite target of the "bushwhackers" and the wearer was lucky if he were allowed to take off his coat before it was shot full of bullet holes. They made a Col. Hughes of Hardin County pull off his gray coat and vest which they filled with holes then warning him he would be killed if ever caught with a "thread of gray" on him. Many returning veterans while trying to make a much-needed crop would place their coat up on a tree or fence while working and have it riddled by bullets of a passing column of these ex-Yankees. Capt. Carroll of near Centerpoint was one of these who also had to sleep out in the woods at night besides that. Over near Clifton these arrogrant Guerillas entered the shop of Mr. Watson. His son who was helping do the blacksmith's work, was ordered to remove his gray vest. He refused and one held a pistol on him, cut his vest off, dropped it on the floor and emptied his pistol into it.

Others fared much worse such as Mr. and Mrs. Brigance in Henderson County. Their son was called out and they were forced to watch him being tied to a tree and shot to death. Before this they had robbed Dr. J. J. McBride of all he had in the house and then burned the house to the ground. This was said to have been the same gang that murdered George Swift and left his body on the roadside for his parents to find and bury. (Rechecking, this is almost sure to have been the William F. Swift son of Parson Swift he means. There was a brother George but had a large family and did not die until much later.) This is almost sure to be the William or "Bill" Swift already included in another story.

Most of these outrages occured during the time 1865 to 1869 known as "The

Brownlow Period" when those who gave "aid or sympathy, even" to the Confederacy were not allowed to vote in any election. Brownlow was authorized to use military force to control the elections. It did ensure his reelection in 1867. Then as Capt. Carroll writes the leaders of The Republican Party "that party of corruption and repression" fell out among themselves. One already Governor and the other wanting to be (The one in office being D.W.C. Senator who had replaced Brownlow when he was chosen as U. S. Senator and the radical, William B. Stokes, who wanted to be.) It seemed a poor rule that wouldn't work for senator so he had himself elected just as Brownlow had at least, with the same power but this time he issued permits to vote for all citizens of the state. Naturally, he was easily elected with the Confederates voting for the first time in years. This gave rise to the old saying "When thieves fall out, Honest men get their due." It was said to have broken the republican rule in the state.

STRAGGLERS—These may have been soldiers from Forrest's Cavalry, or from Hurst's 7th Cavalry, or Guerillas. But evidentally they were wearing uniforms and it seems there have been other vague rumors of Gen. Forrests men searching for alcoholic beverages and Forrest evidentally did pass through Scotts Hill after crossing the River at Clifton. It certainly couldn't have been Forrest himself as he never drank-leaving all that up to his men. Anyway Aunt Eliza Ann Clenney Turner and her mother tells they were soldiers.

They entered their home one winter day. Our proof of that is that the garden was long ago robbed of its vegetables and the weeds that replaced them now only dead stalks. The soldiers announced they were looking for Hark Clenney's whiskey, it seems after being assured there was none there they searched the house, anyway. Still finding none, one took the child, Eliza Ann, up on his knee and began to talk real nice to her.

Finally he told her if she would tell him where her father had the whiskey hidden he would buy her some candy. Aunt Eliza Ann may have seen him dig in the garden during the summer and it happen to pop on her mind or it may be that she like all children, wanted that promised candy. So, she blurted out "He hid it out in the corner of the garden in the high weeds."

The men bolted out to the garden and looked and looked. She told afterwards there was hardly a spot in the entire garden where the weeds had not been trampled down. they didn't get any whiskey nor did Eliza Ann get any candy.

BILL SWIFT & MORGANS (GUERILLAS)—Mrs. Christie was a descendent of Thomas Morgan brother to Johnathan Morgan. Both brothers to George Washington Morgan who was captured with the Union 7th Reg. at Union City March 1864 and sent to Andersonville Prison, known as "The Slaughter Pen" Mrs. Christie tells, "He was lined up before a firing squad with many prisoners to be shot. The bullet went through his arm and lodged in another prisoner three rows back. George pretended his injury was much worse than it was and they thought he was going to die. he was exchanged for one of their own prisoners from the Union Army Nov. 18, 1864."

(Five months after close of the war he would marry the daughter of Sandy and Lucinda Austin Medlin and George would teach school two terms(at Peace Chapel?) and then join the exodus west.(see 5-14-76)

At least one notch cut in the stock of John Morgan's gun stock can be accounted for by the slaying of Bill Swift.(b. 1841) William P. Swift, the son of Parson Swift was home on leave from Company C of the 21st Cavalry. His body was found on a roadside a little way north of Scotts Hill, by Wylie Scott. One vague rumor has it that it was found in an old abandoned house or on the front porch of one. This is a little puzzling unless Wylie Scott had been in search of him, perhaps because he was late arriving home

from a trip. Then again, and this was not unusual, Morgan might have notified someone where to find him or got news to the family in someway. Few were depraved enough that they did not have some feeling for the victim's family. Other cases were Jim Kennedy bringing the Austin man up on a road where he could be found and Hosea Preslar's people seemed to have located him quickly enough after he was shot. Another thing, with the uneasiness throughout the entire land very likely a gun shot anywhere would be reported or investigated.

OLD GUERILLAS ROAMED THE COUNTRYSIDE—As a child I had heard so many stories of the wild animals encountered by our early ancestor's who came to Henderson County that when my Great-Great-Grandmother Nancy Austin O'Neal, made that statement I sat spellbound. I could just picture those big, wild, hairy gorillas stalking and killing people in this wilderness.

"Granny" O'Neal was bed fast a lot of the time and would tell tales, usually Civil War stories. As long as I would sit and listen, like most who read this, I've always regretted I didn't listen more attentively and remember the names of at least the two following stories.

There was either the Medlin family who built and lived in the old house at the intersection of the Liberty and Clifton Roads or at the next house east of Clifton Road who was believed to have had money hidden away. The Guerillas made a raid on them. They declared they had no money. They were determined to make them give them money, so they took the old father out, tied a rope around his neck and then looped it across the limb of a tree. They begged them to believe they were telling the truth but they pulled the rope and lifted the old man from the ground, still there was no money given them. They left him until he was nearly dead, then brought him down, revived him and when no money was given them hanged him again. This was repeated until in desperation one of his children begged them to spare him until she could run down the road to Uncle Jonathan Duck's and see if they had any to loan them. This saved his life.

Another time a band of lawless men came in a house looking for money and after overturning furniture and everything else they finally took out the feather bed and ripped it open scattering feathers everywhere.

History tells that toward the end of the war the Confederacy had organized a resistence movement in Tennessee and in all territory occupied by the Yankees. It's not suprising that it soon got out of hand in this part of Tennessee, the battle ground for the two opposing armies.

HARDIN HILL—It is a shame that practically nothing is known of the man who gave Hardin Hill its name. A quick rearch in the 1850 census of Henderson County shows only a mother of two children by that name. (Surely he wasn't killed that early and this his widow?) The Decatur County census shows a Martha Hardin age 24 and a brother? David Hardin age 20 in the home of William Laseter. Should this have been during the Guerilla period of the Civil War, he is possibly the one. Anyway if this wasn't by guerillas it certainly is a good example.

Martha Ann Caudle Kennedy, the wife of Uncle Shade had to "round up" her cows about milking time. Usually one of the herd had a bell tied around her neck which gave directions as they often wandered quite a distance. She found them and coming back down a hill and saw a dead man lying beside the road. Apparently it was getting rather late in the evening as she had passed right by and failed to see it on her way up the hill, known since as Hardin Hill.

STINNETT THE STRANGER—Mrs. Rebecca Duck told me this story but I have since heard it from several others: Among the first to be buried in the Granny Austin

Graveyard was a man named Stinnett. No one seemed to know him and he had been dead about three days before found. Mrs. Ducks mother (Austin) and her sister helped keep the stock away from him-he had been killed in the barnyard-until help could come and get him to a house to be dressed for burial; he was a Yankee soldier in the Civil War. He had been caught here and they had taken a rope, strung him up to a limb and left sixteen bullet holes in him. Just as there are always minor-discreptencies in old stories one can never be sure this was not another case rather than a variation of this same one but Mrs. Duck told they had to keep the hogs off him until he could be dressed and a wooden box made for his burial. The Granny Kennedy version has it that he was killed in the lot and fell with his face in stable manure and she had to help wash it off.

THE BIG HILL—My great-grandfather like many others whose parents may have owned a few slaves in North Carolina, brought few or no slaves over here with him and had not taken sides with either, before the war. However, he did believe in a low tariff. This problem of trying to protect the infant industries up North at the expense of the South, had made him a Democrat. This hatred of unjust taxation by England wasn't forgotten. After all, most goods used in the home were made there and the high tariff was simply not enough to sacrifice lives over. Also like many others he hoped to remain neutral.

Just as Hosea Preslar did, Hark and a few of his friends fled "from their abode" into the wilderness. With increasing numbers of "bushwackers" and stragglers from both armies it was imperative that their sojourn be not far from their families. A place most used, it was said, was a big hill south of the home of Hark. It was probably of higher elevation than any other location but what made it unique was that near the top was a spring of clear running water. It became known as the "Old Mountain Spring" and the hill, naturally assumed the name, "The Big Hill". It remained a gathering place for hunting and shooting matches many years but for now the firing of a gun would have been cause for alarm. Here they made shoes for their families and other repair work needed that the "women-folks" could not do around the house. Possibly leather for shoe building came from a tanyard at Shady Grove, if they did not tan their own leather-a slow process but they had time on their hands. Viola Clenney O'Neal's first pair of shoes were made here.

It is not known if the thicket where Arch Jones kept his mare or the hollow oak tree where he hid his violin were on this hill but his home later-and probably then-was nearest there of any family. A teller of many stories tends to use the same style and words until it may become monotoneous to the reader. The following two stories so well describe guerilla warfare they are used as told.

John was a grandson of Hark Clenney who lived many years in Texas before returning home to live with his niece Mrs. Ola Stanfil. He walked around a lot over familiar scenes of his childhood and one landmark he often looked for was a big oak tree. His father had pointed it out to him many times when he was a child. It was on the side of the Liberty or Point Pleasant Road near where a path back then, had turned off to lead to the Big Hill. His Story:

POT SHOTS AT UNCLE PARLEY—During the Civil War when Hark and Melvin (his older son) were "lying out" my father, Parley, started barefoot, to take them something to eat. He saw two soldiers coming on horseback, one drunk. He walked past the path where he should have turned to fool them, and tried to keep on the opposite side of a big tree as they went by. But they saw him. The drunk one shot at him but the other grabbed the gun and pulled it away which saved Parley's life. One or both were Morgans.

JONATHAN MORGAN—By Mrs. Christie, descendent of Morgans. "The guerillas

killed by shooting grandpa's brother, Jonathan Morgan, who was 21 and a Union soldier home on furlough. . . . We visited the Granny Austin Cemetery where Jonathan was buried. Well, what's the story? It goes like this; The family thought he had disgraced them by mixing up with some guerillas so, they didn't want him buried in either of the Morgan Cemeteries (Peace Chapel or Bluff Chapel). But the government did't care. He was a Union soldier and they placed a stone at his head."

The Monument To Billy Hughes

The grandmother of Mr. Elzer Harwell was visiting in the home of the Allen Murphy family (had they not already left for Kentucky and another family moved in?) up on the Point Pleasant Road. When they saw Jim Kennedy and another man (Bill Nails?) marching two captives up northward(toward the Center Schoolhouse) it didn't take the gift of prophecy to predict bad trouble ahead. No doubt they had been listening with a sad heart when the sounds of the shots reached their ears. Not knowing the results they were probably afraid to ask. Conditions had become so bad that one didn't know friend from foe even around Scotts Hill.

Then one-day a short time later the dog of Louise Murphy, produced the first tangible evidence. It came dragging in the half devoured arm of a human being. A posse was formed to look for the victim. His cap was found at the old log school house of Center. At the old spring on Uncle Parley Clenney's land north of the school they found the mangled and scattered bones of the body of Billy Hughes.

There is little known of the childhood or of the family of Billy Hughes. There are fifteen William Hughes soldiers in the Confederate army and six in the Union but he seems to always have been referred to in the stories, as being a confederate or sympathizing with the South.

It is doubtful if he was in the service of either side. Young men were used to carry food supplies and likely messages from homes to either guerillas or simply those hiding out with their horses or any other stock or trying to avoid fighting on either side. For anyone who has the time and inclination to do research on him, there is in the Henderson County census of 1850, a William Hughes age 7. He is in District seven and in the family of a Mr. Joseph J. "Hughes". By the time of this story he would still have been in his teens.

The story goes that Billy was accused of carrying messages to the enemy. So much has been forgotten that no-one now can even tell which side was the enemy but if correct that he was cought with Monroe Hamm, it seems that he might have been on the Confederate side himself, as Monroe was definately the "enemy up the Point Pleasant Road Jim Kennedy and his friend-surely Bill Nails-marched them to the Center School spring and offered them their freedom if they wanted to run for it. Probably telling it that they were shot trying to escape would not sound so cruel. They both made a break for it. The Hamm boy probably more experienced in Guerilla Warfare, started running in a zig zag fashion and they never could draw a bead on him. Poor Billy without having learned it from geometery, knew instinctively that a straight line was the shortest distance between his captors and freedom, the two given points. His "bee line" to escape made him a good target. They brought him down with a shot in the back. One story had it that he was hit three times and each time he called out the name, "Jim Kennedy".

This did not quite finish him off but he was suffering with such excruciating pain that he begged them to go ahead and finish. After all, war means killing and killing is brutal. There are few humane ways of ending a life-even of a friend or an enemy. So one of them took the butt of his gun and clubbed Billy's head with it until at last there was no

breath in his body.

Uncle Parley Clenney was one of the group who found him. Some said, it was by watching the direction the dog of Aunt Louise is what took them back to the body. Obviously the shot heard by the family up on Point Pleasant Road must also have been of some help. Uncle Parley did help bury him there near where he was found, as there was not enough left hardly for identification. They dug a fairly deep grave and gathered up all the pieces they could find, to leave in it. After it was filled someone discovered his teeth out away from the body.

Hardly knowing what to do about that someone suggested they chop a hunk out of a tree, insert the teeth in and place the chip back.

This they did and in time the bark grew over the scar. Some said it was a gum tree but it has been pointed out as a huge poplar tree near the spring. As a child at Center School, a classmate and I whiled away many happy minutes in searching for a sign of that block that had grown back into the tree. Not even a sandstone rock marked Billy's grave but this tree did serve as a sort of monument to the victim of this ghastly and brutal act until it fell prey to the chain saw of the timber cutters.

JIM AUSTIN WOUNDED BY KENNEDY—It is possible today to picture the lawlessness of our country if all law enforcement officers were not here. Imagine how much harder it would be after three years of unleashed hatred of neighbor against neighbor, even relatives divided. This story seems to have fit in after Billy Hughes was killed. This was probably why Jim Austin was hunting for Jim Kennedy. It was now more important than ever to keep hidden but Jim Kennedy had a hunting horn which he would blow each morning to let his mother know he was still alive. Jim Austin had found him and he knew what that meant; he shot the Austin man in the leg only to cripple him, it was told, but he was bleading so badly Kennedy thought it best to get him up on the road toward what is today Doecreek Church, so that some one would pass and get help for him. Kennedy would have time to find another hiding place.

If records are correct, Jim Austin was the youngest son of Morgan Austin and Polly Laster, half brother to Susanne Austin Clenney. This explains why a Lassiter man (John or Bob?) finding him or being notified of it went to Hark Clenney's house to get help.

Susanne immediately grabbed up the baby, Viola and managed to hold her and get her mare saddled. She neared the spot where Austin was laying without accident but now the mare smelled blood and reared up shieing away almost throwing Susanne and the baby.

The story seems to end there. He may have lived but little more has ever been heard about him. The Lassiters were said to have lived near Liberty at what became known as the Bob and Emmaline Eason place. There has been little else on that family. Someone (Mr. Elzer Harwell?) told that John Laster later moved to the "Lower Counties" and Rufus "Ruff" Johnson married his daughter. It seems that Calvin Austin's family were strong Union Sympathizers. Others in the "posse" looking for Jim Kennedy were Hamms, Winchesters, and a Willie.

GUERILLA WARFARE—The heroic deeds of Francis Marion have been praised for many generations in school books. All grew up familiar with how he and his men "lay out" in the swamps and fought the British in surprise raids after it seems the colonies had lost the war. So, it's not surprising that Guerilla Warfare started. To quote from one history, toward the end of the war. ". . . .the Confederacy had organized a resistence movement in territory occupied by the hated Yankees: had organized it,

and then had seen it get badly out of hand."

The history further states: "by this time the Union authorities had had a good deal of experiance with guerillas and they were geting very grim about it. . . in states like Tennessee and Missouri where neigbor was bitter against neighbor. . ."

This historian says the Union officials regarded them as "bushwhackers" but another states that most Guerillas were Union men or Union sympathizers. It may be that neither statement is exactly true but from stories handed down one can only be sure it was time of lawlessness and great turmoil. Just as Francis Marion and his men hunted down a pretended friend who had carried news to the British and hanged him, all resistence movements have felt justified in so doing. There was no "due process of law" the risk was great. Marion was on the winning side. But thousands have been on a side that did not win usually losing their lives as Jim Kennedy and Bill Nails.

Just as Hosea Preslar predicted this area around Scotts Hill had become a "country full of night thieves and robbers" except they were probably bolder even, during the day as the confiscation of guns had left the women and children defenceless. (Only recorded instance of an intruder being shot was the one in "Gone with the Wind" where Scarlett O'Hara shot the Yankee.) His prediction partly based on conditions following the Revolutionary War he might have added, "a period of lawlessness when you couldn't tell friend from foe."

Some Medlins fought for the South and some for the North and some were called "bushwhackers or guerillas as well as the Calvin Austin family and many others. They were hopelessly divided. The Guerilla organization as expected, soon got out of hand and the Union people organized to cambat it. So after the murder of Billy Hughes a posse was rounded up to find Jim Kennedy and Bill Nails. Some of the members were said to have been Willis, Winchester, Dyers, and Hamm. The Hamm being Monroe who struggled with them if the story is correct.

Jim Kennedy had a hunting horn that he sounded each morning to let his mother know he was still alive. (It is now in the family of Mrs. Fussell, sister to Mr. Troy Goff.) However, it wasn't that that led them to his hiding place in the woods. It was said he was found in a home near where Doecreek Church now is.

The captives were carried to the Wormley branch to kill. Somehow Jim got hold of the throat of Monroe Hamm before he was quite dead (was he hanged or shot?) and they had to bash his brains out to loosen his fingers from Monroe's throat. His father, Robert Kennedy, went to where he was and gathered up his brains in a hat. It seems that Uncle Parley Clenney helped to get the body home and perhaps prepared for burial. The two being the first buried at Doecreek. Thomas O'Neal saw Monroe Hamm before his death and he still bore the scars of Jim Kennedy's fingers.

RANDOM NOTES ON THIS DECADE—Time must have dragged by slowly for the returned veterans of the Confederacy. They couldn't possibly have started back rebuilding their overgrown fields and fences with the same enthusiasm they had as settlers in the new land. It seems that apathy has settled over the land "called mistakenly peace." When Gov. Wiliam Gannaway Brownlow withheld the vote from people who had shown any sympathy whatever for the South or given aid whatever it must have been a great relief when he was chosen senator in 1869 and Senter became governor.

Strangely enough he was still considered a great man by most Union people. At one time when he was passing through the county in a stage coach, he had dinner with James W. Hanna of Sardis. It is said that Isaac and Millie O'Neal Kennedy named one of their sons "Brownlow" which must have been for the governor. Later generations may have shortened it to just "Brown".

The will of an aunt of John Tye Murphy bears the date of 1866. Dr. P.W. (Pleasant Woodwrad) Austin was executor with M.W. Turner and A.F. Smith as securities. She was Mary Tye. Dr. P.W. Austin was the husband of her niece.

Another will during this period was witnessed by Clinton Brigance and Joseph Clenney. It was made by William Brigance.

The old log court house built in 1848 had been replaced by a frame building. On July 3, 1869 this court-house burned with all the records except those in the registrar's and clerk and master's office.

THE LOYAL LEAGUE AND KU KLUX, TOO—Even today the town of Pulaski Tennessee is associated with the Ku Klax Klan. Even today the people of Tennessee are not ashamed of it nor do the majority seem proud of it. Another secret "society" organized in Tennessee has no known point or origin, mentioned by very few historians, if at all, but according to an early Tennessee history, the Ku Klux was organized in the beginning, in opposition to this secret society called "The Loyal League". It was a political society as well, of northern carpet-baggers who hoped to keep the votes of the newly-franchized negroes.

Deeds of violence and crime were blamed on this group as many outlaws used its name as a cover and persuading the negroes to join it-threatening them if they didn't. Since the courts were no protection to the population-in many cases even the judges were members of the Loyal League-The Ku Klux, originally organized partly for amusement-soon became about the only protection the southerners had as it could frighten the negroes and make them afraid of joining the Leauge. It was said they paraded quietly and in broad open daylight through the town of Waynesboro where Brownlow's Militia was stationed. The militia in the courthouse opened fire on them. The fire was returned and two or three men and some horses were shot but none seriously. They marched on through town and quietly left and shortly the militia quietly pulled out.

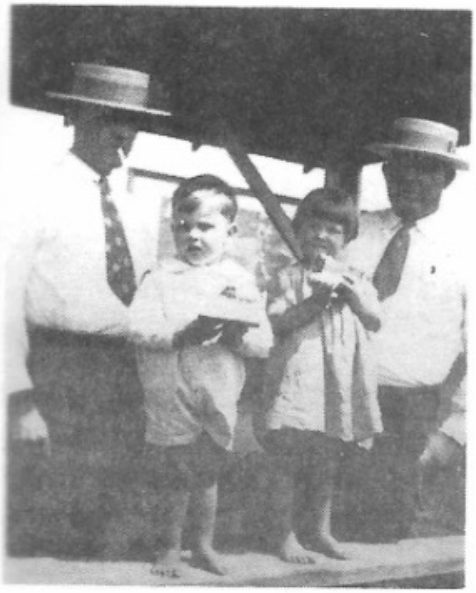
There were enough genuine and honest Union citizens to keep the carpet-baggers from becoming the terror in Tennessee as they did in other Southern states. It is understandable why the Ku Klux rapidly spread over the entire South. After law and order was restored to the people and they had representives in court this band of "regulators" was not so necessary and began to die out. Also it began to be used just as the Loyal League had, to be a cover for violence and crime and public sentiment truned against it.

1860-1869

Notes And Comments

St. Luke's Episcopal Church
Jackson, Tennessee
When Jefferson Davis was released from prison in 1870, he delivered his first address to this congregation. But the crowd was so large they had to hold the meeting outside in a grove.

The building at Union University in which the Yankees were said to have stabled their horses during their occupation of Jackson, Tenn.



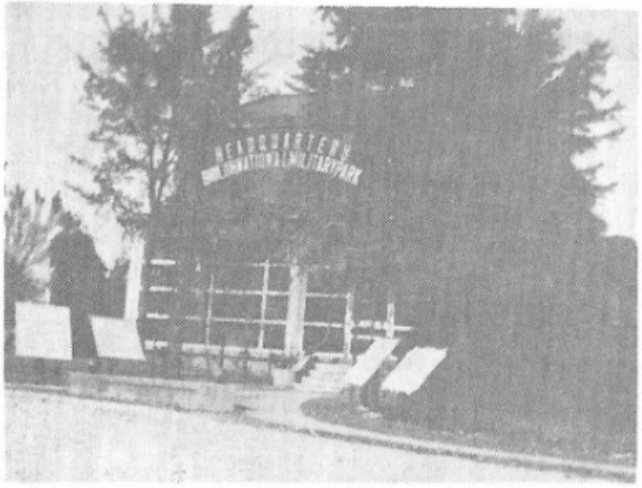
Picnic at Muscle Shoals
Children of Vester are Mary Frances and Thomas Gilbert. Lester and Vester Gilbert, twin grandsons of Thomas Gilbert who enlisted with Dennis O'Neal and Greene Brown in the Ohio Infantry on the eve of Shiloh Battle. Gilbert and Brown later transferred to Tennessee's 7th Calvary.

Reverend L. D. Kennedy
Cambellville, Kentucky, is a descendent of Isaac Kennedy who heard the roar of cannons that caused ripples on the water where he was fishing, on the morning the Battle of Shiloh started.

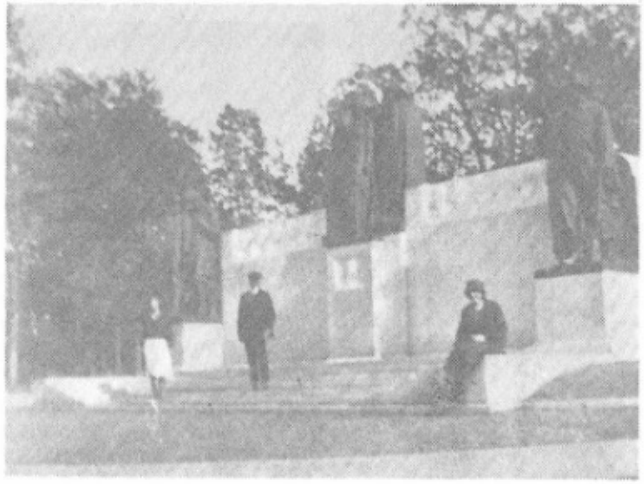
SCENE OF SHILOH NATIONAL MILITARY PARK

From Left: Opal and Clifton Mayo, Pansy Turner, Earl Earnest, Carl Mayo, and Mrs. Minnie Mayo Turner at Shiloh Cemetery.

Had it been known at the time that these would be used in a book 40 years later, the snapshots would have been of scenes like the Bloody Pond, Peach Orchard and the Sunken Road just to name a few. Some historians might claim that with Johnston's



Some historians might claim that with Johnston's death the Civil War was lost, others that it was lost at the first shot fired on Fort Sumner, but few of the Confederate soliders deny that the battle was lost by the death of Johnston right here.



Henry Jones, brother to Archibald Jones, fought for the Union with the 7th Calvary. He was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville Prison where he died. According to Ida Scott, a John Laster brought the news to his family that he was slowly starving to death when last seen.

Elias & Martha Jones Scott
Uncle Elias remembered soldiers of Gen. Forrest coming through before the Battle of Parker's Cross Roads. A few scattered riders tried to scare him by racing their horses toward him to make him run. One man, a Mr. Bennett Jones, (Bennett Jones Pvt. C. Co. 21st Calvary?) knew Uncle Elias and could have stopped this harassment but didn't. Because of Bennett's "sin of ommission" as well as the behavior of the soldiers may have lost an election for many a local Democrat as Uncle Elias became a staunch Republican and few if any of his numerous decendants have ever voted any other way.

Principal and Graduates, Scotts Hill High School - 1920's
Professor Ira Powers, a grandson and namesake of the Ira Powers who witnessed the capture of Col. G. Ingersol during the brief battle between the Federals and Gen. Forrest.

The first person to be buried in the Doe Creek cemetery was Jim Kennedy, the young brother of Shadrack Hugh Kennedy, who was killed by some guerillas. A few years later the church was built.

1870-1879

1870-Census Of Henderson County

1872-Hard Times In Tennessee

1873-Martha Scott Land Sold

1874-The Mystery Of One Typewritten Word

1874-Bygone Days At Brownsport

1876-Letter From Lucinda

1878-Story Of Joseph And Margaret (McPherson) Clenney

1878-Troubles In Tarrant County

1879-The Girl I Left Behind Me

1879-O'Neal At Selmer

1878-Clenney's Cantina And The Opposing Factions

William O'Neal age 42 born in Tennessee—Nancy O'Neal age 40 born in Tennessee. Children: Matilda age 20, James F(rank) age 18, William T(homas) age 13-b. 1857, Allen age 8, Margaret age 7, Albert L. b. 1863, Alfred-b. 1863,Eliza A. age 4, Mandy (Amanda) J.-b. 1868.

The family was living near Silas Austin and Jepatha Duck (around Cedar Grove) when this census was taken. Surely it was after this he worked at the "Old Coalinga" and finally went to Obion County from there.

EARLY START FOR THE NEW DECADE—Lucinda Jones sister to Mary Ann Jones, married at the beginning of this year. The room-to-be Benjaman M. Clenney bought marriage license january 2nd of this year and had John Tye Murphy as license security. Then the next month on February 7th he acted as license security when John Tye Murphy obtained license to marry Mary Ann Jones. Both couples were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by W(ill) S(tancil?) Duck the brother-in-law of John Tye.

A very few years an Uncle Benjaman had probably never seen would marry a widow of Spanish and German descent out in the Territory of New Mexico. She was related someway to the first wife of the famous lawman, Pat Garrett who it was said, was also of Spanish descent.

AARON MELVIN MARRIES—In addition to grudes and hatred left over from the Civil War, people in 1870's the territory of New Mexico were having to defend themselves from the Indians, yet. In 1871 a Santigo Gonzalis recovering horses the Indians had stolen from him, was shot in the back by an arrow. Witnesses were Mr. Martin and a John West. He died three days later.

November 19, 1872—Melvin marries Antonio Gonzalis, widow. Catholic Priest stationed there at that time officiating, on the Rudisio at San Patricio, seven miles from Lincoln. His name was Pedro Lucien? Affadavit states, "by the Parish Priest of Rindone" 1874 Avery Melvin Clenney and Antonia Torris married by Father Sambrano (Married under her maiden name). Rev. Jos. Giruad states "marriage not recorded in Lincoln County parish not established at that time. Priests came from distant headquarters periodically for duties here." 1875 McSween arrives penniless, in New Mexico. 1877 The Lincoln County War began in earnest. Avery Melvin "engaged in stock-raising, merchandise business, (Grandson said "cantina") and farming. Resided about eleven miles from Lincoln, New Mexico. Melvin's place of business was frequented by McCarthy boy whose mother had recently died leaving him homeless. He had been fleeing the law for some time now as he was guilty of stealing and cattle rustling as well as a series of minor troubles. On this particular trip he plundered the ranch of Emiles Fritz who also lived seven or eight miles East of Lincoln not a long way as western miles were figured, from Aaron Melvin Clenney's Cantina.

Since a canteen was a public place many known outlaws and cattle rustlers also stopped there, occasionally. It is doubtful if Aaron Melvin was very surprised to learn this youthful thief was the notorious "Billy the Kid." Since all stories of intrique and murder need an occasional humorous touch for balance, here is a story handed down by him and told by his grandson, Mr. Dave Clenney.

A drunk came into the Cantina one day when Billy was there and seeing him for the first time probably, was surprised to see this dangerous murderer was nothing but a scrawney, undernourished youth, challenged him for a fight. Billy accepted of course, but ask "where's your gun?" The drunk thought for a moment and answered, "Oh, I'll

get one" then rushed out of the door. He never came back and one can picture him breaking into a fast run, once he was out of sight.

Hard Times In Tennessee

While things improved some in this decade it was far from a recovery from the desolation and destruction of the Civil War. It would be decades yet. Farm products continued to be low and necessities bought were still high. The main crop of cotton was a gamble. If there was a large harvest it meant a low price. In any case there was very seldom enough left over after cotton was sold to carry a family through another crop year so money would be often borrowed in the spring by mortgaging something, as Hark did this year.

Briefly on May 25, 1878 he signed a note to J.J. Austin mortgaging two cows ". . . that I am indebted to R. Wyatt in the sum of about twenty five dollars." If not paid on January 1st of the next year J.J. Austin after giving ten days notice at three different places may expose said cows to public sale for cash. The elaborately worded full page document with blanks filled in faded ink makes difficult reading, although it is the only one of that length found in print.

Paper must have been scarce or expensive at that time as even merchants and doctors seem to invariably have ripped off the bottom part of a page of a ledger or ordinary sheet of cheap paper to write receipts on when bills were paid. Hark hoarded his receipts carefully. It was hard enough to pay the first time; nobody wanted to have to pay a debt twice. Almost all of the list of names were on this scrap paper except the tax receipts and the Oath of Allegiance Hark signed.

(Excerpt of letter from father to son in Missouri)—Frank paid me $36.00 last May for that mule he got off Kelley and promised to pay me all of your money. He owned me

correction
that mule he got off Kelley and promised to pay me all of your money. He owed me on the Johnson place but he had to pay his lawyers at Memphis and he failed and I had used your money. I will do anything I can to get it and send it to you. I have sold the Taylor Place to Calvin Austin for ---- on one, two and three years time bearing interest from date that last Christmas. Frank owes me over $300.00 or $365.00 on the Johnson land and me and Wiley is even. Wiley lost that suit in the Supreme Court and excution? Has run for a little over $3,000 and he says you have wrote so insulting to him (that) he never will pay it intil you make him do it and he will make you pay damage for land you showed him at the upper end of the land that was not yours. He one time proposed to pick men and abide by their judgement. But he is contary and never came square up to his promise. He first harped on the 115 acres and told him to have it run and I would deed him acre for acre for all he failed? and have heard nothing more from that and now has gone to the upper end of the Scott field and he knows he ought to pay that note and I have told him he ought but is contrary. he will do most any way to show off but when mad he is contrary.

THE "GOLD MINE"—"In the Rural South there was time enough for perfecting any embellishment the narrator devised . . . Some men who loved tall tales made the most of clocks that ticked slowly" (c. tsf) claims one writer.

Stories of the "Gold Mine" no doubt have existed since the falling of the stars in 1833 but no scientific explanation has ever been obtained to prove or disprove the theory that it must have been a meteorite. However, some of the oldest people in the area around here referred to it as a "volcano." To the children of the following generations, it was simply known as the "gold mine" (HSC-396)

Understandably, story-telling flourished "during the Reconstruction. . . a state of mind the South needed when her cities were in ashes and her sons were slain." (tsfc) Understandably, ghost-stories and superstition may have flourished to a greater extent during this period than at any recent period and even bitter humor because one can stand only so much of the hostility and hatred in stories of returning soldiers who came back only to find their homes and farms in ruins. Ida Scott whose father was a young man when Gen. Forrest's troops came through Scotts Hill, had a very vivid recollection of the Gold Mine.

Ida and the children of Wiley Scott (whose log house is now owned by Mr. Wulfurt) used to play around the "Gold Mine" and were deathly afraid of it. As it grew dark they could see a yellow light begin to show from down at the bottom which they believed was gold. Even with the inducement of the shining metal no one would even venture very near it, much less go down in it. Naturally, it began filling up gradually, until years later Uncle Jim Kennedy and other boys ventured down and would pull each other out but even then it took nerve and in large quantities.

Time marched on and it was almost forgotten and those who did recall the story couldn't remember just where it was. One day Uncle Jim Kennedy, who was in the store of his son-in-law Barney Swift and Faye announded that be believed he could find the place. In no time at all, a car of Mr. Gordon Turner's was filled & Jim actually guided us to it. By now it was no trouble to stand on the bottom as it was scarcely two feet deep. The rocks forming distinctly, around circle appeared to have been blown up from an opening some larger that most old-fashioned hand dug wells in this part of the country. We picked up several of those dark colored rocks which appeared to be much heavier than a sandstone rock of the same size. They made good paper weights and a good "conversation piece" later on, conversations usually concerning speculation on what secrets might be uncovered should the hole be drilled to the bottom.

Time marched on at an excellerated pace for about fifteen years. Mr. Jesse B. Austin and Uncle Jim Kennedy had passed away, Paulene had become Mrs. Harry Nelson, and Mr. Gordon Turner had written about the "Gold Mine or 'Volcano'" in his history of Scotts Hill. Mrs. Nellie Teuten read about it and wished to see it. On the way by Bethel Cemetery we persuaded Hazel and Clifford Clenney to accompany us on our visit to Mr. Lum Kennedy who was now living with his daughter Helen Duck. He was not able to join in on the trip this time, but we ventured on.

Timber cutters had left the hill almost bare except for the tree tops and limbs to cross over in our search. Nature with the help of bulldozers and covered her secret well at last. However, there was on the surface a barely discernable ring of smaller pieces of the same heavy rock exactly like the "paper weights." I had picked up there in 1966, when our pictures were made. It made me wonder if the mystery of what was buried here was responsible for so many ghost stories that arose, flourished for a time, and were never solved in the valley of Doe Creek.

AUSTIN'S "PECULIAR METAL"—A.C. (Alfred C----) Austin was born May 19, 1826 in Henderson County, Tenn., the son of Charles Austin. With a rurl experiance familiar to most farmer boys, he became a man and in November 1846 he was married to Miss Margaret Frazier. It was in 1859 that they left Tennessee, located in Dunklin County, Mo. and opened up a farm where he now resides.

He tells of a peculiar metal found by him during the war and of their making bullets of it, the material being somewhat harder than lead. He is well informed on the statistics and general information of the whole region. (NOTE) But it sounds suspiciously like stories of some metal or hard substance found in this area around Scotts Hill.

4-14-75—I read the story about the mysterious metal to John Clenney and he said that when Uncle Melvin Clenney lived at the present Edd Eason place there was a dark sort of clay that would harden into material that could scarcely be broken. Both he and Waltie Clenney used to make things of it and let it dry and harden, similiar to soap stone.

SILVER ORE ON THE HODE LOWERY PLACE—"The Abner Eason of this legend was my grandfather Steven, or (better known as "Steve") a brother. The legend goes that he found silver ore somewhere south of the Hode Lowery place and made use of it by making counterfeit money until the Revenue Department got after him. It appears that he made quite a supply of the money and left the county. What happened to him, no one never knew. Some thought he may have been killed for the money he was supposed to have had or that he hoped to evade the law that very likely was keeping an eye on him."(This paragraph was from a letter of Elzer Harwell.) Another tale was that Mr. Eason made a sight or bead (whatever it's called for Dr. Austin's gun. He got to wondering about the starge metal it was made from and reported it. Still another is that Mr. Eason made trips and was gone for several days before he would come back with a supply of the peculiar metal. He never would tell where he went. (I took some metal to Mr. Jones the agriculture teacher at Scotts Hill about 1930 that had been found melted in a rock cornerstone of some store when Scotts Hill was burned in 1917. It was thought to have been money hidden away in a hollow part of the rock at some time. Somehow it had come in the possession of Lantie O'Neal but whtever became of it from the school is not known.)

BURIED TREASURE STORIES—The interest in stories of buried and hidden treasures must have been almost universal. It was one subject that could always attract liseners around the sinter fireside. In fact, stories might today be a popular pastime but for the advent of radio and relevision. Even today people from faraway places often come and ak permission to search for metal around old home places with their "money-rods" or metal detectors. Sometimes it is hard to locate the owner as places have changed hands many times since the Civil War.

Various "pot of gold" stories may have lain dormant in the minds of the descendents awaiting an excuse for reseurgence like the First World War. One that could never be verified was that some people from "off somewhere like Oklahoma" came and wanted to dig into a certain grave in the Buck Murphy Cemetery at Lickskillet. They had been told that during the Civil War Buck Murphy had buried a gold watch in the grave of one of his slaves.

Another "gold watch" story heard by many people was that many valuable articles had been dropped into the Sulphur Wells which had no curb at this time. This drive to Sltillo and the Well was popular pastime around now and for a proper setting for this story one needs to know that styles from Paris had actually reached Decatur and Henderson Counties. Mrs. Alma Thompson's sister, Lela Austin, was surely among the first to carry the new style on to Hardin County. Her dress was of silk and Lela had scandalized some staid matrons of Liberty Community by her appearance in a "hobble skirt". One shocked onlooker declared that through the slit in her skirt, you could almost see the calf of her leg when she stepped up on the running board of the Ford car. Her sister described her new hair-do. It was pulled up somehow into a roll on top of her head and held up someway with a glittery, sparkling comb, more of a Spanish style. When Lela reached over to look into the Sulphur Wells presumably for the gold watch, down went her precious comb to rest in the bottom of that sulphur stream buried forever, amid the other "valuable articles" probably like hers, of sentimental value only.

Farm prices especially of cotton, arose during the First World War, probably an

indirect cause of the rise also of buried money stories. Those lucky enough to have planted large crops had no trouble finding ways to spend it. One family in the Lickskillet area decided to move to Scotts Hill where the children could get a better education. The rumor got out that the father one day was plowing and upturned a pot of money. They stayed awhile and moved back to the old home place.

Another large family of good, honest hard-working people added a new room to their house. Not only that but furnished it with lace curtains, a wall-to-wall carpet for the floor, and a brand new organ. That of course, called for music lessons for their daughter. The rumor that made the rounds over that was that the mother learned of some money hidden by her father and had managed somehow to dig it up and spend this cache. This war talk also brought back stories of ruin and desolation caused by the Civil War and reconstruction. This may have caused some observers to declare there was more hatred and animosity by the Southern soldiers for soldiers from the North than for German soldiers.

But the war ended at last and time marches on relentlessly into the depresion. There was time for stories but with sluggish business conditions and low farm prices most people spent their leisure time worrying. President Roosevelt passed the Gold Reserve Act keeping our gold in bullion and allowing no more coins to be minted. People turned in their gold except some for souvenirs or keepsakes. He had hoped it would bring up farm prices but they continued to drop.

Time marched on at an excelerated pace during the Second World War, but the Civil War still wasn't forgotten. Nor will other countries allow us to. It was told that British soldiers were instructed to be careful and never call a Southern soldier a "yank". After the war my two nephews, Bill and Tom Scott, toured Europe with a prodessional basketball team and had expected in Germany to see little but blackened ruins. To their surprise, prosperity seemed evident everywhere. Again a reminder that "reconstruction" in Germany was a far cry from what we had in the South. They said it became a joke with players of the team trying to figure out if it was not Germany who won the war, after all.

THE SWEETLIPS STORY—The most suprising "buried treasure" story came from this interesting and once thriving community of Sweetlips. Many writers have included it with unusual names of places in West Tennessee such as Lickskillet, Dunbar, and Freeze Out. They have pondered over the origin of the names (surely to anyone who ever attended a country school of Decatur County in the winter, the name "Freeze out" should be self explanatory.) But the majority of reasons for their names remains "shrouded in mystery." Apparently Sweetlips was also a place for enlistment in the Civil War. One of our Scotts Hill boys according to his record, enlisted there in December of 1862. His name was Francis Martin (or Marion) Eason. He enlisted as private in Company D. 48th Inf. He was a brother to Van Buren Eason M.D. (Dr. "Boo") who also had been born near Scotts Hill. Another resident of this place was Mr. Plunk.

The home of Mr. Plunk was built as was most southern homes at that time, for comfort during the summer. This meant having as much circultion of air under the floor as possible. Back then the only airconditioning people had was a long, wide porch or "veranda" and a palm leaf fan. Winter's discomfort could be managed with a roaring fire in a huge fireplace. This house was built on a slope leaving one end high enough to keep yard and garden tools dry and convenient.

Time passed-about eighty years or more-and stories of hidden treasures may have been dimmed somewhat in the minds of people but memories of the Civil War lingered. No doubt of that. In this home in the 1950s dwelt another family but not "with

other languages and customs." They probably played with pets and maybe could even sit under the edge of the high end of the house on hot summer days as they played with dolls or kittens just as had former generations.

One day someone thought they heard a little puppy whine or bark. This started a search by the children. They found their mothe dig lying in a nice cool bed next to the stone chimney. In order to make it even cooler she had dug or scratched out even more damp cool earth and with her was a litter of little puppies. The children were excited. In reaching them one child had placed her hand on the freshly upturned dirt touched a small circular disc of metal. Probably thinking it would make a nice plaything she carried with with her. After examination her parents found it was gold coin. Then the children went back and kept on finding them scattered in the loose dirt. They uncovered quite a cache of gold or the dog had, rather.

Then the story was uncovered. Mr. Plunk the owner of the house after the war had sold a bale of cotton while cotton was at it's highest and lawlessness at its worst. Outlaws or guerillas had found out and came for it.

The "proceedure" followed by many guerillas was to hang a man awhile to the limb of a tree to force him to tell where money was or finish killing him. Usually they would take him back down just before it was too late and give him another chance to tell. Often they just left the victim hanging and rode away if convinced he actually had no money. Then the family often managed to get the man down and revive him. Mr. Plunk may have believed they wouldn't actually kill him. But they did. Evidentally having been tipped off that he had sold the cotton they were unmerciful. He died without divulging the whereabouts of the money to them nor had his family been told. This was a sad ending to the story. But the story eighty years later had a happy ending. Although this country had been off the gold standard since 1934, the coins made a nice keepsake, souvenir, conversation piece, or unusual story and therefore a happy ending. But there were two happy endings. Was there ever a group of children tht weren't happy with cuddly little puppies to play with.

THE OLD CARROLL PLACE—Back nearer home on the road between my grandfather, John Tye Murphy's, home and that of Uncle Jonathan Duck a Mr. Carroll actually was hanged and left dead. If he had any family it is not recorded in the 1850 census of Decatur County. He could possibly have been a newcomer or might have lived alone. Apparently he owned a small place. It seems that metal has been picked up around the place with a metal detector but if he had any gold for the guerillas to find it has never been reported.

The only thing left was the name "The old Carroll" place and quite a number of ghost stories told by the young Murphy, Austin, and Duck children. All were afraid to walk past after sundown. Finally, some of the Murphys after reading the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" or whatever the name was started telling of passing there horseback and the headless ghost jumping on the horse behind him. That got many even afraid to ride by.

GHOST STORIES—A science-fiction writer could almost prove some of these "ghosts" were outer space visitors searching for the exact spot the meteor or falling star, struck just over the hill from the Doe Creek cemetery. Actually they might prove it was instead of any of these, a space ship sent on an exploratory voyage to planet earth. But there were few writers of modern science fiction at that time (unless one could claim Poe or some stories of Mark Twain's wild imagination). But the children did have a number of spine-chilling and blood curdling stories a few of which were passed on down and were more interesting because they concerned people we know and places we had seen. While none included the Doe Creek Church or cemetery they did seem to be confined to the general area more than any other. But we didn't have Science Fiction then so now include the "Gold Mine."

THE DOG THAT COULDN'T BE KICKED—One rather unusual, brief, ghost story was told by my grandfather who was as truthful a man as ever lived. It was similar to the famous Bell Witch story where animals mysteriously appeared to and disappeared from, various members of the family. Here is the best I can recall of his stories.

One Night—Tom O'Neal's Brother-in-law—"Your Uncle Greenberry Turner and I were walking up the dusty road from the Doe Creek Church (likely they had been to a neighboring house to sit and discuss crops or swap yarns until bedtime.) Had they been coming from a revival meeting at the church there would likely have been several others walking along with them. The moon was bright as day. We were just talking and I saw a dog trotting down the road toward us. It was a black and white spotted dog. Since it was coming right at me I drew back my foot to kick it and there was no dog. We both had seen it and looked all around but there just wasn't any dog there."

THE STRANGE LIGHT—Another story told by Uncle Jim Kennedy and verified by several others including his Nephew Lum Kennedy was about the floating light. This was possibly a weather baloon it was generaly known that a Department of the Government sent them up. (also be-fore flying saucers)

Uncle Jim went out to feed and the light was moving slowly overhead toward his barn. The cattle and horses even were scared. It was as strong and made as plain a shadow as if you were walking along with a lighted lantern. Uncle Jim said he could even see the shadow of his legs as he walked. Even Robert Kennedy's folks got out and watchd it. It moved slowly westward in the general direction of Doe Creek.

THE BLUE-GREEN MOON—My ghost story belongs here perhaps but it happened much later about 1973 to be exact. Irene and I were pulling into the north driveway of her home in the early evening just after dark.

The driveway sloped up tilting the car upward enough that through the windshield, I could see an object the size of a small moon. It was of a greenish or bluish-yellow almost the exact shade of some modern street lights today. We had other worries at that particular time on our mind that year that over-shadowed any super natural or explain a phenomena that was occuring and no extensive search was made for a logical or rational explanation except that I did phone the radio station and found they had no reports of flying saucers or other unusual objects in air.

It reminded me more than anything else of pitching a soft ball over hand, and seeing it rise slowly in the air and float gracefully down, just as this object did. We watched it curve slowly and gradually down out of sight in the direction of -you guessed it- Doe Creek.

Martha Scott Land Sold

(Information from T.C. Moss M.D. descendent of Jesse Caudle)—"Still living was Matilda Jane Caudle Downing wife of Cullen Downing a Baptist preacher and others living in Dunklin County, Mo. The farm had been granted to Martha Scott. Deed book 7 p.157 Decatur County."

For the consideration of two hundred and forty dollars we, Matilda Jane Downing & Cullen Downing & Narcis E. Foster and Charles Foster & Thomas James Caudle & William Haskin Caudle & Jesse Franklin Caudle & Joseph Absolem Caudle, all of the county of Dunklin and state of Missouri have this day bargained and sold and do hereby convey unto B W Clenney and J W Clenney and their heirs and assigns forever a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in the tenth district of Decatur County and state of Tennessee, granted to Martha Scott by the state of Tennessee buted? and bounded as follows:

Range 7, section 7, containing by servey 184½ acres beginning at a stake 2 hickory pointers and 2 post oak pointers 50 poles west of the NE corner of entry co 368 for 185½ acres in the name of A J. Caudle thence north 209 poles to a stake with pointers thence west 153 poles to a black oak with pointers, thence south 163 poles to a white oak with pointers thence east 53 poles to a hickory with pointers, thence wouth 46 poles to a small dogwood with pointers, thence east 25 poles to & with a lien? of entry No. 368, as above. In all 100 poles to the beginning.

To have and to hold the said B W Clenney & J W Clenney, their heirs and assigns forever, we covenant with the said B.W. Clenney & J.W. Clenney that we are lawfully siezed of said land and a good right to convey it and that the same is unincumbered and we warrant to defend the title to the said tract of land to the said B.W. Clenney & J.W. Clenney, their heirs and assigns against the lawful claims of all persons whomsoever given under our hands and seals on this 3rd day of April in the year of our Lord, 1873.
Signed and sealed in our presence on the day and date above named.—Mary Ann Caudle, Joseph Clenney (Joseph A. Caudle-seal, W. H. Caudle-seal, Thomas J. Caudle-seal, Jesse F. Caudle-seal, Charles Foster-seal, Narcis E. Foster,seal Cullen Downing-seal, Matilda Downing-seal) Note: Martha Scott was the daughter of Wright Scott and Ann Clenney Scott Caudle.

State of Tennessee—Decatur County
Personally appeared before me John McMillan, Clerk of the county court of said county Joseph Clenney one of the subscribing witnesses to the foregoing deed with whom I am personally acquainted, who after being duly qualifies by me deposith and sayeth that he saw the above bargainers assign and scknowledge the execution of the following to be their act and deed for the purposes therein contained on the day it bears date. He also states that he saw Mary Ann Caudle, the other subscribing witness assign her name as a witness to the foregoing deed given under my hand at office on this 27th day of December 1873. John McMillian, Clk.-Wm. Pratt, RDC

The Mystery Of One Typewritten Word

It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword and a typewriter mightier than the pen. Probably it is true either can make a victory of defeat or a defeat of victory and might even cause a war or avert one. There is documentary proof that one changed the war record of a soldier whether for good or bad will probably never be known.

To start with, it is known the first "writing machine" at least the keyboard was produced 1868 by a Mr. Sholes. Then he and a partner improved the model and had it patented in 1871. Then they made a deal with the firearms manufacturers Remington & Sons Co., and in the first year or production, sold 400 typewriters-the first being bought my Mark Twain the writer. All this brings to mind the record of my grandfather, John T. Murphy, and the notion "deserted" typed in with quotation marks, when the typewriter was only a gleam in the eye of the inventor if he were even born as early as 1862 the year of Shiloh. All this gives room in large quantities, for speculation in genealogy-and of course, one thing that makes it fascinating.

Finding so many records especially of Union soldiers marked "detached service" or "special service" it was most interesting to me to see how at a much laterdate, documents of Civil War records managed to get typewritten comments on them. This story in the lost of Civil War records of the Union spy at New Madrid and in the battle of Shiloh makes one wonder if John Tye Murphy could have been sent there to "Island No. 10" on some sort of secret mission and the records in the Archives marked "deserted" in quotation marks to avoid giving away any military secrets even at this late date. Things like this leave room for imagination and makes genealogy interesting.

When Tom O'Neal, son of William and Nancy, was around seventeen years old he worked with his father at the Brownsport Furnace. This should have been around 1874. It was also around this time that George Vise from Wayne County came and bought a large farm east of Brownsport.

The Furnace Assembly of Tennessee had passed a law granting as much as 3000 acres of land "not fit for cultivation" to be used by anyone to establish iron works. Later, the General Assembly seemed to regret their rash act of generosity and decided to charged the exorbitant sum of a half cent an acre. That is presumably what the iron ore prospectors, Young and Walker paid when they acquired the 7,500 acres today known as the "Old Coalings."

A furnace was built of clay bricks with outside rocks for protection. Buildings also included about fifty houses for the laborers. A commisory was also built to furnish food and necessities for the home which likely could not be produced there. Mr. Vise and many others operated large farms that furnished fresh vegetables for the workers. There are no available pictures of the houses but they must have been rather crowded with little room for very extensive gardening and besides, provisions of the grant were that the land was to be "unfit for cultivation" (See picture of Commissary)

The processing of iron required that the ore be dug out of the ground and hauled to the furnace-usually in oxen-drawn wagons. Here it would be melted by charcoal. This charcoal. This charcoal was made by cutting oak sticks up into short pieces, piling them in a mound, and covering with dirt, to start. Then a fire was started from an opening in the bottom of the pile. Somehow, by then shutting off the air, the oak wood would burn into charcoal instead of ashes. This charcoal also used by blacksmiths, was ten times more powerful than fire. The melted iron ran out at the bottom into molds in a bed of sand. Because a mold somewhat resembled an old sow and litter of pigs, the common name for cast iron was "pig iron."

Iron was used for many things. Rolling mills in an iron furnace in Stewart County mass-produced large 200 to 1500 gallon kettles to be shipped to Cuba and used in the sugar-making industry. Farmers around there used defective ones. Evidence once existed that small kettles were produced or sold at Brownsport. Nancy, William O'Neal's wife, had a wash kettle she used as long as she lived. Her daughter-in-law, Viola O'Neal also used it to boil clothes in on wash day until she had to break up house-keeping.

The town at one time had over 500 inhabitants. Many of the people had come from the North and from some foreign countries. A Catholic Church was established. At the time of the 1850 census there were scarcely a dozen in the entire county who were born in Ireland but six of them were in the Third District which included Brownsport. One of these a Patrick McCarvall listed his occupation as a "Oar Deyer". Most of the other occupations were more familiar. 77 heads of families were listed as laborers, 44 as farmers, one minister, one each: Physician, school teacher, overseer, manager, iron master, agent, stone mason, carpenter, shoemaker, two clerks, and two founders. William "Bill" O'Neal's name is not found in this Census record of Decatur County nor is it found in the census of Henderson County. However, in 1857 his son, Thomas, was born near Sardis in the neighborhood of Andrew "Andy" Austin, a brother of Nancy. This restless Irishman, Bill, always seemed to be in search of greener pastures, and seems to have at one time lived over in Missouri where one or two of their children died. Bill probably did not live in the town of Brownsport even when he worked there. The flimsy evidence to support this is the story that he

brought the iron wash kettle all the way home on his shoulders. So he must have lived within walking distance. A.M. Triggs, Napoleon Hill, G.P. Thornton and company doctor, William McMillan are only a few of the many names associated with this thirty years of iron industry. Back in 1867 a William Brandequ of Ohio had taken charge of the manufacturing of pig iron at the furnace. (He would later work also at the iron works in Stewart County). He and his parents came from Germany to America they were William and Anna (Miller) Brandeau. His son, John W. Brandequ was educated in Decatur county public schools and graduated in 1881 from the Medical Department of Nashville University. He married Martha McMillan daughter of Dr. McMillan who was company doctor for the Brownsport Furnace.

The business began to slow down. It was thought the ore easiest mined near the surface, had already been dug and it was too expensive to continue deeper. No doubt the houses built for the workers were beginning to show age, too as well as the methods and machinery of the company. It was time to change for the new. So, the young wife of the aging Walker left the country with Young. It must have been around this time that William L. O'Neal and family with the exception of Thomas, left for Obion County where he would end his remaining days. But Thomas had probably met already "The prettiest girl he ever saw and his courtship would end in marriage.

Mr. Walker stayed on probably hoping for thins to improve. Finally he saw no hopes for a rebound of iron mining business and Mr. Walker deeded about a hundred acres of land to Miss Boyer and fifty to a Miss Eliza Warfield, two who had befriended him, Mr. Walker was determined to stay on until the bitter end.

A bitter end it would be. The mortgage held by Hill, Fontaine, and Neely of Memphis would be sold to Hassell and Hughes of Clifton, Tennessee. Finally, this Furnace Land would end up through the heirs of Hassell in the hands of Nicky Brothers of Memphis and the inhabitants more scarce, many including the Vise family and Smiths to a location two miles east to be called Vise Town. Today the remains of the clay brick furnace reached by a slag paved road are silent reminders of this once prosperous town and industry.
Today a memory is all that remains of the iron wash kettle that Bill brought home to Nancy. After Bill's death in Obion County, Nancy moved in with son, Tom. After his death Viola broke up house-keeping. The kettle being left behind for a few days fell prey as did many other wash kettles and iron dinner bells, to the scrap iron dealer.

Letter From Lucinda

Dear Brother and Sister, Children and all:

I write you a few lines in answer to yours of late date, contents noted there in. We was glad to hear from you all and to hear you was all well. I have nothing of interest to write. The health here is generally good. Property here is very low of all discriptions also produce is very low. I would like to see you all very well and be with you , sister. I got a letter a few days ago from Texas from one of Aaron Jackson's sons, Joel Jackson, our own cousin. Sandy says he is going to try to go to Texas this fall. He seems to be no better satisfied here. I have not seen Nan for almost two years and do not hear from her very often.

Tell the boys I would like to see all of them and their children, and I want them all to write to me very often. *Tell Jesse I would like to see him and his wife. Tell him and her to write to me and tell the girls to write me. Tell them I got their song ballads and I would like to have them here to sing them for me. Froniaa and Laura Alrmarin was mighty proud of them.

Tell Joe that Johnny says he intends to come out there some time and see him, and go

sparking with him. Sister, I live close enough to my little grand children to see them every day or two and the least one is big enough to come to see me by her self. She runs away everday or two and comes to see me. Their stepmother is as good to them as she can be. She never hinders them from coming to see me when they want to come.

I want you all to write me as soon as you get this. So I will close.

Your brother and sister until death,
A S(andy) and Lucinty Medlin

To Alva?H(ark) & Susanne Clenny and family
*The "Tell Jesse would like to see him and wife" indicates they had not yet left Scotts Hill for Texas. Tell the girls (Almeda & Lula) to write"

A few lines from George Morgan.
Dear Uncle and Aunt,

This leaves me and my family well. Hope this will find you and yours all well. I have nothing of interest to write. I have five of the pretiest and smartest children you have ever seen. Sherman can plow. Tell all to write me. Do the same yourself as soon as you get this.
G.W. Morgan to A(lva) Hark and Susanne Clenney

JIM FRANK, BROTHER OF TOM O'NEAL, MARRIES—On the 4th day of April of the year 1876 the son of William L. O'Neal and Nancy Austin O'Neal, J(ames) F(reank) O'Neal married Frances Kennedy. The "Rites of matrimony between the above parties, solemnized by W. (will?) S.(Stansell?) Duck J.P."
License Security was S(amuel) W. Winchester (bro-in-law of J.F.?)

Story Of Joseph & Margaret (McPherson) Clenny

By Margaret Ann Clenny Worthan (granddaughter)—My grandfather, Joseph L. Clenny, arrived in Texas, I think in January 1878 and settled in Clarksville in Red River County.

He had owned a farm in Tennessee and was making a good living. He was the first one of his family to take (what was then known as "The Texas Fever", a great desire to come to Texas and farm some of the rich land here, He was taking a Texas paper at the time and the glowing description in the paper caused him and the children that came with him to sell their little homes, sever all family ties, and try this new land. They had meant to go out about Fort Worth but the severe winter and bad roads caused them to stop near Clarksville. Grandfather said he wanted to come to Texas if he did not live but five years. He died in May 1883.

Joseph Clenny, known in Tennessee as "Esquire" Clenny was I think, a Justice of the Peace. He and Margaret Clenny were the parents of eight children: Mary Ann (Murphy), Ben W. Nancy Karen (Gill) John Wesley Clenny, my father (who died in 1882) leaving my mother with five small children) of which I was the oldest) William Anderson, and the youngest, Joseph Hampton, called "Hamp" also the daughters, Aunt Cinthia (Duck) and Aunt Tilda (Edgin) who remained in Tennessee. I can remember being at Uncle Johnsthan Duck's and I think I can remember his children.

Grandpa Clenny never realized his dream of Texas. He found rich, black, land and farmed some of it. The year he said he would either make or break he rented a big farm etc. It was known as the "Great Drouth of 1881" and they did not even make cotton stalks.

Sometime in the nineties we heard that Uncle Ben Clenny, who married Sarah

Aydelotte (Aunt "Puss") had left Scotts Hill, Tennessee and were living near Hot Springs, Arkansas, Montgomery County. Grandma Clenny, Uncle Anderson, and Uncle Hamp went somewhere out there and we lost track of them.

Perhaps I should introduce myself, I am one of the bunch of Texans who visited our relatives (the Clenny's) last August. I am the real Tennessean, Margaret Ann Clenny (Wortham), daughter of John Wesley Clenny and Mary Susan (McConville) we left Scotts Hill, Tenn. when I was nearly four years old (b. 1874 or 75?) and came to Clarksville, Texas, the county seat of this county and lived in the county ever since.

My two daughters are teachers. Mary teaches at Holiday, Texas. She is Mrs. Hugh Roberts. My other daughter, Mrs. Avis Wortham Paterson, a widow, teaches at Texico, New Mexico.

BENJAMAN'S IN-LAWS—Dr. J.F. Aydelott physician in Decaturville. Born April 28, 1825. Parents were Andrew E. Aydelott and Sarah E. Smith (both Irish) Born in Tennessee but moved to Henderson County in 1836.

Dr. Aydelott's paternal grandfather was a native of Ireland, who imigrated to America shortly after the Revolutionary War. His father was sheriff 6 years, deputy 4 years (Andrew E. Aydelott). He died Oct. 5, 1882, in Texas where he had recently moved. The mother preceeded him to the grave about three years, dying July 3, 1879.

Their family consisted of 10 children, only two of whom are living: Dr. J.F. Aydelott and Mrs. B(enjaman) W. Clenney (son of Joseph).

Dr. J.F. Aydelott was educated in high school at Saltillo, Decaturville, and later Louisville Medical University. From there he graduated in 1878. He married Anna C. Jones, daughter of Dr. W.T. Jones. Their four children are: (One dead) Arbon T. Floyd C. and Frank Cleveland Aydelott.

By reading between lines one can almost know that either Andrew E. Aydelott and wife accompanied their daughter, Mrs. B.W. Clenney, and Uncle Joe to Texas or that after the death of his wife in 1879 he went out there to live with his daughter.

My Uncle Hamp Murphy lived for many years almost on the banks of Red River-Valley, on the banks of Ward's Lake, his children were: Emily, John, Jay, Nannie, Maltilda, Jim "Crow", and Lucy. Emily married in 1881, a man named Cromwell Williamson. Jim and Jay died while still young men, and John Murphy married and went to California. Matilda was drowned during a flood near their home. Well, in short, Uncle Hamp Murphy and Uncle Frank Gill would not live anywhere but on Red River, where the land was rich and wild game plentifull, also, plenty of malaria in those days. They lost most of their big families.

When last I heard of Uncle Hamp Murphy he and his two girls, nannie and Lucy with Cromwell and Emily (Williamson) had moved out of the bottom a few miles to a little place called Vesey.

He died sitting up on a chair from a heart attack, he was a real large man. Emily and family the Williamsons and the two girls (Nannie and Lucy Murphy) went West and we lost track of them in the late 90's.

Uncle Hamp Murphy was a man well liked, and honest, and a practical joker. Once a "high-hatted" fat man from Clarksville was fishing in Ward's Lake. Uncle Hamp pretended to throw a stick of dynamite under his boat (rolled up red paper). The fat man rolled out of his boat in a hurry and made it to shore.

Info. from Mrs. Margaret Worthan Tex

Trouble In Tarrant County

Grape Vine, Tarrant County, Texas-March 10, 1878

Dear Brother and Sister, (Hark and Susanne Austin Clenney)

It is with pleasure I seat myself for the purpose of writing you a few lines to let you know that we are all well and doing well hoping when these lines come to hand they will find you all well and doing well.

We have comenced farming some I rented forty acres of land. I sowed four in oats they look well. I aim to plant about twenty-one in corn. I lack some having it all broke up. I aim to try to get it planted by the twentieth of this month I like seven acres having it all broken up. I have fifteen acres listed up for cotton all but about three acres. My Irish Potatoes are sprouting. Come over about the last of April and we will have Irish Potatoes. Notice our peas is growing nice. Spring turnips, mustered, and onions all look well. Hark, you ought to be here to see my fat pigs and calf. I bought a cow, given twenty dollars for her, two sons give ten dollars for them. Four bedsteads and table, give twelve dollars and seventy five cents for them. I have bought nearly corn enough to do me at sixty cents per bushel, meat, from seven to nine cents per pound. I have not nearly enough to do till crop is layed by. We have to go slow we have not more money than we need. If I was able to buy two more mules I could go faster.

Hark, I will tell you plow tools cost something here. I can't get enough tools to make a crop for less than twenty five or thirty dollars and that would only be a make shift a full set of tools such as I would like to have in this country will cost four or five hundred dollars. I don't know when I will be able to get all I need but if the land will produce like it looks like it might too. I think I will make it in a few years.

Hark, you ought to be here to look at the green priary. It is putting out fast. Some people are done planting corn in this neighborhood. I am behind on a count of having but one team, we have to our land with two horses on the priary it is black watey? land it looks like it would bring all the people says. It will bring one hundred bushels of oats per acre. I sowed about two bushels and a half per acre. The priary is fine for wheat. It brings from twenty to forty bushels per acre about the same as corn about three forths of a bail of cotton per acre.

Hark the timber is very sorry in West Texas. The water where we are is tolerable good and plenty of it. Money is more plentiful here than it is there but it is hard to get a hold of unless you have got something to sell that the people need. It is a hard place if you have no money to start on.

Tell all the boys if they ever intend to come to Texas the sooner the better but if they have a home, I advise them to stick to it as tite as a leach and work it, for all sweets has their bitter though, if they was here with what they have around them, I believe it would be a faster place for them than West Tennessee and I believe it would be healthier. The people looks healthy in this part of the country. Hark, I will have to close on account of Mary (Medlin Austin) wants to send in the same envelope a few lines to H?M. Turner and I might overdo the thing, so I will close by asking you to write soon and often. Alis just now cut Jame's little finger with the ax and not serious, I hope. So I remain your affectionate brother until death.

J(essie?) M(organ?) Austin.

(Dau. Jesse Morgan Austin & Mary Medlin Austin)

Dear Uncle and Aunt,

It is with pleasure this lonely Sabbath evening I seat myself to write you a few lines, to let you know that I am still hoping when these few lines come to your hand they will

find you all well. Aunt Susanna, I want to see you and I want to see you all. Tell Lisaann (Elizaann) and Viola I wish they was out here for I am very lonesome. Everybody is strange to me.

Aunt Susanna, Mamma said she would not rite any this time. She said she would write the next time (The word "rite" had been erased and spelled with a "W" this time). Aunt, I wish you all was out here for you would be a heap of company to me. Tell Viola I often think of the time we went to Grove Springs and how shabby we served the boys. There was some of the ugliest boys out there that you ever saw and Texas is the prettiest place you ever saw. The trees is in bloom and everything looks well. Aunt Susanna I want you to write whether you are coming out here or not.

Well Aunt Susanna, Lula wants me to write about her sweetheart she had as she came out here. He bought her some candy, apples, and oranges. Well I will close for this time for you all will be tired of reading. I want you all to write soon and often.

(Let. had A.E. Austin) So Good by from AlMeda Elizabeth to you all.

Below is what seems to be the lower half of her father, Jesse Morgan Austin's letter: ". . . .thought if they was here with what they have around them (farm tools) it would be a faster place for them than West Tennessee. I believe it would be healthier place. These people look healthy in this part of the country. Hark, I will have to close on the account of Mary (Medlin) wants to send in the same envelope, a few lines to W. M. Turner, and I might overdo the thing. So I will close by asking you to write soon and often. Alis (Alice Cornelia) just now cut James (Mitchell) Mich's finger with the ax but not serious, I hope. So I remain your affectionate brother until death.

J.M. Austin (Jesse Morgan Austin)

The Girl I Left Behind Me

(This letter remindd me of an old "play-party" song) "Oh, that girl, that pretty little girl the girl I left behind me. The more I drink, the less I think of the girl I left behine me."

FROM GREENVILLE TEXAS—Route 3, Greenville, Texas, Jan. 24, 1929

Lexington Progress-Lexington, Tennessee
On October 23, 1879 I left Sardis for Hunt County, Texas, to stay just one year, but here I am. I was born about 1½ miles Southeast of Sardis and lived around Sardis until I was 13 years old. Then my father moved East four miles into the edge of Decatur County. There I got my first lessons in the break-down dance. I danced with all the girls from Scott's Hill to Saltillo but the prettiest I ever saw was two miles South of Scotts Hill.

Among the large families that I remember around Sardis were the Hannas, McBrides, Bivens, Newman, England, Brooks, Kents, Craigs, Hassell, and many others. The first school I ever attended was at Spring Hill. Tom Hopkins was my teacher. A great blue back speller. Some of the old timers will remember him.

Jim, John, and Ellen Lewis were my school mates. Bob was too small. My next was at old Sardis church. Mat hanna was my teacher. Next year at the same place, Dock hanna was my teacher. Next was at Jeruselam school house, Dock Hanna, teacher. At the same place I attended the best Sunday school I ever saw. Tom hanna was the teacher. I understand Tom is still living. Several of the old Sardis citizens live in Greenville: Mat Powell's widow, L.R. McNatt's widow, Louis McNatt's widow, John and Vester McNatt's widows, Albert and Milton Delaney, Monroe Hassell, Bill Bunch and boys.

I also got my political schooling at Sardis, which has followed me through life. Though living in a county and state five to one Democratic, I am still a Republican, and shall die

that. After talking and persuading for 49 years, I finally got Texas right. Hoover carried the state by 26,004 majority. I may do better the next 49 years.

Religiously, I am a Methodist. Am the youngest child of C.C. McNatt. All my brothers and sisters are dead but one sister, Mrs. John Smith of Cement, Oklahoma. I will be 69 the 9th of February.

J.F. (Jim) McNatt

The man who gave this clipping to Viola O'Neal (a relative of McNatt, at Saltillo) said she was the one he referred to as the prettiest girl he ever saw. Grandma said she remembered being at a dance that he also attended and he told some one she was the prettiest girl he ever saw.

STORIES OF BETHEL CHURCH—"I remember going many times to the church when I was little" began the story told by my grandmother, Sinthia Viola Clenney O'Neal. "But they moved it to Scotts Hill when I began to think I was grown" she added.

Statistics are boring-until needed and her stories were far too interesting to interrupt for dates. It was best to just listen and later verify the events by dates and I've never yet found a statement wrong that she told for the truth. Viola-b. 1863-would have been around fourteen or fifteen in 1877, about the right age to "think she was grown" so far no proof has been found as to the exact date the old log church was built but surely in the mid or late 1840s to have been so in need of repairs in 1877.

Squire Ebenezer Lee gave land for the church and cemetery is proven and her description of the building was this: "It was built of logs and had a brick flue in the center for the heater which was used in the wintertime. One window of glass was back of the pulpit on the east side and one was on the north side. It also had two doors, one on the west side and one on the south side. The "women folks" entered at the west door and the "men folks" at the south door. Inside the church they sat on opposite sides of the aisle." For the activities and people involved there can be no improvement on her eye-witness account without losing the feel of authenticity so this is as I copied her story as she told it around 1950.

"I went to Squire Lee's wedding there. It was his third. His first wife was the mother of Billy Lee. The second time he married a Gill. Both wives had died. This time he married Nan Gill and of the Gill who married a White and was the mother of Charley White.

No one knew the wedding was going to be until it was right on hand. They had benches fixed for an alter and before the ceremony, he arose from his seat on the men's side and Nan came on up from the women's side. They joined hands a the alter and the preacher then came down from the pulpit performed the marriage ceremony (This part was not copied but bound to be right). Then he returned to his side of the aisle and she to hers.

Young folks don't pay attention to a heap of things at church they ought to. I do remember seeing them sprinkle babies. I remember one little baby that got scared and cried. The mother liked to never have got it stopped. I don't remember who the preacher was but Parsons Swift preached a lot there. His name was Sanders Swift.

One preacher who had the circuit married Mr. Cobb's daughter, Emma. He was a circuit rider named Bill Evans. He preached at Bethel and at Liberty. Dr. Cobb's wife and Emma used to come to Bethel Church a lot before she married him. They lived at the Right of Liberty and would ride horseback up here to the service.

My father (A.H. Clenney) used to come to the two day's meeting which usually lasted four-with a wagon loaded with 'vittals' that mother had cooked for it. Everyone

brought dinner from far and near. The men would fix tables of rough lumber on which the women folks would spread white tablecloths and set the goods on them. Offie Eason and Bob (Eason) would always eat at our table. They were 'choicy' about what they ate.
Parson Swift had a daughter named Mary Lou who married John Austin and was the mother of Edd Austin (who moved to Parsons). Another daughter of his was named Fannie. She married Bill O'Guin. Both daughters would often lead in prayer, at prayer meetings.

In the summer-time sometimes they would hold services with the men grouped on one side and the women on the other. Shouting at prayer meetings was nothing unusual. Sometimes there would be as many as five or six at the same time.

On one particular night the women were grouped on ground that sloped down the hill. One woman started shouting and jumping up and down. She kept on so long she did not realize she was gradually bouncing down the hillside until she was clear to the foot.

Uncle Jess Holmes would load up his family and come to the meetings. Many others came from Scotts Hill. Among them were Charley Austin, Uncle Jess Holmes, William Helm's daughters, Lou Ellen, Addie, Fannie and I believe, one named Emma who married Hardie Edgin. Luther, a son, married Eph Austin's daughter, Eliza Ann. (The parents of John Helms) William had two boys, Bob and Luther.

Luther Helms and Eliza Ann had a baby girl. Sometimes Eliza Ann would not come with them. Luther would bring the little girl a big stick of candy for her to eat on. Her mother sould always have a nice white clean dress on her but wouldn't be long before she would have candy all over it.

Other people who came from Scotts Hill were Dan McCollum's family, John Chumney's, Frank Maness, and Mr. Frank Smith's family. Mr. Smith's mother was too old and feeble to walk and Mr. Smith would bring in the wagon stated in her rocker, When they got there two men would lift her out in the rocker and take her into the church house.

Frank Maness used to go with sister Cindy (Clenney) during the big meetings. Also some people named Blackstock used to come. One of the girls had a "bone fellon" on her finger. One day during all the shouting she got happy and shouted too long for a long time. After it was over that "bone fellon" began hurting her and nearly killed her.

Uncle Joe (Clenney-who went to Texas) used to also lead in prayer. He had the longest prayer you ever heard. People would get tired of kneeling on the hard floor before he would ever get through.

During the winter many of the preachers would come home with Pap (Hark Clenney) for dinner. One was just carried away with the old spring and said if he had it he would dig a fish pond below it. His wife seemed a little stuck up to us children. She had what we called 'grand manners' and talk. We must have had mostly garden vegetables (probably too early for hog-killing) for we remembered for a long time, her remark that she enjoyed the dinner for she was getting awfully tired of chicken, mutten, and powk, she had been having. (They may also have wondered if she meant it for pork or poke sallet.) She said she had had it (the powk) everywhere they had gone until she was getting tired of it.

There was a well at church but I can't remember people ever using it, especially during big meetings. There was a spring on the eastside where they watered the live stock. (While the well was bricklined likely with curved brick manufactured in local brick kilns and the water was excellent the walk to the springs gave about the only opportunity for young folks to make the acquaintence with new boys or girls and a few

minutes of "courting" if already acquainted.

Sister Cindy's Longest Day—Uncle Will Duck sometimes came to the meeting. I remember one time he came with all his boys. They were very bashful and timid. He and the boys started to the spring to get a drink. I remember how it looked sort of funny to see him leading the way with all his boys following along, Indian fashion in single file behind him.

If the livestock was not watered there was always so much braying, whinnying, and uproar you could not hear much else. People had come with wagons and mules, horseback-ladies side saddle-and even wagons drawn by oxen. When they needed water at noon there was an awful noise. (No doubt this was a welcome break to the livestock between the long morining and the long afternoon sermons, as well as for all. Many a romance likely started on these treks to the spring after a drink of water and at least one ended because of it.)

One morning Sister Cindy's sweetheart, Frank Maness, went with her to church. But at Noon he took the horse of Margaret Austin (daughter of Uncle Ben Austin) to the east spring with his horse for watering. Cindy raised quite a rucus over it and they quarreled so it ended their courting. Cindy started going with Alfred Fannin and Frank started going with Margaret.

Later Frank heard Cindy was going to marry Alfred Fannin and came to see her. He was so hurt he was actually sick. Alfred and Cindy decided to not have the wedding at the church and have only a few invited guest.

When the date, June 22 (the longest day of the year) came they went on to church as usual planning to slip out to the Justice of the Peace, Sq. Will Ducks for the ceremony. But somehow the news got around and when they rode off horseback after church about everyone who had come horseback lined up behind them, then horses and wagons followed them, full of people.

The procession seemed fully a quarter of mule long. I don't remember the year but it was the longest day of the year. Finally, the old church began to need repairs. The brick flue had caused the cone of the roof to sag in the center. It began to leak. People decided it was time to build a new one. Around this time the Church of Christ (the Christian Church then) had been meeting for some time in the homes of the few early members and by now the charter members, including Mrs. Margaret Ausitn Maness, were meeting in the general store of Uncle Jess Holmes. So around 1877 many of the regular members of Bethel Church lived nearer Scotts Hill it was agreed to build a new church up there. However, a family moved into the old church house afterwards by patching the leaks in the roof and a few other repairs it could also be used as a school for a while yet.

Grandma tells, "Susan McConville used to teach school there after crops were laid by in the summer time. She lived down below where Jess Brasher now lives (at the forks of Point Pleasant Road and Clifton Road) and married the son of Uncle Joe Clenney, John Wesley Clenney." (A daughter of this couple later wrote the date of their marriage was Feb. 17, 1873 so even while holding church services on Sunday the church was used it seems, for a school during week days.)

Ruins of the old church building remained on the east side of Bethel cemetery until after the first World War. In going to Scotts Hill in a wagon grandmother would point it out to Alma and me, with it's caved in roof, rotting logs, and the frame of the colonial stvle glass window, that could be seen from the road. To her it was a mute reminder of happier days, to me it was just a decaying building. The only outstanding feature to me was the frame of the two sash, eight pane window as most buildings after the war had to forego that luxery, or use very cheap, small windows in homes.

O'Neal At Selmer, Reelfoot Lake, Montezuma,And Guntown

So many O'Neals and O'Neal descendents claim kin but have no proof that I despair of ever making any connection with my Isaac Dennison, the only one listed in the 1830 census of Hardin County and any of the others who came later. There was an O'Neal's Garage in Selmer I had noticed in the 1940's. But one day after another garageman had tightened my brakes too much, I accidentally dented a school teacher's car in trying to pass her, and I was flat broke. The cost Mr. O'Neal told me, would be over three dollars to fix the dent. I knew a check for that much would bounce. I'll never forget what Mr. O'Neal said, "I'll credit you. I've never seen a dishonest O'Neal yet."

Later I found at Montezuma that Frank O'Neal, a grandson of Isaac Dennison O'Neal, died at Reelfoot Lake of double pneumonia. He had gone there to fish with his brother. He died in 1879, Addie O'Neal (his daughter) also told Mr. Jim Whitman the same story about Isaac O'Neal going down the river on a raft and never returning, thought either killed or drowned. Whitman said Isaac O'Neal was in the stave business and would buy up a raft load and float it up the Tennessee River through Kentucky and Ohio and on into the Mississippi down to New Orleans. Mr. Whitman says don't know if Isaac O'Neal was lost, killed, or whatever, up in Kentucky or Ohio or on down after he had sold the load of staves and was returning home.

He says a set of O'Neals now live up there who look a lot like the O'Neals here. He thinks it might be that Isaac took another wife up there and stayed-or that it was possible that he did. However, it is only another theory or hardly that, since there is not even a hint in any other line to substantiate it.

Another theory concerning his entrance into this country seems a little more plausable. Some thought he had been discharged from the British Navy up in Canada and came down here from there. The only proof in that is that he had to enter somewhere and it might be worth checking into.

Some few years back I met a lady in Guntown, Mississippi whose maiden name was O'Neal. Learning we were from this area she told us she was from near Henderson. It never occured to me that in some future date she would be the cause of information withheld in my research, unintionally, of course. It was amazing how people hesitated to even answer simple questions that day, about the O'Neals. Finally a Mrs. Jones I believe, ask me if I was trying to get information to use in court. It was such a surprise that I began to inquire into it. It seems that the old home place, or estate of an Ike O'Neal could not be settled satisfactorily somehow, because the only living heir was in Florida. Inquiring further I was told she had moved there from Guntown, Mississippi. I hated to ask anything further as that would have aroused suspicion even more. It seems someone said that he had never accumulated anything much and his brother, John had died of a heart attack at the overhead bridge in Henderson. But name Ike short for Isaac, has haunted me ever since.

THE SLEEP WALKER—James Franklin O'Neal and some others including his brother, were at Reelfoot Lake fishing. Apparently they were camping out for awhile and were not well acquainted with any nearby residents. Jim Frank was always pretty bad to walk in his sleep. One night he got up and walked all the way to a strangers house before he got awake. Later on he became sick and was carried to this house. Here he died in 1879.

Clenney' s Cantina And The Opposing Factions

In a letter from Mr. Dave Clenney of New Mexico, he agrees with most historians that

In a letter from Mr. Dave Clenney of New Mexico, he agrees with most historians that the Lincoln County Turbulence was a carry over from the Civil War. True, many of the settlers had fought on one side or the other and no doubt these veterans brought their grudges, prejudices, and hatreds with them. But the following line up seems to indicate that their enemity may have had roots much further back even to the subjugation of Ireland by Britian. For instance, each of the Riley, Dolan, and Murphy faction had been born in Ireland. Even Sheriff Brady who seemed to favor this group whenever possible, had been born there.

By now Murphy was no longer in the mercantile store called simly "The House" and Dolan and Riley now had a monoply on the county's commerce. They also controlled government contracts for supplying beef for the army post and Indian reservations. This gave them financial power and political pull and understandably, law enforcers at their beck and call.

The clique that had formed in opposition to them consisted of Tunstill who had recently come over from England, McSween, from Canada, a British province, John Simpson Chisum should seem by comparison, a hometown boy to Scotts Hill people. He was actually born in Madison County in 1824. He had already arrived in Lincoln County by 1867 and this hometown boy was trying desperatly to make good. He had come by way of Paris, Texas driving hundreds of cattle many of them picked up on Texas and New Mexico ranges, and branded in his brand under powers of attorney executed by the owners.

One would have thought the Chism "Gringo" from the farming country of West Tennessee likely of Scotch-Irish ancestry himself, would have made an instant hit with the Murphys, Rileys and Dolens. Instead he started to muscle or horn in on their monoply of beef trade with the army. He felt he knew the cattle business better while they were merchants. Two factions began to form. Again, one would have expected the small cattle growers to side with Chisom but instead they felt he was hogging up government lands of good grass and plenty of water free grazing land with his vast herds but dark hints were abroad that he had again used his brand on some of their cattle. This time without benefit of powers of attorney.

Of all participents in events of this exciting year none would be of greater help to Aaron Melvin in the next decade than James Dolin and Emil Fritz. However many local names appearing in Historys of Lincoln County, New Mexico also are shown as witnesses of documents and are given as references on his records during the next decades. Early this year the feud between the Dolan and Tunstall-McSween faction was on the verge of erupting into open warfare. Sometime back a mass meeting had been held and L.G. Murphy, William Brady (later Sheriff) and Jose Montano were given all powers deemed necessary to preserve peace and order.

It is a little strange that Avery Clenney and family could have lived a quiet life in the midst of all such belligerent surroundings but according to Jose Montano, they did. This merchant who stated he had known them since 1874 declared, Avery and Antonia lived perfectly peaceable and happy as far as I was able to learn. This member of the vigilance committee, who was also a merchant, was trying desperately to maintain law and order and Brady was now a sheriff.

In Feb. Dolan attached the property of McSween and Tunstall believing that they were holding out on some insurance money coming to the Fritz estate heirs. When he got a posse and went after Tunstall's livestock guns were fired and Tunstall killed. The Posse claimed Tunstall fired first and his friends charges he had been waylaid and killed.

The rage of Billy the Kid knew no bounds. Vowing vengence he joined the posse

looking for Tunstall's murderers. When two of them were found and surrendered after being promised safe arrival to the proper authorities, they were mysteriously slain on the way. The finger of suspicion naturally pointed to the Kid.

Billy and his followers were at large with Billy dodging Sheriff Brady who had a warrant for his arrest. The first day of April the sheriff was walking down the street in broad open daylight when a shot was fired from an adobe building back of Tunstall's store and he fell dead. Since Tunstall's death the Kid had transferred his allegiance to McSween.

McSween referred to his help as loyal and devoted subjects. His eleven room house of adobe was nice but could hardly be classified as a palace but he very seriously referred to it as one. Also he spoke of this year of 1878 as being the first year of his reign and not surprisingly, pardoned Billy for killing the sheriff. In an affadavit he seems to have bestowed or confered upon his enemy Dolin some of his delusions of grandeur but not in a complementary manner. He declared, Dolan was an absolute monarch, ruling Lincoln County with an oppressive iron heel and controlling courts and juries but could cause death of any person who opposed him.

Although the murder of Brady had lost many friends for Billy the Kid he could still find refuge with his Mexican friends at San Patricio some seven miles from Lincoln and in the place of McSween. July of this year found him and his followers safely barracaded in the spacious palace of McSween where Billy had sworn he would never be taken out alive. On the 19th Lieut. Col. Dudley arrived from Fort Stanton with one company of artillery and another of infantry. Head of the local posse was determined to get Billy if they had to burn down the house-and they did. It was started by kindling and coal oil where the woodwork was exposed but adobe burnes slowly. Before the siege was over McSween and several others were killed, Billy and most of his gang escaped by the river. But after this bloody nineteenth there was no law in Lincoln County.

THE WRITER LEW WALLACE—Into this well-armed camp of beligerents was thrust a writer whom it seemed the cruel fates had tried to remake into a fighter. He was Lew Wallace. This first mentioned instance was when he was stationed at Adamsville on the Sunday before the Battle of Shiloh started not too far from Scotts Hill which might add interest to the story. Gen. Grant had placed him there expecting an attack from Cheatham's division that was marching through Bethel Springs and Purdy to join the Confederates for the attack on Shiloh. However, it was not his men who were firing the cannons heard by Isaac Kennedy that Sunday morning. According to Grant's Memoirs, Grant gave him orders at Crump that morning about 8:30 to move up to the battlefield. At noon they had not even started and worse than that, when they did start they got lost on the wrong road. They arrived after dark just in time for the drenching downpour of rain, cries of the wounded and dying plus the firing from the Union gunboats to make sleep almost impossible. A Gen. Nelson over at Savannah because of misapprehensions did not arrive until dark. Although Grant praised the two generals as excellent and patriotic solders. He seems to have blamed them and felt because of their delay, Beauregard made good his promise the Confederates would sleep in the enemy's camps that Sunday night. Wallace was afterwards in command at Memphis and was one of the nine officers on a courtmarshall which tried people charged with cooperating with John Wilks Booth in the assination of Pres. Lincoln. He was also president of the commission that tried Capt. Henry Wirz, keeper of the Andersonville Prison where Henry Jones and George Morgan, and many others from around Scotts Hill were kept.

By the 1870's he had written and published several books and was now working on a new one, Ben Hur. While in Washington doing research on this book he also attended the inaugeration of President Hayes. Since this man of diversified achievements had

been of council for the president in the Tilden-Hayes contest, a political appointment suggested or at least probably expected and he was hoping for mission post in Italy, Brazil, Spain, or Mexico. Instead he was offered the governorship of New Mexico, a far cry from the glamourous places he had in mind. But he was confident this would give him ample time to finish his book. He had spent time in Texas and the county of Mexico but when he arrived in September he had yet to learn something about the tangled political web of Lincoln County in New Mexico.

In October Wallace sent a telegram to President Hayes suggesting martial law. Apparently he was finding this was no enfironment suitable for creative writing. The President only issued a proclamation sort of warning that he could call out the militia for unlawful assemblages of persons in arms. . .especially in Lincoln County. Mrs. McSween's lawyer, Chapman, wrote Wallace exposing the role played by Lieut. Col. Dudley, Commander at Fort Stanton who had threatened to arrest Mrs. McSween first in the militia were called out. So it seems that this would play right into the hands of the Riley-Dolan faction. So understandably, it's hard to untangle the mysterious working of the cliques and coteries over a hundred years later in two hours if Wallace hadn't in two months.

The balance of this year's turmoil could be summed up rather briefly. It ended with Mrs. McSween's lawyer investigating the estate, Billy the Kid at large living off the fat of the land financed mostly with cattle stolen from Chism's vast herds, and Governor Wallace's request for Dudley's removal from command at Fort Stanton being refused by none other than our old Civil War friend William Tecumsah Sherman. In another attempt at peace at any price Wallace issued an amnesty Proclamation for those who would testify before a jury.

It seemed that Avery and Antonia were about the only ones in the entire county not involved on one side or the other. Perhaps that's why Jose Montano described them as "living Peaceably together."

THE KID'S DEAL WITH WALLACE—(1879) Just as all good things must come to an end so must all bad things. But the darkest hours were yet to come before the dawn of peace. At noon on the 18th of February the lawyer Chapman who had been investigating McSween's estate, was shot down in front of the Post Office. For one time the trigger-happy Kid only an innocent spectator. But that made him more wanted than ever by the governor because he was sure Dolan was involved in it, if not the actual criminal. He had Dolan arrested but patrolled. He also finally got Dudley replaced and felt now he could carry out his own plans to restore law and order. One thing was to get Billy the Kid to testify in the Chapman murder. The Kid was tiring of his life of crime but had old indictments against him. The governor promised him a pardon so he submitted to a fake arrest and did testify. But the District Attorney would not annul the old indictments. Billy remained in jail but a short time. When he got a chance he slipped the handcuffs off his small wrists and easily escaped.

The murderers at Fort Stanton escaped. The governor angered at such carlessness sent for Juan B. Patron head of the Lincoln County Riflemen that was said to have been (lvc-218) a veritible who-was-who of the territorial forces in Lincoln County. Three ot these names would appear on papers sent in by Avery Clenney in his efforts to draw a pension.

This year seems to have been comparitively quiet, the Court of Inquiry taking up a great part of it with all the oral and written evidence submitted and discussed. Billy had offered to give up if the governor would annul indictments already against him, and testify. Wallace promised a full pardon and Billy was arrested and gave evidence that helped indict Dolan. Then the District Attorney refused to go along with the

Governor's promise of pardon. The Kid easily slipped the handcuffs off his small wrists and escaped jail. Wallace was thoroughly disappointed and disillusioned but probably no more so than was Billy.

A FINAL SOLUTION, PAT GARRET—(1880) Earlier Chisum had written the governor he had a plan to combat cattle thievery and it was to have men guard the two main entrances to the valley. He also suggested a man suitable to oversee it. That man was Pat Garrett. But in October the Kid and his gang drove away and sold 118 head of cattle and Chism managed to recover them, himself. (lvc-225)

1870-1879

Notes And Comments

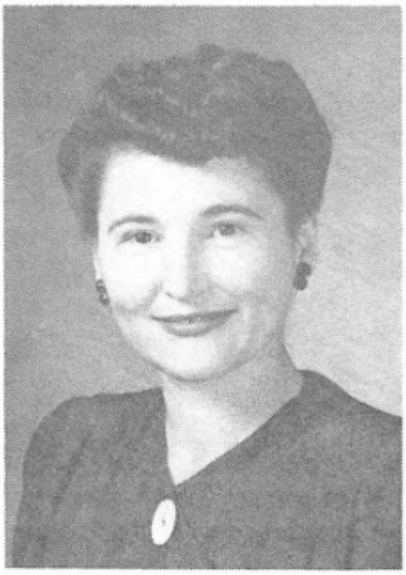
Lantie Lee O'Neal and his wife, Sarah A. Murphy O'Neal Photographed in 1952 on the 50th anniversary of their marriage.

Alma O'Neal Scott shopping in Jackson with parents Sarah and Lantie O'Neal.

Enola and Timothy Austin in St. Louis in one of the early cars.

ZELMA O'NEAL
The "Family Historian"

Irene



"Sonny"

Truax, Loura & Elaine

Mamma & Pappa

Carl & Alma
Stone Mt., GA (1928)

Beckie & James Neal
Road to Seattle, Wash.

Bill, Earl and Tom

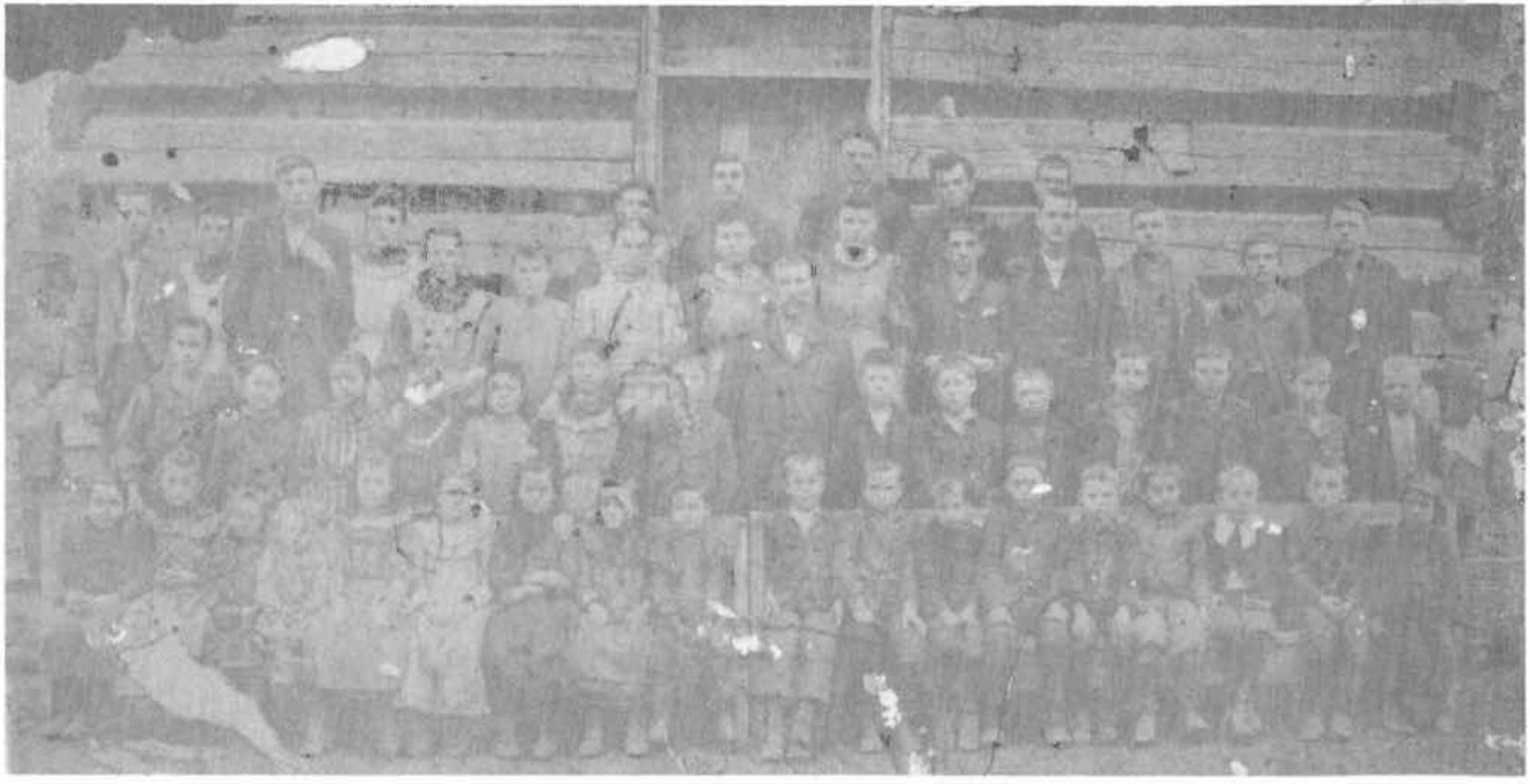
Grandma and
James Neal

JONATHAN AND SYNTHIA CLENNEY DUCK

Synthia was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret McPherson Clenney who left Scotts Hill for Texas in 1878. Synthia's niece who wrote the story of their experience, mentions visiting "Uncle Jonathan Duck".

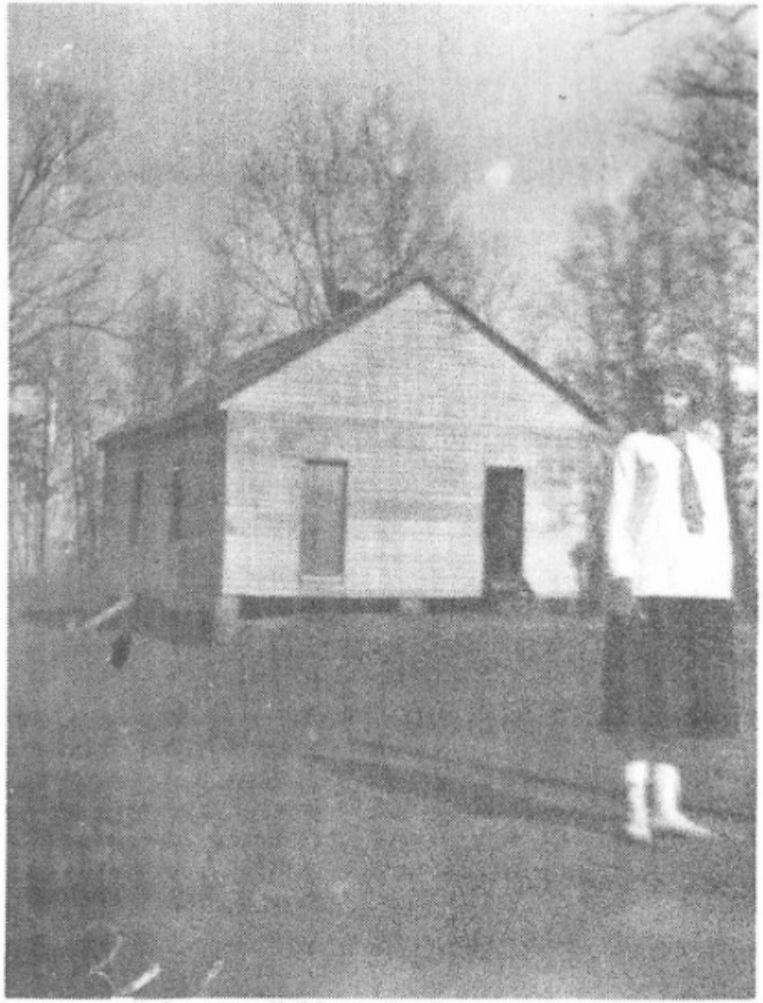
SYNTHIA VIOLA CLENNEY

Born April 16, 1863. Named "Synthia" for her grandmother, Synthia Woodward Clenney - and always spelled with an "S". The "Viola" came from a book, Susanah's brother Jesse Morgan Austin bought for her on a trip down South. (Georgia)

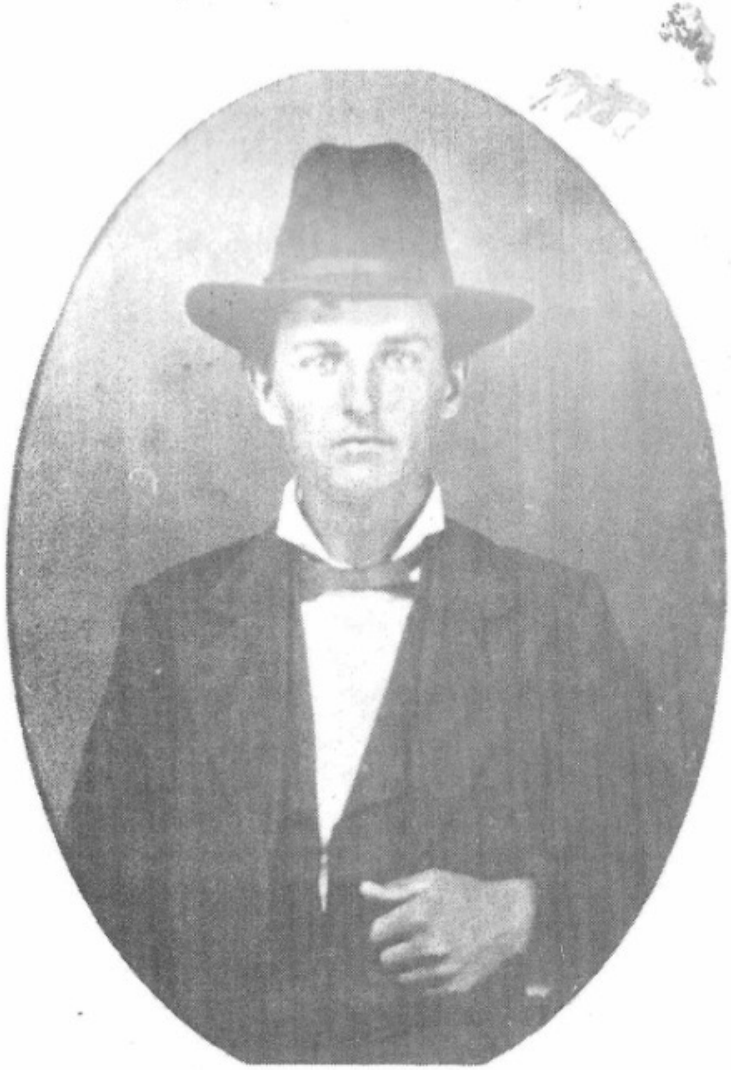


CEDAR GROVE SCHOOL

This picture was likely taken in the late 1880's or early 1890's as Lnatie Lee O'Neal (third from the last in the middle row) was born in 1881. His sister, Ollie May O'Neal, also in the middle is second from the left. The boy on the left of Lantie is one of the Winchester boys and the girl to the right by Ollie may have been Mattie McGee. The teacher in the center could have been Mr. Alfred Austin as Lantie did go to school to him. There is no doubt but the one third from the left, in the back row is Mr. John Scott. It is such a pity that their names couldn't have been listed before the generation that knew them has passed away.



There is no exact date available as to the opening of Center School. The old Bethel Church was to far gone to be used for a school. Viola Clenney told and the community decided to just build a new one. "But I married" she said "and never did get to go to the Center School." She married William Thomas O'Neal, March 2, 1880 by N(athan?) Duck.



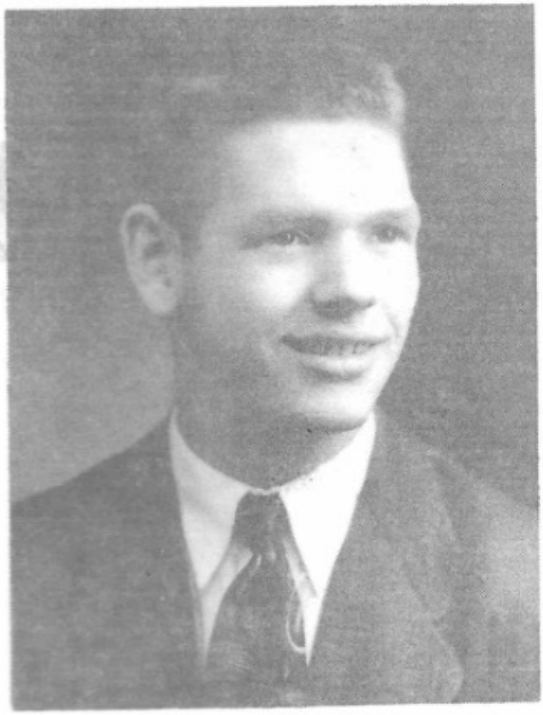
Mr. J. F. (Jim) McNatt, who wrote the letter from Greenville, Texas naming friends of his youth including the "prettiest girl he ever saw".

FOURTH GRADE SCOTTS HILL SCHOOL 1954-1955

1st Row - Nancy Rimmer, Gale Kelly, Sandra Warren, Travis Grimsley, Dale Kennedy, Neal Mitchell, Jerry Ricketts, Dwayne Wyatt, Doyle Yates, Jerry Martin.

2nd Row - James Moody, Ralph Montgomery, Betty Hodge, Rebecca McKenzie, Peggy Stanfill, Dicky Grice, Don Creasy, Ronald Powers, Bobby Grissom, Lawrence Powers.

3rd Row - Zelma O'Neal, Elaine O'Neal, Jeanette Powers, Diane Rogers, Shirley Clark, Betty Medlin, Patty Outlaw, Jimmy Rea Hughes, Sandra Kay Sparks, Margie Powers, Landon Snider, Gail Swift.



William Joe (Bill) Scott, graduate of J.B. Young High at Bemis. Attended Union, Western in Kentucky, and Lambuth in Jackson, Tenn. Taught a few years but now is in Industry as Counselor in Indiana.

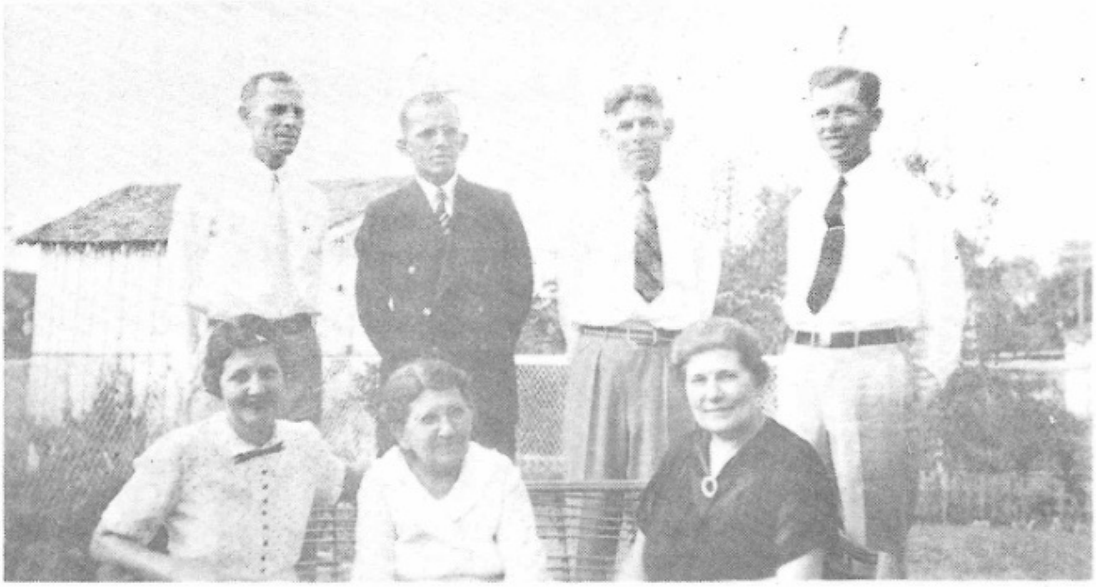
Thomas Lee Scott (Tom) graduate of J.B. Young High in Bemis. Attended Union University, Lambuth Graduate with a Master's Degree from Peabody College. Now teaching in Florida.

James Neal Head graduate of Scotts Hill High School. Attended Tennessee Tech at Cookeville and Vocational School at Crump's Landing. Now in X-Ray inspection with a pipeline construction company.

Rebecca Elaine O'Neal graduated from Scotts Hill High School and attended Lambuth College, Freed-Hardeman College and evening classes from UT. Recent work has been tutoring in the new Illiteracy Program.

Rebecca Ann Head graduated from Scotts Hill High School. Attended Memphis State Community College. Trained as X-Ray Technician at Jackson and Linden Hospitals, where she has worked part-time.

The commissary at Brownsport where the workers bought groceries and household necessities is likely where William Leander bought the wash kettle for Nancy.



Almeda Austin who wrote her cousin, Viola Clenney, reminding her of the ugliest boys they ever saw at Grove Springs, must have found the Texas boys more to her liking. She married Louis William? James and is here pictured with their six children as she listed them. 1. Mayrtie, 2. Clarence, 3. Clem, 4. Norval, 5. Herman, and 6. Wilma. Their address is now Dallas, Texas